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VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889. NUMBER 37.

Poetry.

ON THE DOORSTEP.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE conference meeting
through at last,
We boys around the
vestry waited,
To see the girls come
tripping past
Like snowbirds, willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps
the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me
get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her.

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover;
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

ATONEMENT.

Prince-like, above the virgin sod,
There grew a stalk of Golden Rod.

A poet low-bowed with worldly care
Passed by and saw it blooming there.

With joy at finding richest gem
He plucked it from its stately stem.

But scarcely done, in idle greed
He repented of the vandal deed,

"Behold, 'twill now soon fade away,
Unplucked 'twould bloom full many a day."

The Flower Queen saw the repentant tears
And straightway calms his sighs and fears.

"To atone for this you shall," she says,
"Attune your verses to its praise."

Obedient to the Queen's behest,
He sang the song as he knew best.

Its notes fell on the pulsing main
And earth-wide grew the glad refrain.

Till all mankind were mad to see
This theme of the poet's minstrelsy.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Our Story Teller.

CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS.

A Sailor's Tale of Adventure in the Feejees.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

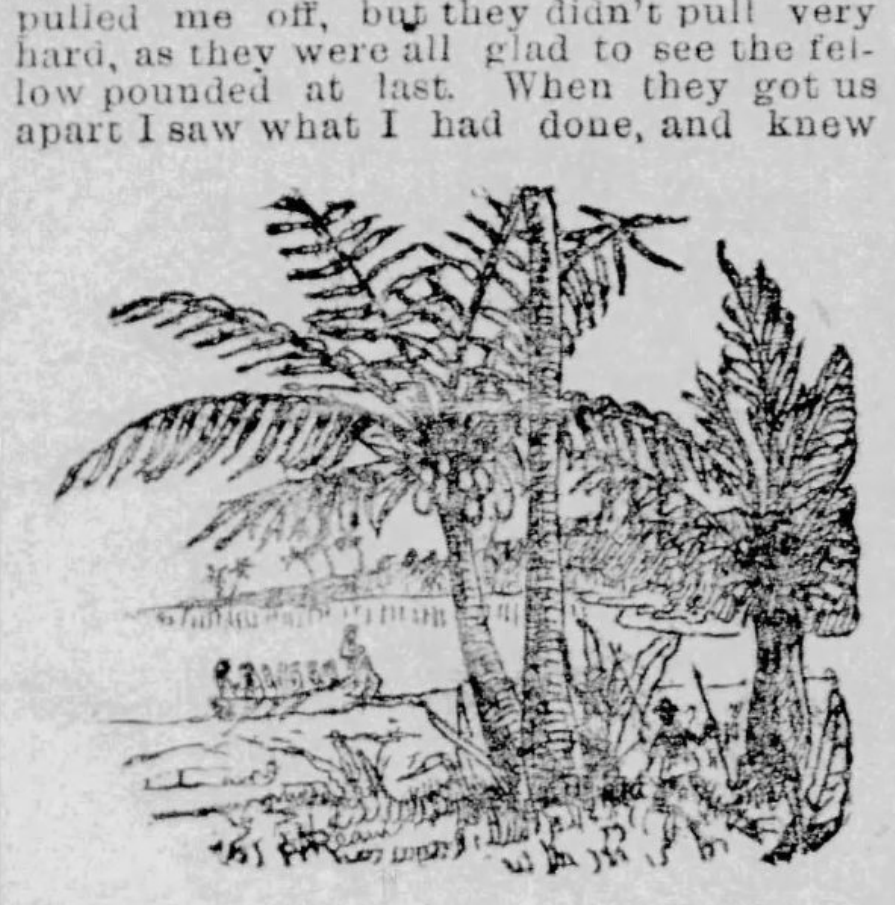
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

In many ways the world is rapidly becoming prosaic. The age of chivalry was long ago, if we may believe a celebrated writer; steam has destroyed the romance of the sea; the mystery of the unexplored regions of Africa exists no longer; the maelstrom is a myth; the sources of the Nile have been visited and described, and even the sea serpent has fallen before the searching gaze of star-eyed science. The Car of Juggernaut, which once crushed hundred of victims in its annual processions, now remains harmless in its temple; the cremation of living widows at the sides of their dead husbands is rigidly prohibited through the length and breadth of India; and the king of Uganda can to-day receive a distinguished visitor without slaughtering a dozen courtiers in his honor. The horrible fascination that clings to the cannibal and the story of his performances is greatly circumscribed, as the labors of missionaries and the spread of commerce have demonstrated that man can be put to better uses than to be served up for provisions. But the cannibal still lingers in some parts of the world, though he is only to be found by those who seek him with great diligence.

Within the memory of those of us who have not yet passed beyond middle life the inhabitants of the Feejee islands were noted for their habit of devouring the bodies of their enemies, and also, under certain circumstances, those of their friends; since missionaries and merchants were established there and the islands became subject to Great Britain, the British prejudices have prevailed, and the practice is now confined to a few benighted tribes of the interior. When the missionaries began their teachings the natives gave ready approval to the scriptual injunction "love your enemies," but they were disappointed to learn that it had no reference to the love of a gourmet for a canvas-back duck. Tanoa, the old ruler of the Feejees and father of the late King Thakombau, had a palate so delicate that he could distinguish between the English sailor or the French one when served at the table, and he could even name the people of the different islands of the Feejeean group when a slice of each was placed before him. An acquaintance of mine claims to have had a narrow escape from being the *piece de resistance* at one of Tanoa's banquets, and of being taken to and into the royal bosom. He told me the story one day when we were sailing over the Pacific, and wondering if the good old times of the cannibals would ever come again.

"I was on a whale ship," said he, that was cruising in the South Pacific and had put into the Feejees for water. The ship was old and leaky, the captain was a tyrant and his first mate a brute, and every sailor on the ship was ready to desert at the first opportunity. We had a chance to go into one of the groups where there were no cannibals, but the captain knew that if he did there wouldn't be a man of us left; his only hope of holding on to a crew was by having them choose between the ship and the natives, who would eat them up. The most frightful stories were told about the practices of the people and not one of us would venture a yard from the beach where we landed to get water. We kept the natives at a distance and made them understand that while we would leave plenty of trinkets and old hoops on the shore to pay for the water we wouldn't go near the little creek on the beach unless they staid a good way off from it. They had no canoes there and so they didn't bother us by trying to get on board.

"One afternoon a party of us had gone ashore to fill the last of the casks; the mate was with us and it was one of his ugliest days, for he kicked us about as though we had no more feeling than the boat or the ground we stood on. Because I didn't please him about something he struck me with an oar, and then I struck back with my fist and downed him. The rest of the men pulled me off, but they didn't pull very hard, as they were all glad to see the fellow pounded at last. When they got us apart I saw what I had done, and knew the mate would have his revenge on me as soon as we got to sea again. I thought it all over in a second, and in my frenzy concluded I might as well be eaten by the savages as beaten to death by the mate and thrown over for the sharks before we made another port.



"KEPT THE NATIVES AT A DISTANCE."

"I turned and went straight for the bushes where I knew the natives were watching us. I just said 'Good-bye' to my shipmates and nothing more. They yelled for me to come back, but I didn't turn nor stop. The mate started after me, but he thought better of it and wheeled around before going 20 yards.

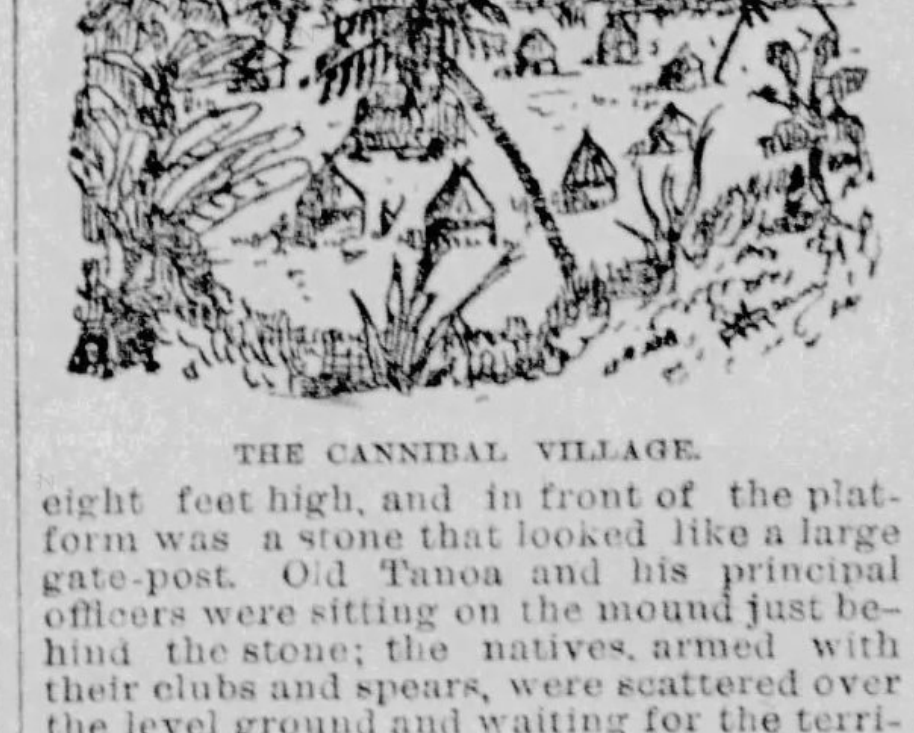
"In five or ten minutes I was in the middle of a group of natives who were armed with spears and clubs, and had their bodies streaked and painted in a hideous way. They wore no clothing except a strip around the waist, and more than half of them could not boast as much as that. They tore off my clothes and then examined my limbs exactly as a butcher examines an ox to ascertain his condition. One old fellow who seemed to have some sort of authority over the rest pinched my arm till I almost screamed with pain; the fact that I didn't scream seemed to impress him favorably, and at a word from him I was less rudely treated after that. I wasn't a particularly good prize, as the hard fare on the ship had made me pretty thin, and my ribs fairly stuck out so you might count 'em. I saw they disapproved of me, but probably they reasoned that half a loaf was better than no bread and so they took me along.

"Three of the natives escorted me through the tropical forest while the rest remained, probably with a view to making more captures if opportunity offered, or to gather up whatever the ship's crew should leave behind in payment for the privilege of taking water. We did not stop till we had gone a couple of miles back from the shore and ascended a hill. Through a rift in the trees I saw the boat return to the ship with the water casks and in a little while the anchor was raised and the old craft sailed out of the bay and stood away to sea. I was alone with the cannibals.

"We waited for the men who staid behind, and as soon as they joined us the march was resumed. A little before sunset we came to a village of thatched huts, perhaps 20 or 30 in all, in a sort of irregular circle surrounding an open space; in the center of this space was a raised platform, over which was a thatched roof, elevated on posts about ten feet high. This was the council hall, where all public business was transacted; it served as a lounging place by day, and also as a hotel where strangers could be lodged at night. The sides of the structure were entirely open when we arrived, but in less than a quarter of an hour the building was completely enclosed by strips of wide matting stretched between the posts. I was made to understand that I must remain in the council hall, and to make sure that I did not run away two of the natives were constantly at my side, or rather, one was constantly at each side of me. They brought me some roasted bread and fruit and raw cocoanuts, gave me a mat to lie on and another for covering, and, while never relaxing their vigilance toward me, they treated me with kindness and respect.

"I didn't sleep well, you may be sure, and what sleep I had was disturbed by unpleasant dreams which seemed to foreshadow my fate. But when waking I consoled myself that I should have been no better off had I staid on the whale ship and been subjected to the mate's cruelties. In the morning they fed me again with bread fruit and cocoanut, to which was added a fish which had been roasted over the coals, and was really very good. The whole population, men, women and children, came to look at me, and after a good deal of jabbering, of which I could not understand a word, but which evidently referred to me, two of the men started through the forest in the direction opposite to the one whence we came. Then the conference broke up, but for the rest of the day I was an object of curiosity.

"For three days I was kept a close prisones, and on the morning of the fourth was taken through the woods by a winding path, perhaps twenty miles, to a large village, where hundreds of natives were assembled as if for a grand festival. The village surrounded an open space of at least an acre in extent. At one end of this space was a mound or platform, perhaps eight feet high, and in front of the platform was a stone that looked like a large gate-post. Old Tanoa and his principal officers were sitting on the mound just behind the stone; the natives, armed with their clubs and spears, were scattered over the level ground and waiting for the terrible ceremonies to begin.



THE CANNIBAL VILLAGE.

"I was led to the foot of the mound, where half a dozen other prisoners, their hands and feet securely tied with cords, were lying on the ground, and at a word from the king I was similarly bound and placed by their side. The crowd opened so as to make a lane from the stone to the end of the plaza, and then began the terrible ceremonies which preceded the cannibal feast.

"Fires were burning at the rear of the mound and I could see the smoke rising in featherly curls from at least a dozen places. Tanoa waved his hand as a signal that all was ready, and immediately several athletic fellows stepped from the crowd; two of them seized each prisoner and carried him about fifty yards away from the front of the mound and then placed him on the ground again. All my fellow victims were natives, and, as I afterward learned were captured in a foray upon a neighboring island.

"It was the custom among the Feejeeans in cannibal days to devour their prisoners of war and those killed in battle. Tribes often went on the war-path solely for the purpose of obtaining victims to be served up as food, very much as in other lands expeditions are organized for hunting deer or other wild animals whose flesh is edible. The crews of wrecked ships or boats were always killed and eaten; they were regarded as the gifts of providence and the people often besought their gods to send them a wreck that they might be provided with food. This superstition regarding those who were unfortunate enough to be cast on their shores was more firmly fixed in the minds of cannibals than any other, and they clung to it after relinquishing their claim to make war in order to eat those whom they captured.

"A conch shell was blown as the signal for beginning the slaughter. One of the prisoners was seized by his two custodians, who each grasped an arm and a leg and then ran rapidly along the lane till they dashed their victim's head against the great stone I have described. Then another and another was disposed of in the same way and carried off to the rear of the mound, and my turn had arrived! Horrible as was this mode of death, it was, after all, a merciful one, as it was unaccompanied by torture. A single blow against the stone and all was over.

"I had been lying on my back with my head turned to one side during the dispatching of my companions in captivity, and, with my experience as a sailor, had managed to work loose the knots that bound my hands, but I did not remove the cord. My executioners seized me in the customary manner and started on their deadly mission. As they did so they doubled my legs under me so that the knot around my ankles touched my hands. Instantly I unfastened the cord, but still held hands and feet as closely together as though the lashings were secure. And now for the grand stroke which should save me!

"Suddenly I gave a violent spring with hands and feet that threw my bearers to the ground, as they were totally unprepared for anything of the kind I went to the ground with them, but was up in an instant. We were not six feet away from the foot of the execution stone and the head of one of my late bearers touched it.

"With the agility of a cat—for I was a great deal younger then than now—I sprang to the top of the mound and right in front of old Tanoa. I flung my arms wildly about and then dropped on the ground at his feet. I afterward learned that he thought I was invoking the vengeance of heaven upon him for the great peril I had passed through, and my prostration was to indicate that he was the greatest of terrestial sovereigns. I really had no thought further than to ask that he would spare my life, though I had counted upon the dramatic effect of my having released myself from my bonds and stood before him.

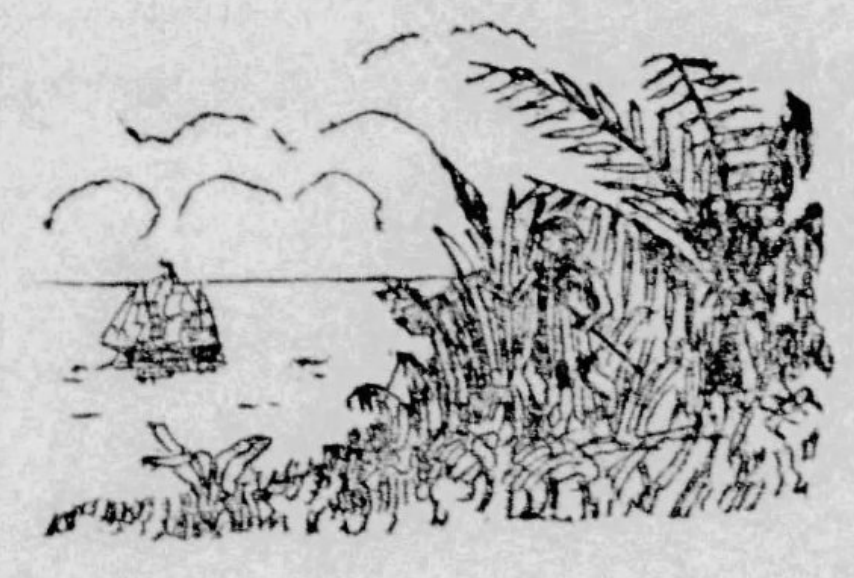
"A wild shout went up from the crowd and the king sat as though he had never been more surprised in his life. If I had been down by the stone I should have been finished off in a minute, but at the feet of the king I was safe until he ordered otherwise, as it would be highly improper for the warriors to mount the platform while his majesty was there. The seconds seemed like hours while I waited for the king's decision, which he finally gave:

"'The dead are dead, and shall be eaten; the white man shall live.'

"The bodies of those who had been killed were cooked and devoured; I was allowed to go about wherever I pleased, but was always accompanied by two warriors. They offered to show me the ovens, but I had no liking for the horrible sight, and indicated my desire to get as far from it as I could. Besides my ineffable disgust, I was fearful that the king might change his mind, or that some of his subjects would take upon themselves the task of executioner and dispatch me without the royal leave. But I must do them the justice to say that from that time on they never manifested the least desire to harm me.

"I was sent back to the village where I was first taken after my capture, and became the slave of the chief, but my slavery was of the lightest sort. I was treated more like a companion than a servant, possibly for the reason that as the Feejeeans can practically live without work there was very little work to do; I learned a good deal of their language, went with them in the forest and in pursuit of fish, and loitered around the council hall when there was nothing else to do.

"I lived their nearly a year, and if I could have been assured that there was no danger of being slaughtered and eaten I should have been perfectly willing to stay among those people the rest of my life. They were unwilling to have me leave then, and twice when ships came in for water they hurried me away from the coast to make sure that I did not escape; whether they desired my society or were actuated by the fear that I should tell about their customs I never knew, but certainly they tried by every means in their power to prevent my leaving them.



"MY HEART CAME INTO MY MOUTH."

"In course of time they grew less watchful, and I occasionally went off by myself for a few hours without exciting suspicion. I always went toward the coast, but invariably took a circuitous route; when in sight of the sea I scanned it carefully for a sail, and if none was in sight, immediately retraced my steps to the village. Toward the end of the year I did this every day or two, or as often as I thought it safe; I generally returned with a bunch of bananas or a cluster of bread fruit, so that my absence was ostensibly in search of food.

"One day my heart came into my mouth! As I looked through a rift in the trees a ship was standing into the little bay where our old whaler had anchored at the time I had my fight with the mate and threw myself into the arms of the cannibals. Away I went down the path as fast as I could run; luckily I didn't meet anyone, and went at such a pace that no pursuer could have caught me. Out I came to the beach just as the anchor went down to the sandy bottom; I looked back and thought some of the village people were coming. I didn't wait to make sure of it, but plunged in and swam off to the ship.

"It was a long swim, and I was near drowning, but I got there all right and was hauled on board. The captain heard my story, then ordered me to be dressed and set to work, and I went to work with a will. He was a rough, blunt, good-hearted man from New Bedford; his mate was pretty severe with the men, but a vast improvement on my old one. All's well that ends well, and I have nothing particularly to regret in that eventful residence in Feejee. I afterward learned that my former ship went down with all on board a few weeks after I deserted her, and so my escape to the man eaters was my salvation."

As to Breathing.

A boy, 14 years old, handed in the following as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was, "Tell all you can about breathing." He said:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die while we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose while we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole, and nearly killed every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy, so I can run and holler, and run and have a great big diagram."

A Man of Experience.

Boston Courier.

Hired Girl—Two gentlemen at the door, sir, want to see you. They didn't come together, but happened along at the same time.

Citizen—How do they act?

H. G.—One of them is very polite, and begs the honor of a few minutes' conversation.

C.—I don't want to see him; he is a book agent.

H. G.—The other isn't polite at all. He says I want to see him.

C.—That's a dun. Tell 'em both that I'm not at home.

He Was All Right.

Young Dibsy (to druggist)—Say, what was that you just put up in a bottle for old Sourby?

Clerk—A rheumatic medicine. He's got it bad.

Dibsy—Tra la la la! Don't think I'm crazy, please. Give me an ounce of Ylang Ylang. I'm going up to see his daughter to-night. Whoop! Hooray!—*Lawrence American.*

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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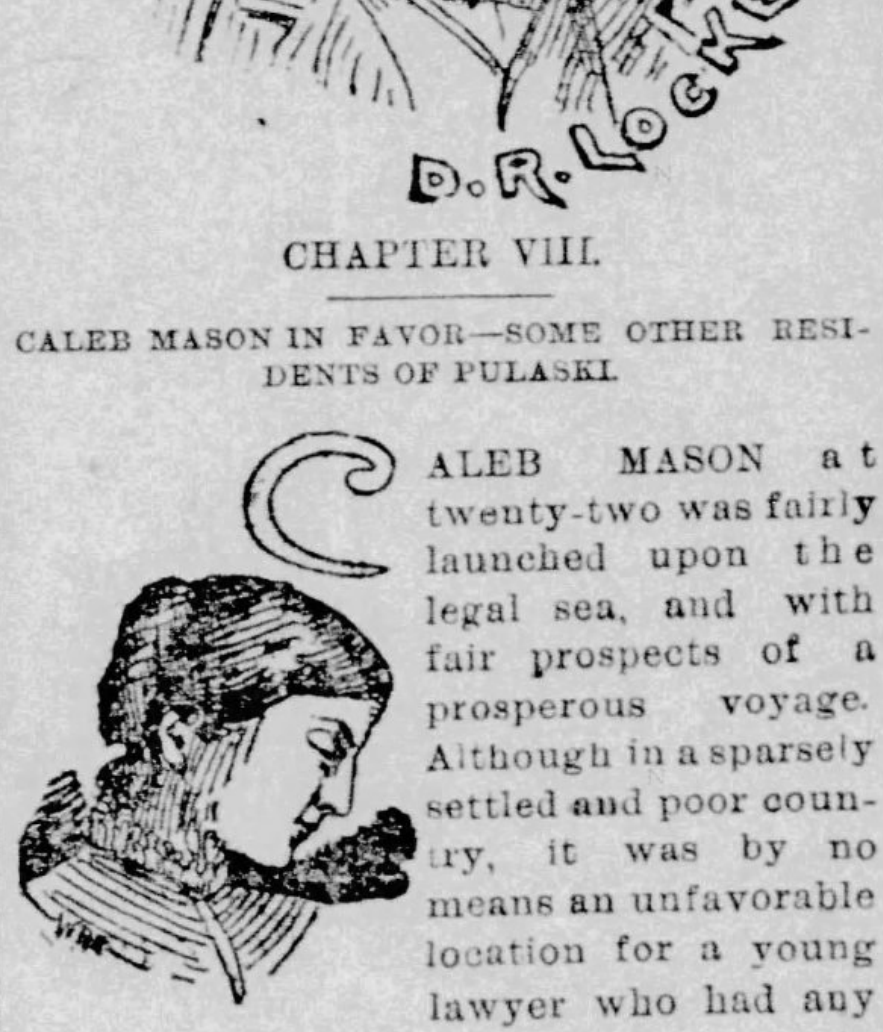
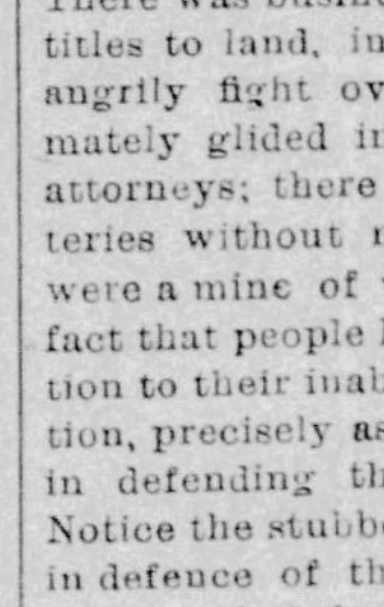
The Demagogue by D R Locke



D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

CALEB MASON IN FAVOR—SOME OTHER RESIDENTS OF PULASKI.



CALEB MASON at twenty-two was fairly launched upon the legal sea, and with fair prospects of a prosperous voyage. Although in a sparsely settled and poor country, it was by no means an unfavorable location for a young lawyer who had any ability, and had the self-confidence to cope with the other members of the bar. There was business enough, with disputed titles to land, in which two men would angrily fight over a farm, which ultimately glided into the possession of the attorneys; there were assaults and batteries without number, and "hoss cases" were a mine of wealth. It is a singular fact that people love law just in proportion to their inability to indulge in litigation, precisely as nations are most zealous in defending the most worthless areas. Notice the stubborn bravery of the Scotch in defence of that country. One would suppose that the Scotch would feel grateful to an invader strong enough to drive them out of Scotland.

The breath of public favor filled young Mason's sails, and there seemed to be no rocks ahead of him that so skillful a mariner could not avoid. He was really a good, sound lawyer, and a safe one; and what helped him even more than his zeal and learning, was the peculiar start he had. The good—and bad—people of Pulaski were lost in wonder at seeing a scion of the house of Mason sitting in a decent suit of clothes in a law office; and they took pride in calling attention to him.

"Look at that young fellow!" was an every-day remark of old Nick Weaver. "D'ye see what a good-lookin', bright feller he is? He's a mighty good lawyer, too—got it all himself without help from anybody. D'ye see that old bummer, reelin' out of Bascom's? That's his father. Ain't it queer how rum'll fetch a man? Rum made old Mason what he is, and lettin' it alone made young Mason what he is. It's an unmitigated cuss, rum is. Step in and take suthin'."

And pouring out a full three-fingered drink of the newest and rawest spirits, which went down the old man's throat without producing a wink, he proceeded to deliver a lecture on the evils of excess and the beauties of temperance, as illustrated in young Mason, till repeated doses put him in a sufficiently mellow condition to be assisted homeward.

Nick Weaver was not the only one who blew Caleb Mason's trumpet—the whole town did it. It was the first instance in that locality of any good coming out of such a Nazareth; and as it was entirely abnormal, they made of it a matter of consequence.

Caleb knew all this and was pleased with it. When old Weaver would slap him on the shoulder and speak in his huskiest voice of the meanness of his parents, and the wonder that he should have made so much of himself, Caleb did not resent it. He knew that very circumstance was his capital, and he was not above leaning upon such a dirty stick. To get on in the world he would have been willing that his father, mother, and all his brothers should be found in the gutter every day in the week; and that the talk might have a wide surface to travel over, he would have been willing to have had dissolute and worthless relatives distributed in every village in the county. For the first time in his life he felt under obligations to his father, and was sorry that he had so few brothers.

As a matter of course, at this age he began to think that he was ready for matrimony. In fact, he had thought of it long before. Before his ambition had quite full possession of him and got the better of all his other desires and impulses, he had experienced some feeling for Sarah Dunlap. She was the only child of the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood, and a girl who was as pretty and good as her father's acres were broad and productive. This feeling was reciprocated by the gentle Sarah; and while there had been no formal exchange of vows, it was considered a settled thing on all hands that they were to marry in the good time coming, when he should have established himself in a good practice. He was a constant visitor at the house, and old Farmer Dunlap was his best friend and most ardent admirer. The old man believed in him, had confidence in him, and that he was probably to marry Sarah was the greatest comfort he had in his declining years. He considered Caleb as the greatest lawyer of his age, as the most upright and honorable of men, and as possessing all the qualities necessary to the making of a woman absolutely happy. If he could only see his Sarah, the very apple of his eye, more precious to him than his blooded stock even, the wife of Caleb Mason, he felt that he could leave his farm and stock, which he loved next to her, his money at interest, and die happy. And as he counted this a very certain thing, the old man was content.

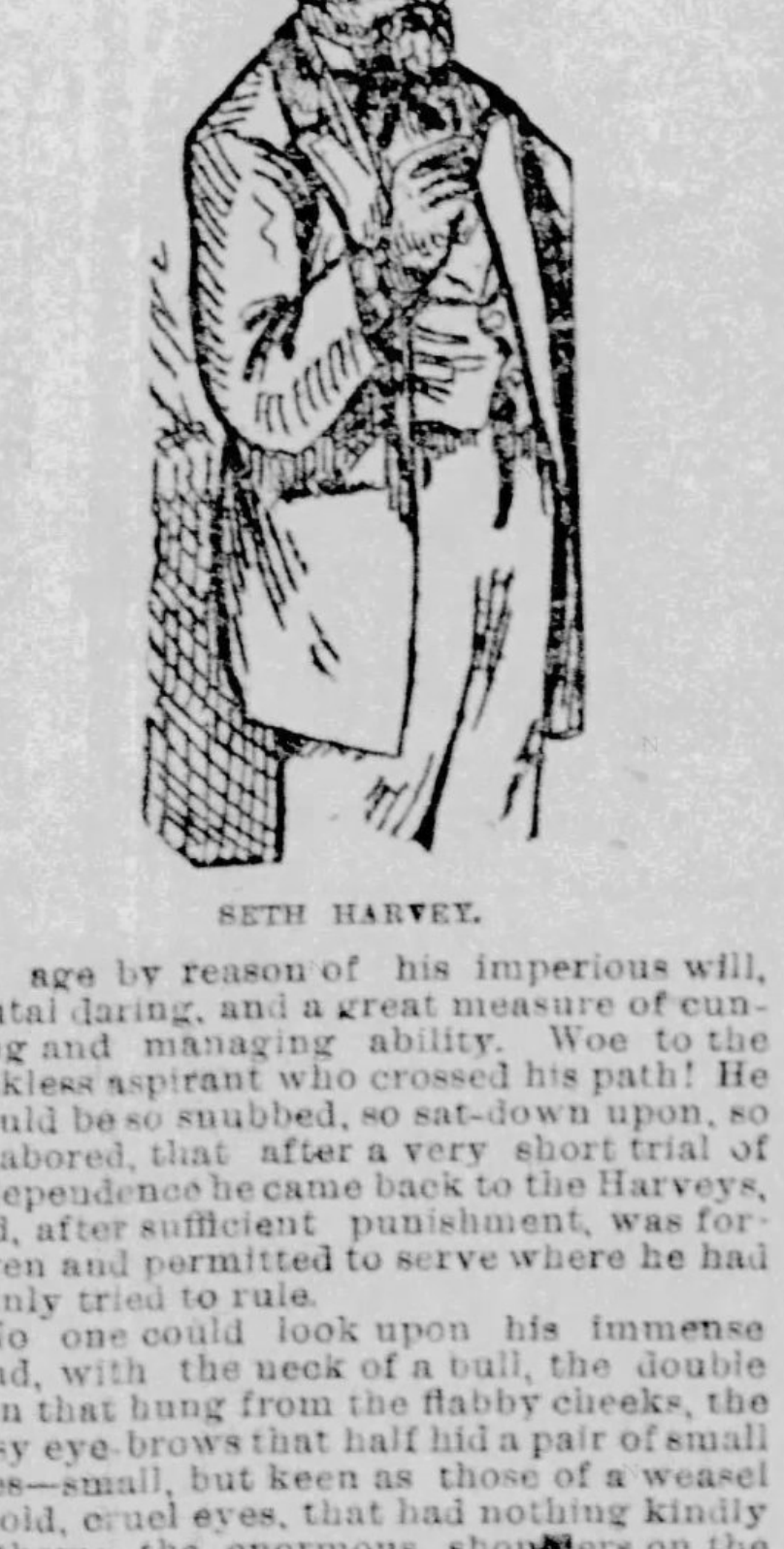
Sarah Dunlap had grown into a girl whom any man could afford to love dearly. You know the style of girl she was. The Black Swamp air does not give a high color to the faces it produces, and hers was colorless and slightly sallow, with features nearly enough so to be called regular; soft, fine, nut-brown hair, a tender tress or two of which lifted itself from the temples and curled in a delicate, feathery way, the whole enhanced by large, gentle eyes, with a sweet expression that raised like the lake if a cloud swept it with its eyelash. One delicious change they had was when she had been thinking, and was quiet and pleased. The glossy, curved fringe lifted, and her eyes shone out purple and transparent, like the wind-flower, that comes after the snow of the bloodroot has melted in the spring. One who had once caught that charming and fleeting wave of color would watch for it again. Sunshine, warmth and happy leisure are the only spells to bring back that flower-like color. Her hair lightened almost to paleness in the sunbeams, and a light pink was in her lips, like fine rose-coral, not scarlet. The kindly spirit and sweet gayety in her face, and the good lines of her figure, made Sarah Dunlap seem an attractive woman, whose invitation to stay, even though not too warmly given, would be frankly accepted; from whose hand, well-formed and well-kept, the cup of tea and the puffed cakes would have a welcome of their own; by whose side on the broad piazza it would be pleasing to sit. Sarah might lead the way round the shrubbery, inviting you to see how sweet the white honeysuckle was that drooped over the smoke-tree, taking a turn by a deliciously sweet small rose-tree, laden with buds full and colored like a debutante, reminding one of a young girl in her first season.

This was the girl that Caleb Mason, as everybody supposed, was to marry, and would marry. She had no doubt of it, for he had had her preference on all possible occasions, from their school days, and nothing was considered a more settled matter than their marriage, when time should place him so that marriage was possible. She loved him with a devotion such as a Catholic might feel for the Virgin; and if he did not love her, his whole life belied him.

There is always one prominent family in a village like Pulaski, a family which sets the fashion socially, and makes the law for everything. In Pulaski the reigning power was the Harvey family. In social matters, everything not headed by the Harveys was a fore-ordained failure, and everything they approved was a certain and fixed success. Occasionally some newcomer, or some one who could not see why the Harveys should rule over all and control everything, would undertake something on his own account; but he never tried it twice. Was it a social matter? There would be no inquiry made—that is, orally—but somehow the inclination of the Harveys, for or against, would be ascertained, and the measure of failure depended entirely upon the extent to which they sat down upon it. Was it a political matter? The Democracy made their nominations with a view to the Harveys, and a Whig would no more dare to move for a nomination for himself or faction till he had the approval and co-operation of the Harveys than he would have attempted to fly to the moon.

It was strange to many as to how they got this control, and how they kept it; and yet there was nothing strange about it. They had managed to surround themselves, socially, politically and financially, with an immense number of people, all of whom were in some way involved with them in something; and as they were the keystone of a dozen arches, each of these arches necessary to the other, it was no small matter for any one individual to make head against them. At all events, it was a very serious affair for any one who undertook to make head against them; and, as every one felt, it was always considered better to bear the slings and arrows of the Harveys than to rush to what they knew not.

They ruled by fear entirely, for certainly no one loved them. The head of the Harvey family, Seth Harvey, was a man of 60, a large, portly man, who had been a terror to the people when young by reason of his enormous physical strength, and quite as much a terror in his old age by reason of his imperious will, brutal daring, and a great measure of cunning and managing ability. Woe to the luckless aspirant who crossed his path! He would be so snubbed, so sat-down upon, so belabored, that after a very short trial of independence he came back to the Harveys, and, after sufficient punishment, was forgiven and permitted to serve where he had vainly tried to rule.



SETH HARVEY.

No one could look upon his immense head, with the neck of a bull, the double chin that hung from the flabby cheeks, the busy eye-brows that half hid a pair of small eyes—small, but keen as those of a weasel—cold, cruel eyes, that had nothing kindly in them; the enormous shoulders on the massive body, that body supported by legs that were like the pillars of Hercules, without feeling that it would be better to be on good terms with him, and that some measure of deceit might profitably be used to placate him, but that love, or even respect, would be impossible. Added to the personal, aggressive, combative appearance of the man was an imperious manner which said "I will," and a coarse, rasping voice, which admirably fitted the manner, and all backed by a will which brooked no contradiction and endured no differences. This was the head of the Harvey family, the controlling spirit in the society and politics of Washington county.

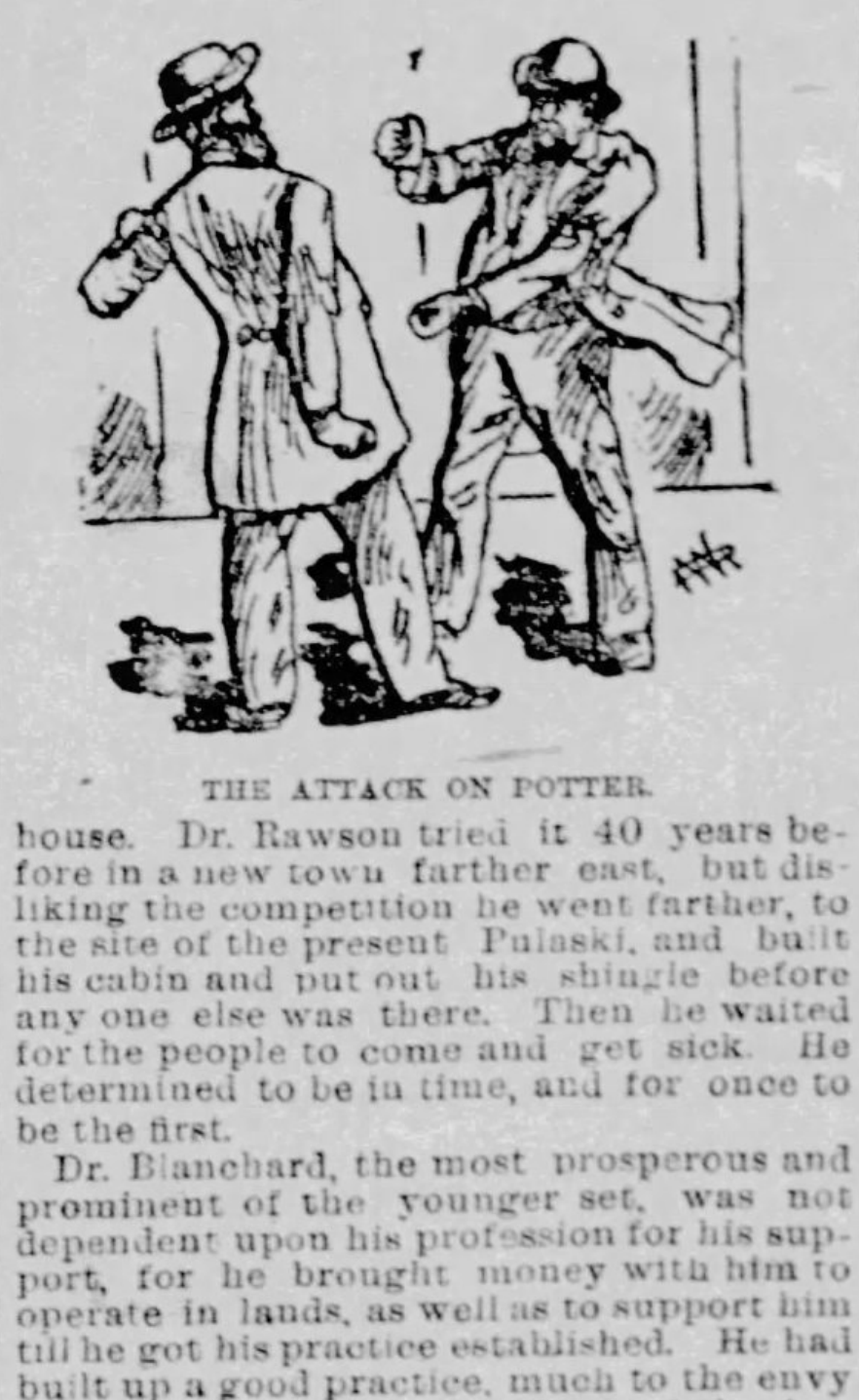
He had sons and daughters. His eldest son John, or Jack, as he was familiarly called, was as brutal as his father, but had all that brutishness without his father's strength—what he originally possessed having been sadly wasted in dissipation which commenced very early in life, and clung to him through his manhood. But his father's influence over the faction of the party which he ruled was sufficient to keep him constantly in office, the one he was filling at the date of this history being County Commissioner, the father being Treasurer. Then came Bill Harvey and Philetus Harvey, and three others, and the son-in-law, Chet Saltonstall, he having married the eldest daughter.

The other daughter, Helen Harvey, was still single, and she deserves more than a passing notice. She was the acknowledged beauty of the county, and her fame had extended as far as the state capital, whither she had been taken by her father on his official visits. Indeed, the old man had represented the county in the state legislature two terms, and Helen had accompanied him for the purpose of obtaining the polish she might receive from commingling with ladies who had seen more of the world than those of the backwoods town, and she had made a positive sensation.

It was not singular. She was a beautiful girl—beautiful in every way. She had a tall and willowy figure—a figure not so slender as to be without strength, neither were the indications of strength such as to make her massive. It was that peculiar mode which is the perfection in women—grace apparent to the eye, and with a suggestion of strength that was not visible to the eye. Her face was not pretty. That is, it was not beautiful, but one that attracted everybody at the first glance. There was something in it that grew upon one, and the better you knew Helen Harvey the more beautiful her face appeared. Mentally, she was superior to any other of the family. She had been an omnivorous reader from her earliest girlhood, and she had a mental digestion that was wonderful. She had read history, not simply to fill her mind with dry facts, but she had penetrated its philosophy. She knew precisely when everything happened, and she also knew from what the happenings proceeded, and what effect they had upon the succeeding events. She read fiction, not for the sake of the story, but that she might gain a knowledge of the manners and customs of the periods treated, knowing that the writer must have made studies to be able to write, and that the office of fiction was to illustrate and condense history. She had studied politics—not only the general leading events in our political history, but she had made studies in local politics, for which her father's position gave her abundant opportunity.

The whole family respected and feared her. She seldom spoke to them in the matters which went over the buckwheat cakes and coffee, but when she expressed an opinion as to any movement it was accepted at once without any question, no matter how much it differed from the others. She was, in reality, the mental head of the family.

There is no profession that is so generally overdone in the Western towns as that of medicine, except law. The young medicos who form the annual product of the Eastern medical schools find, when they get their diplomas, and are pronounced qualified to practice on the lives of their fellows, that there are no openings at home, and so they go West to find a location in a new town that they may "grow up" with it. They forget that the medical colleges, like the mills of the gods, grind slowly, but they grind surely, and they have been grinding a great many years; and when they get to their locations are surprised to discover the fact that doctors' shingles adorn every other house. Dr. Rawson tried it 40 years before in a new town farther east, but disliking the competition he went farther, to the site of the present Pulaski, and built his cabin and put out his shingle before any one else was there. Then he waited for the people to come and get sick. He determined to be in time, and for once to be the first.



THE ATTACK ON POTTER.

Dr. Blanchard, the most prosperous and prominent of the younger set, was not dependent upon his profession for his support, for he brought money with him to operate in lands, as well as to support him till he got his practice established. He had built up a good practice, much to the envy of the impecunious members of the fraternity, who wondered why the people would call him, who did not need the practice, and leave them out, who did. Poor fellows, they forgot the passage: "To him who hath shall be given, and from him who has not shall be taken away even what he hath."

Aside from the comfortable financial condition of Blanchard, which gave him standing, he was really a good physician, and a splendid fellow in other respects. He was as handsome as an Apollo, well read in general literature, besides that of his profession; a fancier of pictures and of the nice things of life; a most brilliant talker; fond of dress without being a fop; and in short, a thoroughly good, bright young man, whom all the good people liked, and whom even the bad ones respected. He was at once bold and daring, soft and susceptible; in short, a man to make his way either among men or women.

Dr. Blanchard was in love with Helen Harvey, and she was in love with Dr. Blanchard. She recognized the superiority of this young man from the first day she had met him, for he was the only man in the town who was in any wise fit to mate with her. He was cultured, not only in the line of his profession, but in everything else; he was a person of taste and reading, a thorough gentleman, and in every way her peer. The first acquaintance led to esteem, esteem into a dangerously close friendship, that into love, and love into an engagement. The match was agreeable to the family, for Dr. Blanchard was a man of considerable means for that new country, and his rise to the head of his profession was an assured thing. He knew more of modern medicine than any one of the old doctors, the dear old practitioners who stopped learning when they came out of school, and, having the confidence of enough of the people to give them a decent living, did not care to learn more; and while he combated them, he did it in such a way that they rather liked him. Old Dr. Rawson, who had brought half the children of the county into the world, was wont to say that it was well enough to have young men to keep up with the modern acquirements in medicine.

"I can get on well enough with calomel and quinine, but I 'spose there are people who want something else, and I am willing Blanchard should dig it out for them," was his sententious remark.

It was not singular that the Harvey family were willing and more than willing to form an alliance with so promising a young man, and that, when Helen Harvey declared her intention to marry him, they one and all seconded it with great unanimity. They cared little whether she loved him or not. His name would look well upon their notes, and his influence would go a long way to strengthen the family influence. And so the match pleased everybody concerned.

Helen was as ambitious as the others of her family—ambitious for them as well as for herself. Born in an atmosphere of politics, hearing but little else than politics talked of, educated to believe that human happiness and grandeur consisted entirely of political power, and that political preferment was all that was desirable in life, she did find some fault with the young doctor, who disliked politics and politicians, and desired nothing so much as to be left entirely outside of them and their schemes.

But she loved him for all that, and he loved her, and they had been betrothed since she was eighteen. There had never been a day fixed for the uniting of the two willing souls, for neither was in a hurry to resign liberty, but both expected that the event would not be put off a very long time.

While this was going on smoothly and satisfactorily, Caleb Mason began to loom up in the sky of Pulaski; and he loomed up in a way that made him the observed of all political observers. There had been a political contest as to who should be mayor of the town, and Mason saw in the little fight an opportunity for fleshing his virgin sword. The Harveys—father, sons, sons-in law and all—had supreme control of the party, and were very jealous of their control. They had carried it down to the election of the smallest officers, for they had a correct idea that a friend is a friend. They wished to be loved first, and then feared; and to this end they managed that every man in position should owe that position to them.

In this contest it was expected that Mason would take a part, and that, as all shrewd, aspiring young men did, he would side with the Harveys. But, to the surprise of the people generally, he opposed them.

"Poor fellow!" said one, "he is ruining himself and his prospects at the beginning."

"What folly!" said another, "he should make friends with the powers that be. He'll go down this time, and that will end him."

And all his friends implored him to draw back before he mortally offended these arbiters of political fate in Pulaski.

"They will kill me?" said Mason. "Suppose I kill them!"

And he persisted in his course.

The candidate of the Harveys was a wiry sort of a political schemer, who had some job connected with real estate which made it desirable that he should have a voice in the city government. He rejoiced in the name of Schofield, while Mason brought out a candidate who had no schemes to work out, and no axes to grind, and who only consented to take the place that the office might be decently and creditably filled, which he was certain would not be if the self-seeking Schofield should be elected.

When the name of Dr. Rawson was announced, the Harvey people laughed. They had the organization, and in party matters that is everything to secure the nomination. The nomination once secured, they depended upon party drill to make the election sure.

They found Mason a more active opponent than they had counted on. He made himself busy as a bee, and his activity told. He carefully abstained from saying a word derogatory to the Harveys, but he gave in public and private very excellent reasons why Rawson should be put in nomination. The Harveys saw that he was gaining ground, and they feared that by the day of the convention he might have strength enough to carry it.

So they resorted to the very common trick of bringing out a third candidate to divide the Rawson strength, they expecting to hold their own intact. This they did by flattering a very decent man, one Adams, into being a candidate. The Harveys themselves did not go to him, but they sent numbers of their friends. Adams consented to be a candidate on condition that those who had solicited him should stick to him through thick and thin, and he was accordingly announced. Adams did not expect to be nominated, but it was well enough, he thought, to get in the way of promotion.

Then Mason tried his hand at candidate-making. He knew that one of the Harvey faction, and a man of considerable influence, too, was somewhat soured at the treatment he had received, for he had labored long and faithfully in the interests of the Harveys, and he had received nothing but promises. He had long wanted the position of recorder, which was one of the most profitable in the county. Now that position, being one of profit, had long been held by Simpson, a relative of Harvey, who, of course, would be a candidate for re-election.

Mason was anxious to break the whole slate, and he saw the rock with which to do it—namely, Potter, the soured Harveyite, and would-be recorder. So, four days before the convention, he went to Potter, and suggested that he make an effort for the place.

Potter thought a moment.

"I would like it," he said, eagerly, "but Simpson will be a candidate, and, of course, no man can beat him."

"Any man can beat him," was Mason's reply, "that is, any man who has got pluck enough to go for it, and go strong enough. The Harveys are good men, but they do not quite own the corporation. Rawson will beat Adams sure, and you can beat Simpson."

Potter made a great many figures on a slate.

"If I could get the Rawson strength, I believe, with what I know I can get out of the Harvey party, that I could beat him. Some of the Harvey strength I know I can hold. Can you promise me all the Rawson strength at the primaries?"

"Every one of them—on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you throw your strength for Rawson."

Potter thought again. He was a man of deliberation.

"I have never got a thing from the Harveys but promises, and I don't believe I ever will. Here is something tangible, and if I am beaten I can make my peace with them, for they can't very well get on without me."

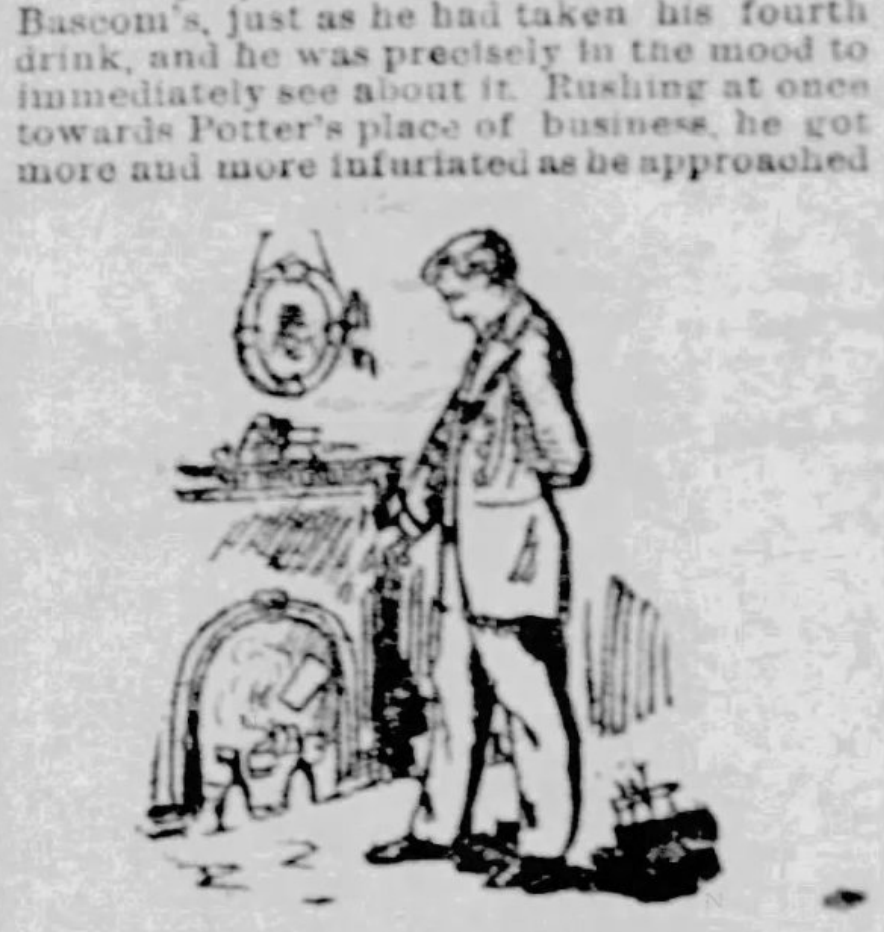
The conclusion of the matter was that Potter consented, and went to work in good faith and good earnest for Rawson—and himself.

Mason had counted noses very accurately, and he was satisfied that he had Schofield beaten, provided Potter played fair. That was the only weak spot, and that weak spot was the one to strengthen; for he knew that Harvey would make an effort to bring Potter back to his allegiance.

Mason was a man of resource, and he had many tools to work with. One of the Harvey family, Jack, as he was called, was a quick-tempered, broad-shouldered man, whose fists were as quick as his temper, and Mr. Mason proposed to make him the nail that should fasten Potter to his enterprise.

The very day that Potter was announced as a candidate for recorder, and before the Harveys had time to get him, it was made known to Jack Harvey, by a note through the postoffice, that Potter had said that the whole ticket supported by the Harveys, from Schofield down, was a fraud upon the people; and that, without influential friends in office, Jack Harvey would have a hard time to keep out of the penitentiary for defrauding his creditors. As Jack had failed in business, and had paid nothing on the dollar, he was very sore and sensitive on this point.

Harvey opened the anonymous note in Bascom's, just as he had taken his fourth drink, and he was precisely in the mood to immediately see about it. Rushing at once towards Potter's place of business, he got more and more infuriated as he approached it. Entering, he saluted that gentleman with a blow between the eyes that would have astonished him, had the force of it left sense enough in him to have been astonished—which blow was followed up by others till the life was almost pounded out of him.



MASON BURNS THE LETTER.

The fracas brought in from the street Mason and others who demanded of the infuriated man the cause of the assault.

"The d——d scoundrel has been lying about us! He has been saying that the Schofield ticket was got up to keep our family in office, and to keep me out of the penitentiary!"

"To whom did he say this?" asked Mason, as some of the citizens were carrying off the bruised body of the innocent Potter.

"To whom did he say it? Why he said it —but I have a letter that told me of it. Why, where is it?"

And Harvey began to fumble in his pockets. "I've lost it!"

"Mr. Harvey," said Mason, gravely, "one ought to have very good provocation for beating a man as you have Potter. Something more than the story of a letter that cannot be found will be required to satisfy the citizens that this assault was justifiable. To whom did he say these things? It is a little hard if a man cannot be a candidate against your relative without exposing himself to this treatment."

"Do you take Potter's part?" blustered Harvey, blue with rage at the predicament he had put himself and his party into.

"Take what I have said as you choose, Mr. Harvey," replied Mason, calmly. "You will not have so cheap a bargain in me. I am not a candidate against your relative, and ought to be exempt from beating; but I am willing to take my chances, as I am opposing him."

Harvey made a step toward him, and then stopped. He knew Mason too well to attack him.

"Good morning, Mr. Harvey. If you feel aggrieved at what I have said, you know where my office is."

And to that office he went. As he closed the door he chuckled:

"Potter will never forgive this, if he lives. And what a lucky thing it was that Harvey dropped that letter, just as I came in! No one will ever believe that he had it, and every one will believe that he assaulted Potter for his temerity in coming out against Simpson." And taking the letter out of his pocket, he burned it.

It resulted exactly as he had anticipated. Potter was badly injured, and he swore all sorts of vengeance on the Harvey family, from the old man down; and as he could not get out himself, he made all his friends redouble their energy. And now he had something to go on; for the public believed, or affected to, that Jack Harvey had assaulted him simply because he was coutesting the place with a member of his family. The letter story was received incredulously.

Under this excitement Mason went to Adams. Why should he persist in occupying a position that could only be a help to the unfortunate Harvey interests? Rawson would only serve one term, and he (Mason) would promise Adams that, if he would support Rawson this year, Rawson's friends would support him the next. Adams saw the point to this, and he did withdraw in favor of Rawson.

The result astonished him. At the primaries the Harvey party were routed, horse, foot and dragoon, and the Mason ticket was carried from top to bottom. He won, and he did it in such a way that the successful party saw and knew that he, and he alone, did it, and that it could only have been done by him. He was pleased with the venture, and he said to himself: "Possibly these little kings will respect me now, and possibly they may want me. If so they can have me—on my terms."

His boldness and temerity astonished the people, as did his skill and adroitness. He was the town talk, for he was the first man who had ever bearded these lions in their den.

The Harveys were alarmed. This youngster had shown the people that they could be beaten; they had lost their old-time reputation for invincibility, and now every whipper-snapper might be trying it. As no one knew better than the senior Harvey that one-half of their strength lay in the fact that it looked so big that no one before had the courage to test it. So Mason was the topic of conversation in the house of the Harveys, as everywhere else. The old gentleman remarked one morning that the young man must be crushed.

"Pa," replied Helen, "he is not to be crushed."

"Why?" growled the old man.

"Because he is young, ambitious, bold, daring, has brains, and has his way to make, and is going to make it. Why don't you try to make a prop of the strong tree, instead of butting your brains out trying to bend it?"

"Because—"

"Because you are angry with him; but a good politician never gets angry, nor nourishes a spite. The man you make an enemy of to day you may want to use to-morrow. He wants to be your friend, and has all along."

"Then why did he oppose my candidates? Why did he put up the ropes to beat me, the d—d—"

"Because he wanted you to know his worth, that's all. He wants a good price for his skill and talent, and I must say he's worth it. I could bring him—"

And then stopped suddenly.

"You could do what?" demanded the old man.

"Nothing, father."

And she left the table suddenly.

On her way to her room, and after she got there, the young lady mused a long time. She was as ambitious as her father or brothers; and, like them, political preferment was her ruling passion. She saw in Mason the coming man, and saw in him the downfall of her family, unless he could be attached to their interest. Why was not Blanchard a Mason?

And from this sprang a train of thought. Her sister had married to strengthen the power of the family, and what a brilliant stroke it would be for her to bring into the fold this young Samson, who already had his shoulder against the pillars of her father's temple. She shuddered as she thought of the encounters that must ensue between this man and her family. She admired and dreaded him. Intellectual as she was, she could not but admire the strength and adroitness of the man; and that very strength and adroitness, opposed to the interests of her family, was to her an object of dread. And she fell into a habit of regretting that Blanchard was not more like Mason—which line of thought was bad for Blanchard.

But the Harveys did not propose to be beaten by the Mason party. Mason had nominated a candidate, but that candidate was not yet elected. They intended that he should not be, for they desired to demonstrate to the people that a man not nominated by them could not be elected. And to that end they organized a secret bolt, and went to work zealously to defeat him, without appearing in it themselves. When they should have accomplished this they proposed to regret it, always winding up with the lamentation that if their man had been nominated the disaster to the party would never have happened, and by demonstrating the superiority of their wisdom, show the necessity of the party coming back to their rule.

They very much underrated their man. Mr. Mason let it be known that there was a majority of two hundred in the township, that Dr. Rawson was as good a Democrat as ever was born, and that there was no reason why he should not receive the vote of every Democrat in the township. The Harveys, heretofore, had, when they suspected an intention to bolt, insisted upon seeing the ballots of all regular partisans, and Mr. Mason had it given out that this rule would be followed at this election. If a Democrat did not choose to vote an open ticket, and Dr. Rawson should be defeated, those voting in secret would be held responsible for the defeat, and would be treated in future accordingly. In short, Mason applied to the Harveys the test that the Harveys had heretofore applied to everybody else; and the Harveys knew that he had the will to hold them to it.

They could not help themselves. Their only safety was in party discipline, and confronted as they were by a man who knew what it was, and how to apply it, they were compelled to succumb to it, and yield to a power stronger than themselves. They had depended on King Caucus, and they could not disobey him, now that his decrees were adverse to them. They yielded the point, because they could not help it, and Dr. Rawson was elected by the usual majority.

Caleb Mason scored his first victory. He had beaten the reigning family in their first encounter, and was at least as powerful as they were.

"I might have gone in without this and played second fiddle." This to himself. "As it is, if they want me, I am admitted to an equal partnership. It is a good piece of work." And Caleb Mason went to his bed in a most comfortable frame of mind.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Pangs of Jealousy.

"Jenny," said the young man, as they met on the corner, "is it possible you have been deceiving me?"

"What do you mean?" was her answer.

"I mean this: I want to know if my boss has been calling on you, and you never saying a word to me about it?"

"Your suspicions, sir, are as unfounded as they are unjust."

"Well, if that's the case, I want you to explain something. Yesterday your father was in the store, and after he left the boss said that old Bjinkson was the hardest kicker he ever saw." And an expression indicative of a painful memory flitted over the young man's face.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The Exact Location.

Boston Courier.

Employe—Can I have this afternoon off, sir?

Employer—What for?

Employe—I want to go out to the cemetery to put some flowers on grandmother's grave.

Employer—H'm! Does the road to the cemetery take you past the base ball grounds or the fishing pool?

Employe—Neither, sir. The cemetery is out near the trotting park.

A Big Success.

Man of Family—That burglar alarm is a grand success; wouldn't part with it for a mint of money. It went off at 1 o'clock this morning.

Dealer—Eh? Did you catch the burglar trying to get in?

"No, but I caught my daughter's young man trying to get out."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

He Was a Bright Boy.

"Sonny, how can I get to the railway station from here?"

"Have you a carriage?"

"No, my little lad."

"Oh, then you'll have to walk!"—*Life.*

How Easy it is to Say This!

Wife (tearful)—"You've broken the promise you made me!"

Husband (kissing her)—"Never mind, my dear, don't cry; I'll make you another."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Somewhat Vague.

Visitor at medical college—"Where did these skeletons come from?"

Young Doctor—"We raised them"—*Puck.*

Recent Literature.

BOOKS WORTH A READING.

Signs of Promise—The People's Bible—Numbers Universalized—Pamphlet Novels—September Magazines—Literary Notes.

A volume which will be read with a good deal of interest is one issued by Fords, Harvard & Hulbert, New York, entitled "Signs of Promise." It is made up of sermons preached by Lyman Abbott, D. D., who succeeded Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth church. To have followed the great preacher at all was a great undertaking, but to have talked to his people so well that the church has held together and is to-day strong and united, is ample evidence that Dr. Abbott occupies the late divine's pulpit in an able and worthy manner. The sermons here given were selected by the members of the Plymouth church and bear witness to the clear thought and terse logic of Dr. Abbott. The following are the subjects treated of in the volume: "A Great Leader" (Henry Ward Beecher); "Death, the Interpreter;" "Necessity of Progress;" "Law of Progress;" "Grapes of Gall;" "Religion of Humanity," "Agnosticism of Paul;" "Dogmatism of Paul;" "The Church's One Foundation;" "Power of the Keys;" "Salvation by Growth;" "Salvation by Grace;" "A Power unto Salvation;" "Christ's Law of Love;" "The Peace of God;" "What is the Bible?" "The Spiritual Nature;" "Does God's Mercy Endure Forever?"

From Funk & Wagnalls, New York comes Vol. X of "The People's Bible," by Joseph Parker, D. D. This simple and forceful exposition of the Scriptures is taking a firmer grip upon Christendom with every succeeding volume. It takes up each book and chapter of the Bible successively, and handles exhaustively important episodes. One of the especial charms of his work lies in his reaching for the underlying purpose of the texts, and their obvious or hidden lessons, instead of dwelling upon their construction and small technicalities. He is exceedingly poetic in style, and that in itself is an attraction to the reader. There is no question but that this work will be equally valuable for family reading as for the preacher's study, and it deserves all of the commendation which it is receiving.

In Appleton's Mathematical series comes "Numbers Universalized," which is an advanced Algebra by David M. Sensenig, M. S. Only the first part is before us, but this is to be followed by a higher algebra, not yet completed. The present work is especially adapted to schools where are students preparing for college, and for advanced classes in high and normal schools. Great prominence has been given in this work to factoring, radicals and quadratic equations, and several things have been introduced and discussed which are of great practical interest, and will be generally acceptable to students and teachers.

In Lovell's International series which is issued weekly comes "Jezabel's Friends," by Dora Russell, author of "The Broken Seal," "A Strange Message," etc., a pretty story very well told; and "The Luck of the House," by Adeline Sergeant, author of "Seventy Times Seven," "Under False Pretences," etc. Price 30 cents each.

Literary Notes.

"Swallow Home in South Africa" is the title of a new volume of travel announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Ophelia Nesbitt Reid and Frank Sutton have just finished in collaboration a novel of life in New York and Washington called "Old John Stainer."

L. May Wheeler, who was connected with the *Woman's News*, is now one of the editors of *The Budget*, an illustrated paper published at Springfield, O.

In the *Woman's Journal* for August 31 Mrs. Blackwell has a keen editorial on the action of the Prohibition party in excluding women from its ranks.

"Maygrove: A Family History," is the title of a new work by the author of "Miss Bayle's Romance" and "A Modern Brigand," which Bentley & Son will publish in the autumn.

Cassell & Company have just ready Max O'Rell's new book, "Jacques Bonhomme," a lively description of French manners and customs, to which is added "John Bull on the Continent" and "From my Letter-Box."

Howard Pyle, the author of "The Wonderful Clock" and "Pepper and Salt," began a new series of his fairy tales, illustrated by himself, in the number of *Harper's Young People* dated August 27. The first one is entitled "That Which Is Done Never Dies."

Mr. Arthur Gilman has written a book which will soon appear called, "The Story of Boston," which is a study of Independency. Mr. Gilman has painted our ancestors as they were—and he is certainly an interested party, for the first American Gilman landed in Boston in 1638.

Thomas Whittaker will publish at once a new and revised edition of Annie Ayres's "Life of Dr. Muhlenberg." It will contain some new matter, including a fac simile of "I would not live alway." Instead of a cramped twelvemo., this fourth edition will be printed on larger and heavier paper to make a handsome octavo volume.

Mrs. H. R. Haweis has in the press with Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. a new work entitled "The Art of Housekeeping." "The form adopted," says the *Athenæum*, "is a series of letters supposed to be written to her young daughter, giving detailed and practical instruction in the mysteries of 'keeping house.'"

Spielhagen has written a *tendenz novelle* called "The New Pharoh," in which he depicts the heartlessness and libertinism of bureaucrats in modern Germany. One of the characters is an American girl who sacrifices her virtue for the love of a selfish, impudent young German and horsewhips him only when his real character appears. Conservative papers interpret the novel as an attack on the Bismarckian state of things in Germany.

SETTLED A MASHER.

A Girl's Commendable Show of Spirit.

Boston Advertiser.

When an evening train on the narrow gauge railroad stopped at a station on Revere beach two nights ago, a couple of young men, looking rather flushed, entered the car with an unsteady gait. One of them plumped himself into a seat occupied by a girl who was quietly and neatly dressed, and who looked to be about 16 years old. The train had not gone far when the young man tried to scrape an acquaintance with the young lady by addressing some remark to her, the import of which could hardly have been very pleasant, as she immediately rose and, touching the arm of the conductor, who was passing, asked that official if he could not either find her another seat or compel the man to leave the one she had occupied. At this the young man himself interrupted, apologizing profusely, and disclaiming any intention to insult anybody. The train was about to stop at another station, so the conductor rushed off, merely saying: "I don't think he'll trouble you again." As soon as the official was gone, however, the man again renewed his attentions. For some time the young lady kept silent, looking straight ahead and attempting to take no notice of her companion's remarks, but at last she stood up and gave him several stinging slaps in the face. The man vacated the seat instantly and hurried to the other end of the car. Two or three passengers learned the facts in the case from a train official, and when that young man finally got home he was in a sadly battered condition.

His Secret.

New York Sun.

She—There is a far-away look in your eye to-night, George. You are not yourself. You seem to be in anguish of soul. There is something dark and melancholy weighing upon your spirits. What is it, George? You promised to confide all your cares, all your troubles to me when we became engaged—to hide nothing from me; but now I perceive you have a secret. Tell me what it is, George. Fear not to place your confidence in me. Are we not engaged? Am I not to be your wife? Have you not sworn to lead me to the altar as soon as you get a raise of salary? Oh, then, by the memory of those vows made under the silent stars, by the hopes of the future, I conjure you, tell me, tell me what it is distracts your soul.

He—Well, Mary—

She—Hesitate not, George. Fear not to confide in me. My love will stand every test.

He—Well—er—Mary, I am afraid I'm going to have a boil on the back of my neck.

He Was Misunderstood.

"Didn't you tell me, the other morning, that the new boarder was honest?" "Quite the contrary; I said when you noticed his absence from the breakfast table that he was above, stealing."

SHE CAN TAKE A JOKE.

Half a Dozen Indefensible Flings Presumably From the Tyrant Man.

AS ADAM PUT IT.

"Dear Eve," said Adam with a sigh,
"With truth I can no longer grapple,
You were the apple of my eye
Until you chanced to eye the apple."

EVIDENCE OF BACKBONE.

Terre-Haute Express.

Foply—Miss Slymlymme shows considerable nerve in appearing so decolette, don't you think.

Dudely—She shows a great deal of backbone, in my opinion.

UNKIND.

Washington Capital.

First Old Lady—Conductor, raise this window; I shall smother to death!

Second ditto—Conductor, lower this window or I'll freeze to death!

First O. L., again—Conductor will you raise——

Irate Passenger (interrupting)—Conductor, hoist that window and freeze one of those old women to death; then lower it and smother the other one!

Silence in the car.

AIMLESS BUT EFFECTIVE.

Washington Capital.

"Do you ever go hunting?"

"No, but my wife does."

"Your wife?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Oh, for burglars, or fires, or paregoric, or trouble, or my salary; it's always hard to tell in advance."

OPINION CONFIRMED.

Kearney Enterprise.

Wife—John, love, I read one of your sweet love letters, to-day, and came across a passage in which you said "there is no one your equal in the wide, wide world."

Husband (with a groan)—And I am still of the same opinion.

THE TURNING POINT

Of the Civil War, According to General Sherman.

Major Newsham, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, gives the following interesting bit of history:

I met General Sherman two years ago at the Lindell Hotel, and in the course of a long conversation I asked him what he considered the critical event or turning point of the war. His reply was, that what he considered the most critical event of the war was a little incident that occurred in the woods of Tennessee a short time after the battle of Corinth—the intended resignation of General Grant. Sherman had been on special duty with his command, and had returned to report to General Halleck. While at Halleck's headquarters he was informed that Grant had determined to resign. He (Sherman) got on his horse and rode direct to Grant's headquarters some distance away. He found Grant with a number of papers before him on an improvised table. Grant and Sherman shook hands cordially. Sherman asked Grant what he was doing and also told him he had heard that he (Grant) was going to resign. Grant handed Sherman a paper, which proved to be his resignation already written out. "I can stand this no longer," said Grant, alluding to his ill-treatment by his superiors. "If I can't command a brigade or a division, I can carry a musket." There was a great deal of sadness in these words as Grant spoke them. Sherman asked Grant if he would do him a favor. Grant replied that he would do anything in his power for Sherman. Sherman took the written resignation, tore it into fragments, and said that the favor he asked was that Grant would withhold his resignation for two weeks. Grant agreed to this, and the resignation was not heard from again. Halleck was removed in a few days and Grant was restored to his command. "That," said General Sherman, "I consider was the turning point of the war."

WINSTON AND THE SHAH.

He Accepts Four Elephants and Went the Shah One Better.

St. Louis Republic.

The revival of the rage about the Shah of Persia has led to a story on the Hon. Fred Winston of Chicago, who for a short time represented the United States at the Persian court. When he arrived at Teheran he was met outside of the city by the Chamberlain of the court, who, in the name of the Shah, presented him with four elephants. Winston, who had never seen an elephant outside of a menagerie, was paralyzed at his situation, but managed to express his thanks for the Shah's great kindness. After he had been presented, and had assumed the duties of his office, his greatest official burden was the care of his elephants. Relief came on the second day, when the intimation was politely conveyed that the Shah expected a present from him.

"Certainly," said Winston, as a smile wreathed his face. "I have only been waiting to secure one worthy of so great a ruler."

That afternoon he proceed in state to the palace and presented the Shah with five elephants. The chamberlain seemed to regard the animals with suspicion, but Oriental politeness prevents the inspection of a gift horse in the mouth, and, anyhow, the extra elephant removed all doubt.

"That extra elephant cost me $100," said Winston, in telling the story afterward. "But I considered myself getting out of a bad scrape cheap at that.

A Harvard Student Retailing Milk.

Boston Transcript.

Spending a summer recently with a friend in a delightful summer resort, we happened to be sitting on the veranda as a milkman's wagon drew up. The milkman, a sturdy young fellow of pleasant face, dismounted, rang a bell by way of warning to the maids of the vicinity to get their pitchers ready, and then started around with his cans and his pint measure. As he passed around to the back door of the cottage, our friend saluted him as one gentleman salutes another. And when the milkman had gone, the other said:

"That young man is a member of the class of '90 at Harvard College."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He is carrying himself through entirely by his own exertions, and he takes this way of helping himself out. I dare say he makes enough money selling milk at a good figure to the people here in the summer time to pay the greater part of the expenses for the remainder of the year at Cambridge."

"Does he water his milk?"

"Not perceptibly. It is very good milk, and I have no doubt he is as honest as the business allows."

A young man in the house who belongs to the class below the milkman's in college, testified to the excellent standing of the young man at Harvard.

England, Beware!

"William!" exclaimed Mrs. Highstrung, as she laid down the paper. "There's likely to be a war with England over Behring Sea."

"What do I care?" growled her spouse, who took no interest in military matters.

"I don't care what you care or don't care," returned Mrs. Highstrung, with some vehemence. "This war is about seals, and if England wins they can charge any price they please for sealskin sacques, and I aint got one yet. If a war breaks out you've got to go and fight for y'r country, d'ye hear?"—*New York Weekly.*

Piety at Four Per Cent.

A novel idea in church building has been started in the neighborhood of Dawlish, where it is proposed to raise funds for a new church by debentures bearing interest at 4 per cent. secured as a first charge on the offertories. This is certainly an ingenious method of combining the glory of God with commercial principals, and I have no doubt that many persons will be found ready to invest in this form of piety at 4 per cent. who would be very sorry to be seen inside the church when it is erected.—*London Truth.*

Fully Occupied.

Fond lover—Is your pa in, Addie?

Gentle maiden—Yes, but you may come in.

F. L.—I don't think he likes me, and he might——

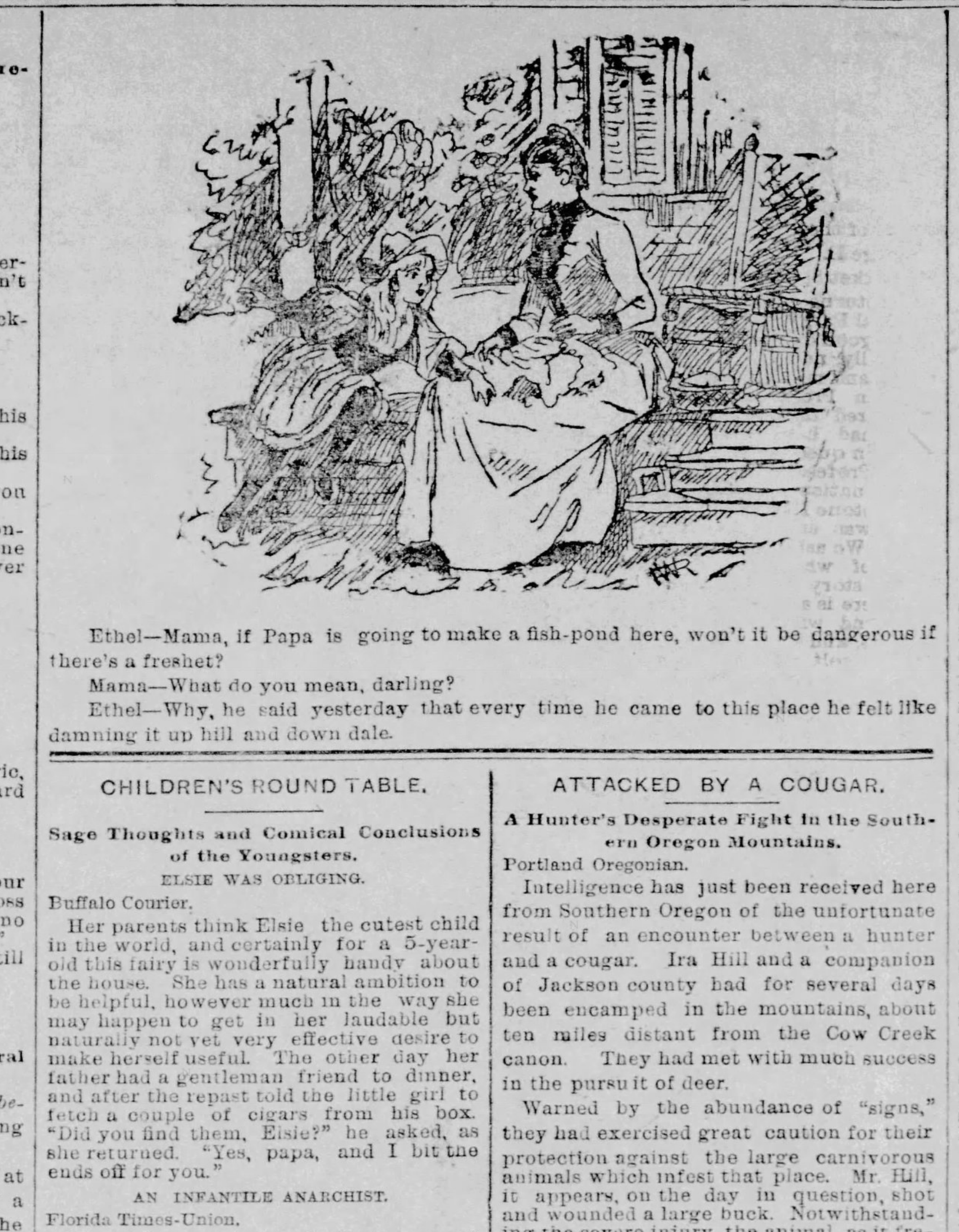
G. M.—There's no need of being afraid; he is engaged.

F. L.—Engaged is he?

G. M.—Yes. He stayed out till after 12 last night and went out this morning without giving ma a chance to talk to him. She is talking to him now, and he won't be in this part of the house for the next three hours. Come right in.

Only Shaved Strangers.

Stranger—"You have cut my chin a second time! If you can't shave better than that you will lose all your customers pretty quick!" Barber's apprentice: "Not at all, sir! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet; I shave only strangers."



Ethel—Mama, if Papa is going to make a fish-pond here, won't it be dangerous if there's a freshet?

Mama—What do you mean, darling?

Ethel—Why, he said yesterday that every time he came to this place he felt like damming it up hill and down dale.

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

Sage Thoughts and Quaint and Comical Conclusions of the Youngsters.

ELSIE WAS OBLIGING.

Buffalo Courier.

Her parents think Elsie the cutest child in the world, and certainly for a 5-year-old this fairy is wonderfully handy about the house. She has a natural ambition to be helpful, however much in the way she may happen to get in her laudable but naturally not yet very effective desire to make herself useful. The other day her father had a gentleman friend to dinner, and after the repast told the little girl to fetch a couple of cigars from his box. "Did you find them, Elsie?" he asked, as she returned. "Yes, papa, and I bit the ends off for you."

AN INFANTILE ANARCHIST.

Florida Times-Union.

"I wish," remarked a little 8-year-old whose love of rustic life is overpowering, "I wish Jacksonville would take fire and every house in it burn down."

"Why do you make such a wicked wish?"

"Because I always did want to live in the country, and papa won't move. If all the houses were burned down then we'd be in the country."

TOO BIG A BATH TUB.

The other day at Pablo Beach little Polly's mother thought she would take the child in the sea with her, but Polly drew back, saying: "Mamma, I don't want to go into that big bathing tub." The ocean was rather larger than the home accommodations for bathing, and the little child was not very eager to make any change.

DIFFERENTLY CONSTRUCTED.

Akron Breeze.

A little girl of this village was crying bitterly the other evening about something that had happened, when her mother endeavored to soothe her. She told her to "hush" and "never mind" and "stop crying," when the little one answered, between her sobs: "I c-can't mamma, 'cause I ain't built that way."

AN OVERWORKED INFANT.

Chicago Tribune.

Kind-hearted grocer (handing a frosted cooky to customer's little girl)—You like to help mamma buy groceries, don't you Tot?

Tot (wearily pocketing the present)—No, thir, but I have to. Got to go to five or thickth more platheth yet, I thpekt, 'fore mamma thinkth I've got enough goodieth like thith for thupper.

RUTH'S WISH.

Chicago News.

"Mamma," said 4-year-old Ruth, "I wish I was a dog."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"So that baby brother could pat me."

MICHIGAN YOUNGSTERS.

Detroit Tribune.

Little Charlie, whose grandfather is a Baptist minister, took dinner at the parsonage the other day. He lived at a hotel, and before his venerable grandparent began the blessing Charlie had begun eating voraciously. "Oh, don't mind me, grandpa," he observed between mouthfuls when the latter remonstrated, "go right on with your blessing."

George bit little Celia's finger while they were playing. On being scolded for it he said, by way of explanation: "Really, mamma, I didn't know where my mouth was going."

Little Annie saw a bit of turquoise in her cousin Lidie's ring. "Why," she observed, "you've a piece of sky in your ring, haven't you?"

A SEVERE TEST.

Youth's Companion.

Two little girls, returning hand in hand from school, saw a small and very tired-looking dog lying crouched, with half-closed eyes, at the feet of a half-famished beggar on the street corner. The girls stopped, bent curiously and pityingly over the dog and began to speculate as to whether he was blind.

"I don't believe he can see us," said one of them. "He doesn't seem to take any notice. He's blind."

"Perhaps it's only because he's so tired," the other suggested.

The poor dog slowly opened and closed his eyes, but paid no attention to the children.

"No," said the second of the girls again; "he isn't blind. I'll show you."

Bending down close to the dog with her face full of the utmost good faith, the child opened her little hand before his eyes, and said:

"How many fingers?"

CAT AND DOG INTERVIEW.

Troy Times.

What could be happier than this childish account of a dog's mode of soothing his mortified vanity when he has had an unsuccessful encounter with a cat? "If there's no trees just round the dog gets the cat in the corner of a door or two brick walls. Then the cat makes her body twice as big as what is a flesh and bone by standing her hairs up state, and she spits and sneezes all over the dog, so he can't see what he's doing of. Then while he's clearing his eyes a bit she scratter him in the nose, which you know, of all parts of the dog's flesh, it's nose has got the littlest skin over it. You might say there is no skin, only a bit of meet. The dog feels just as if he was cought with a fishing hook, and he runs right away a thinking to hisself as he thought the cat was a little one, when he see it in the yard."

Corn on the Cob.

My sweetheart eats corn on the cob,
'Tis sweet to her palate and eye,
Though its kernels her visage bedaub
And set her fair features awry,
In butter deeply immersed,
This horse-feed with her raises hob;
Oh, this of my ills is the worst,
My sweetheart eats corn on the cob!
O, corn on the cob! O, corn on the cob!
It gives me a very loud pain in the knob
To behold my own dear
Stretch her mouth ear to ear
In the eating of corn on the cob.

My sweetheart eats corn on the cob
And taints her complexion of pearl!
With the porker's own food, that would rob
Of beauty the loveliest girl.
I weep, and reflect with a groan,
As my cardiac furnishings throb
With anguish, how can she atone
For eating this corn on the cob?
O, corn on the cob! O, corn on the cob!
It makes my œsophagus up and down bob
As I think of the woe
That must gripe, I know,
When my sweetheart eats corn on the cob.

JOHN TALMAN.

—Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grayness and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

A Story of Carlyle's Wife.

This amusing little story is told by Mrs. Carlyle in the days when she was small Jeannie Welsh: She went to a school in Haddington, where she soon showed herself a pupil of extraordinary ability. When she was nine years old she was able to read Virgil. Yet Jeannie with all her learning was a real girl, and, being a real girl, she had a doll upon which she bestowed much affection. And now arose a distressing question. Was it not a shame for a girl who could read Virgil to care for a doll? She was forced to think that the time had come when she could no longer keep her toy. Accordingly on her 10th birthday she made a funeral pile of lead pencils and cinnamon sticks, and poured some perfume over it, after the manner of the ancients. Next she recited the speech of Dido from Virgil, and then stabbed the doll, letting out all the sawdust. The pile was then set afire and after the doll had been burnt to ashes poor wee Jeannie sat down and cried.

—Beecham's Pills cure bilious and nervous ills.

ATTACKED BY A COUGAR.

A Hunter's Desperate Fight in the Southern Oregon Mountains.

Portland Oregonian.

Intelligence has just been received here from Southern Oregon of the unfortunate result of an encounter between a hunter and a cougar. Ira Hill and a companion of Jackson county had for several days been encamped in the mountains, about ten miles distant from the Cow Creek canon. They had met with much success in the pursuit of deer.

Warned by the abundance of "signs," they had exercised great caution for their protection against the large carnivorous animals which infest that place. Mr. Hill, it appears, on the day in question, shot and wounded a large buck. Notwithstanding the severe injury, the animal, as it frequently happens, bounded away. Judging from the action of the deer that the bullet had found its mark, the hunter clambered down the mountain side to the point where the animal stood when the shot was fired.

An investigation verified his supposition. Hoping that the shot would soon prove fatal, he traced by the blood in the trail the flight of the deer, several times seeing it, but never obtaining an opportunity to finish him. Wrapped in the excitement of the chase, time passed unheeded. Nearly exhausted with the severity of the labor, and despairing of success, he began to retrace his steps. Night overtook him, and with it came that peculiar, deathlike mountain silence. The gentleman confesses that he was overawed and frightened by the solitude and gloom. After debating in his mind the advisability of halting for the night, he decided to push on, hoping to find his permanent camp and relieve the anxiety of his friend.

While descending a ridge which ran up from a dark and narrow canon, without any warning he was attacked by an enormous cougar. In this hand-to-hand conflict the rifle was useless. Dropping that weapon, he drew his hunting knife and made what effort he could to defend himself. For some time they fought, with the advantage greatly upon the side of the cougar. While the struggle was at its height, approaching too near the edge of a steep declivity, man and beast both went rolling down the gulch.

Weakened by the loss of blood and stunned by contact with rocks and boulders, consciousness forsook the hunter. He remained in this condition until well nigh morning. Remembering the strength and ferocity of his antagonist, and fearing that it still lurked in the immediate vicinity, he remained motionless until sun up. When he did arise no trace of the animal could be found. Fearfully bitten, scratched and bruised, he made his painful way to camp, and thence to a point where the services of a surgeon could be secured.

JUVENILE STRATEGY.

A Little Girl Who Was an Adept at a Tender Age.

Boston Transcript.

Somebody who writes sagely about children and their affairs says: "Children are naturally self-denying." Of course we all know that. Here is an instance: A small girl of the "Listener's" acquaintance had a visit from two of her young friends, each somewhat larger than herself, the other day. Both the visitors brought their dolls, and it was proposed that they make common property of all their playthings, including the dolls, and go in for a general good time. The plan was accepted by the youngsters and all went merrily. By-and-by the small hostess, returning to the member of the household who had originally proposed the socialistic arrangement of matters under which they were proceeding so amicably, said, in her most engaging and honeyed manner:

"Don't you think that the biggest little girl ought to have the biggest doll here?"

As the biggest doll was known to be the inquirer's, this question was taken as a proof of rare self-denial on the little girl's part. So the lady said:

"Yes, my dear, that would be very nice."

"And the next biggest girl the next biggest doll?"

"Yes."

"And the 'ittlest girl the 'ittlest doll?"

"Yes."

The child ran away and reported the new arrangement to the other children; and it wasn't until later, when the pent-up feelings of one of the other little girls gave way to tears, it was discovered that the "'ittlest doll" was a superb French arrangement, which opened and closed its eyes, and wore a costume got up in perfect recklessness of expense. The "'ittlest girl's" self denial was a rare bit of strategy.

GIVEN AWAY BY A GOOSE.

An Episode in the Clandestine Courtship of a Young Man in Pennsylvania.

Punxsutawney Spirit.

A young man over in Brushvalley township was desperately in love with a farmer's daughter. She reciprocated the tender passion, but her father was sullen and obdurate, and gave the young man to understand in the most emphatic terms that if he ever entered that house it would be at his peril. He would, he said, "kick the daylights out of him."

One night recently, when the old gentleman had gone to Indiana to be absent over night, the young man took advantage of his absence to visit the daughter. They were sitting in the front room, both beaming with joy. It was nearly midnight. Presently the daughter heard a noise which she recognized as her father's footsteps. There was a bed in the room, and the girl drew back the calico curtains and told the young man to hustle under. He did so. She had forgotten to tell him that there was a goose under there engaged in a motherly effort to hatch out a dozen young goslings. Scarcely had the young man gotten himself securely stowed away when the girl's father entered. Just about this time the old goose made a hissing noise, drew back its long neck and struck the already frightened intruder a smart blow on the left ear, nipping a piece out. That was enough. He was sure he had been bitten by a snake, and with a blood-curdling yell, the young man rushed from his hiding place screaming at the top of his voice:

"Snake! Snake! I'm bit by a snake! and I don't care a dang who knows it!"

And the clandestine lover made a break for the door and ran home with furious speed, yelling at every jump.

The old man was at first very much startled at the strange apparition, but he soon realized the situation, and both himself and daughter laughed heartily.

ST. JACOBS OIL
Chronic Neuralgia.
Permanent Cures. June 11, 1887.
Suffered a long time with neuralgia in the head; was prostrated at times; gave St. Jacobs Oil a trial; have been entirely cured; no return.
JEREMIAH ENEY, 1812 W. Lombard st., Balto., Md.
Permanent Cures. October 17, 1888.
My wife was paralyzed from neuralgia; she could not walk a step; I bought St. Jacobs Oil; after one bottle was used she walked about; continued use completely cured her. JAS. P. MURPHY, Springfield, Tenn.
Permanent Cures. June 17, 1887.
Years ago had neuralgia; not subject to attacks now; the cure by use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent; there has been no recurrence of the painful affliction. E. W. SPANGLER, York, Penna.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE VALUE OF A LIFE.

An Oriental Story, With, of Course, a Moral.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

ABOU BEN ADHEM, the magician, was sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, in front of his tent, in New Jersey, one bright morning in May. Abou was in an admirable frame of mind. He had killed two life insurance solicitors the day before—he had subscribed for the last book that had been put into the hands of canvassers, so he had a fair prospect for a quiet day. He was musing on life, and trying to solve that great problem, wherein he was doing a most foolish thing, for life is a riddle which will solve itself, if you wait long enough. The solution can be hastened somewhat by late suppers and whisky, but it will come to all, sooner or later, without these or any other aids. Wise as Abou was, it never occurred to him that if there be a future, he would know it in time, and if there should not be one, the matter should not bother him much. In dwelling on this subject the summit of Abou's physical structure was not horizontal. But all great men have their weaknesses. The writer thereof presumes that a critical examination of himself would show some trifling faults.

But Abou's dream of an entirely quiet day was not to be realized. He was just smoking his second pipe, when a young man, whose intellectual face was overspread with deep concern, appeared to him

"What wouldst thou with me?" said Abou, haughtily. "Speak, man, speak!"

"Mighty Abou, I need thy help. I am dying, Egypt, dying. I have a cough which is tearing me to pieces, and I have also dyspepsia, liver complaint, with a few other diseases too tedious to mention, and they are all growing worse daily."

"Hast tried the regular physicians?"

"I have."

"The irregulars?"

"Verily."

"The patent medicines?"

"All of them."

"The retired physicians whose sands of life have nearly run out?"

"Yes."

"Then go home in peace. If you have tried all these and still live, I know of nothing that can kill you."

"But, mighty Abou, I am dying nevertheless."

"Well, why not die then, without bothering me? I am no balm in Gilead, nor am I a healing balsam. I have power, it is true."

"Mighty Abou, I know you have, and that power exert for me. I care not to live for myself but for my fellows. I am the leading man in my native village. I edit the weekly paper—I am mayor—I run the church, and am president of the school board. If I should die, New Athens would go as straight to ruin as a pigeon could fly. It would not survive me."

Abou had him now. He had an opportunity to moralize, and in good square moralizing Abou was equaled by few and excelled by none. It was his best hold, and he never missed an opportunity. So he lighted a fresh pipe, and went for the young man.

"My young friend, you fancy that should you die, New Athens would go to ruin. Listen.

"Long ago in the dim years before the flood, I was sailing on the Persian gulf in the staunch A 1 clipper ship, the Mary Ann. Suddenly there arose a terrible storm. The winds howled like an Irish riot, the lightning flashed with a vividness which was appalling, and the thunders rolled as though the demons of the air were playing continuous games of tenpins. It was a fearsome night. The darkness was so intense that the lights on the head-lands showed not, and we were plunging through it, helpless in the power of the tempest on a pitiless coast. The captain—Perkins was his name—had lost his reckoning, and the Mary Ann, uncontrolled and uncontrolable, was speeding on to her doom.

"Captain Perkins stood at his post calm and self-possessed. 'So long ez we hev sea-room,' said he in his marked Affghanistan dialect, 'so long ez we hev sea-room and kin keep shet uv the pesky rocks we're all right. The Mary Ann can't be swamped, no-how. But this is an ugly coast.'

"And Captain Perkins took a fresh chew of tobacco, and peered anxiously into the darkness.

"Just then the passengers began to learn of the danger they were in and came rushing up the aft binnacle quarterdeck, in wild confusion.

"'Captain,' shrieked one, 'save the vessel, save her. I am the editor of the Ispahan *Morning Herald*, which has the largest circulation of any paper in Persia. If I perish, the *Herald* perishes with me. Save me for the sake of Ispahan.'

"'Go to,' out-spoke the bold captain; 'you bet I'll save the vessel for my own sake. Bechesm on my head be it. Rest easy.'

"'Save the ship!' shrieked another. 'I am the governor of a province. If I perish who shall rule it? Anarchy and confusion ensue and wide-spread woe follows. For the sake of the province, save the ship.'

"'Save the ship!' shrieked a third. 'I am the president of the First National bank of Ispahan; if I perish down goes the bank.'

"'Save the ship!' yelled a fourth. 'I am the president of the Cashmere & Bulbul railroad company. If I go down who can manage that great corporation?'

"'Save the ship!' cried a fifth. 'I am president of the Everlasting Equal Benefit, Remunerative, Life and Trust Insurance company. Who can run that machine if I am taken?'

"And these excited Orientals howled to the captain as to the terrible consequences of their untimely taking-off to that degree that they actually impressed me. I felt that never vessel carried so much greatness, and that if it should be lost with its passengers, Persia would be ruined.

"The vessel was lost. The Mary Ann was on a dangerous coast. Captain Perkins went to his state-room to sleep, she struck and I was the only one saved, thanks to my magic art and a hen-coop, I swam ashore safe but somewhat damp. I made my way to Ispahan, but I could not stay there. As these men had all perished, I supposed, of course, that ruin, wide-spread, would ensue. I supposed the *Herald* would—to use a vulgarism which I detest—peg out, that the bank would, (to use another) bust, that the railroad and insurance company would stop, and that a rebellion would break out in the provinces, and so before the news got about I sold my property and came to New Jersey.

"My son, the moral is coming, now, so wake up. I had been here six months when I got letters from Ispahan. There wasn't ruin to any alarming extent in Persia. A new governor was appointed over the province, and things went on better than ever. There was less plundering than before, for the new governor was vigilant. He refused to let the members of the provincial legislature vote themselves back-pay, and he squelched two credit mobiliers. The stockholders of the *Herald* elected a new editor and the paper was better than ever. The new man was the first to introduce interviewing into Ispahan, and he organized an expedition to find Livingstone. The railroad company elected a new president, who put on palace and sleeping cars and actually made it pay a dividend; and as for the bank, bless you, the drowned president was diminutive tubers compared with his successor. He brought the concern to a smash-up in half the time it would have taken the old one, which enabled the stockholders to retire with fortunes in middle life. The new life insurance president was a vast improvement on the old one. He was a man of broad views. He devised the brilliant idea of arming his solicitors with Derringer pistols.

"So, you see, my friend, things went on the better for the drowning of these important men. Indeed, the people of Ispahan swore that if they could be sure of so great an improvement every time, they would like more shipwrecks.

"Young man, go home. If your life is of any use to yourself, save it, but if you are trying to save it out of regard for your fellows, spare yourself the trouble. There were men in New Athens before your time and there will be after. Die and in a week no one will realize that you are gone—in three weeks the few who do remember the event will probably be glad of it, and will be sorry you did not die sooner. Go to, young man, go to."

And Abou moved him off haughtily and went into his dinner.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For the Tired Brain
from over-exertion. Try it.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE TIDY CAMP.

Somebody Had Fun at the Colonel's Expense—"Fixing Up."

ALLOW me, through the Camp Fire, to thank Mr. Loenshal for his answer to my question. I will say now that I did not believe that the 20th Conn. was at any time connected with the 2d Brig., because I was a member of a regiment that formed a part of it, from its organization to its muster-out, and I never was absent from my regiment, either sick, wounded, or on detached service, and necessarily preserve at least some recollection of the regiments of the brigade in which I did duty. I was the more convinced that I was correct, when I remembered the 19th Mich., 22d Wis., and 85th Ind., almost as distinctly as I remember members of my own family, and yet preserved no recollection of the 20th Conn.; but in the course of a controversy in regard to a certain battle, I took occasion to write to the colonel commanding the 2d brigade about the matter. While corroborating my statement in the main points of the controversy above referred to, I was surprised to find how widely divergent we were upon other points that presumably we should see alike.

One of those points of divergence was in regard to certain guns captured from the enemy. We agreed as to the manner of the capture, but disagreed as to the troops. He said that the guns were by his order taken from the works by a detachment of the 20th Conn., under command of an officer of that (20th Conn.) regiment, then doing duty on his staff. I claimed that other troops had done substantially the same thing, and in replying to him I still refused to give up my position, telling him, also, that I had no recollection of the 20th Conn. as a part of our brigade. He answered by saying that what he had written he had taken from his official report made at the time, while I had simply a recollection dimmed, necessarily, by the intervening time. That of course silenced me, but did not convince me. And now that the Camp Fire has assisted me to get the spikes out of my guns, if the colonel don't haul down his flag, I'll give him a charge of canister at short range.

Perhaps Mr. Loenshal can be induced to tell what he knows about the battles on May 15, 19 and 25, June 22, and July 20, 1864. They are all rich with interesting incidents. Let him begin with May 15, and give us the series.

By the way, he speaks of the 136th N. Y., and reminds me of its colonel. He was then a very youthful-looking officer for his rank, and had some peculiarities of manner and dress that we, at that time could give no particular name, but since an Englishman of some little notoriety came to this country a few years ago, our language has been enriched by a name that would have fitted the young colonel admirably. One of his peculiarities was a supreme contempt for the homely, but very comfortably fitting McClelland saddle. The colonel would persist, in spite of army regulation and fashion, in riding a fine English jockey. The colonel, sitting in his fine saddle upon the back of one of the most superb chestnut sorrel horses it has ever been my fortune to look upon, clad in his white doeskin pants, high patent-leather boots, and uniform coat, was a picture to crush the heart of any maiden at all susceptible. But us western men of coarser fibre, while I cannot say that we were jealous of the colonel, except perhaps a little on account of his horse—thought it was reckless extravagance to waste so much sweetness on the stony hearts of old soldiers, and had no little fun at his expense, and mostly without his knowledge or permission.

A few days after the army had gone into camp on the Chattahoochee river for ten days' rest, this fun took, it is said, rather a practical turn. The day the army went into camp the colonel of 136th had his men align their pup-tents on each side of the company street, in true regulation style, then had details put to work cutting, grubbing and sweeping out streets, and parade ground, and officers' quarters, until all was as neat and clean as a regimental camp of recruits. Our officers allowed their men great latitude in pitching that camp. A man might pitch his tent anywhere between the bounds assigned to the company he belonged to, or he might spread it on the ground and use the great blue vault of heaven for his shelter if he wished. It was rest we were after and we wanted it by the shortest route, too.

Pretty soon general officers began to come around and make remarks about the tidy (?) appearance of the camp of the 136th N. Y., to our major in command. Yes, the major would see to it as soon as the boys got rested up a little; but the boys had been a long time getting tired, and it took a long time to get rested. The next day, however, a hint came from headquarters, so broad that even a Western major must see it. So he got out of his tent and went to the densest group of tents he could see, that he might give his order with as little disturbance as possible, and said:

"Boys, they are making a h—l of a fuss about that 136th N. Y. camp over at headquarters. You'll have to get to work and fix this thing up in some kind of shape."

Everybody voted that it was too late and too hot to do it that day, but next morning, when it was cool, it should be "fixed up." During the rest of the afternoon everything was as quiet as heat and a tired, lazy lot of soldiers with no bullets to dodge, could make it. Between sundown and dusk, however, little knots of soldiers began to gather in different parts the regiment, and the character of the men seemed to foretell mischief of some kind; but no one seemed to know just what. With darkness came no abatement of the heat; the men seemed to realize that the morrow would not be a day in anyway suitable for "fixing up" a camp. Something *must* be done, but how, or by whom, no one possessing the requisite knowledge ever told.

The next morning that 136th N. Y. camp was a sight worth a day's march to see. It looked as though a modern cyclone had attacked a vast herd of cattle, and, after gorging its voracious appetite for destruction and fresh beef, it had dropped what was left in that particular spot. I don't think that there is a single part of bovine anatomy that was not represented in that promiscuous profusion of filth and offal. It was said—how true I know not—that in searching the sinks to learn, if possible, where all the stuff had come from, the colonel's fine English jockey saddle was found in the bottom of one of them, a sight to behold, and forever unfitted as a thing of use or ornament. Of course everybody sympathized with men of the 136th, for they had done nothing to merit such treatment, but like all rash deeds, it was done beyond recall. The colonel raved and threatened to have the whole regiment arrested if the guilty parties were not sought out and punished.—H. L. T., 33d Ind. Inf'ty Vols.

"WHOO-HOO-HOO!"

How a Frightened Picket Guard Challenged a Southern Owl.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While in camp at Vermillionville, in Western Louisiana, two messmates of mine, nicknamed "Suitor" and "Joe Bowers," were detailed for picket duty and were stationed with a third comrade named Jake ——, who belonged to an adjoining company. Their position was by the roadside, near a dead oak tree. Jake did not care to have a Johnny shoot over his head—it seemed dangerous to him. He would sooner look at his mother, any day, than at an armed reb. The day passed without incident, save that a flock of chickens from a neighboring farm house made some threatening demonstrations. If there was one thing more than another that would fire a Yankee soldier's blood, and bring him up to the combative point, it was for a fat hen to perch on the fence and cackle at him, or for a rooster to crow over him. It certainly was a dangerous experiment for the fowl.

The boys stood this racket until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when they made a spirited attack, and nine luckless hens were placed in "durance vile." To prevent further trouble they inaugurated the "inquisition," and nine well-fed and good-looking hens were deposited under that old oak tree. When the sable curtains of night had been drawn, the boys arranged their "tricks," with Joe first, Suitor second, and Jake third. The first and second "trick" had passed quietly, and Jake was called up. Jake was very fond of company, and always wanted to have some one within easy call. So, instead of going ahead a few yards, he decided to stand close to the boys, so that in case of an attack he could whisper to the boys, and not alarm them with firing (?) It was a balmy October night and not cold, with a full-faced moon shining down upon us. Jake's teeth, however, would come together suddenly and often, as though there was something out of gear. His cartridge-box rattled like an empty wagon over a rough road. Presently a dry piece of bark came tumbling down. Jake shifted his position and got the boys between him and the road. Just then a large owl which had been watching over the destiny of those chickens, had alighted in the branches of the tree and was looking down with pity and commiseration on the scene below him. "Woo-hoo-hoo!" said he, addressing himself to Jake. But Jake was not in a conversational mood, and instantly cried out:

"Halt! Halt! and say Washington three times, or I'll shoot you."

It was strictly a southern owl, possessed of a commendable amount of "chivalry," and so quietly winged its way to some other spot, declining even to give Jake the countersign. It was fun for Joe and Suitor, who had heard it all, but a sorry event for Jake, who was wont to regale the boys with many of his feats of youthful prowess. For months afterward, when Jake was about to make any extravagant statement, he was greeted with "Whoo-hoo-hoo!" from all sides.—N. COLLINS, Co. B, 16th O. V. I., Westfield, Ills.

LEFT THE BLACKBERRIES.

Life Was Dearer Than a Coffee-Pot—Fell on the Fourth of July.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In answer to Comrade John T. Sluth of Co. D, 18th Mo. Vols., I wish to state that I was a member of Co. G, 18th Mo., and took part in celebrating the Fourth of July at the place mentioned in the comrade's recent letter. Our brigade consisted of the 27th and 39th Ohio, 64th Ills. and 18th Mo. We unslung our knapsacks and drove the Johnnies through a cornfield and into the thick timber and underbrush beyond, and sending out a strong line of skirmishers, pushed the rebels back to their main line. When Gen. Fuller, our brigade commander decided to charge, the 27th and 39th O. Regts., and 64th Ills. swept over their line, bayoneting many of the rebs in the works. Our brigade lost heavily in the charge. Among the wounded that were being carried past our company to the rear on stretchers was a member of either the 27th or 37th. We were stationed on the main road leading out to the front. Gen. Fuller stood close to our left on the road, and when the wounded soldier passed him he waved his hand to the general and said:

"Hurrah! General, I fell on the Fourth of July!"

The general remarked that the wounded soldier was a brave boy, and proposed that we all give three cheers, which we did with a heartiness that old soldiers alone can give. On every Fourth of July since that memorable one, I never fail to recall to mind that circumstance, and I should like to know if that soldier ever recovered, and what was his name and regiment.

I do not recollect about driving the rebels to the river at Sandtown, but I remember about our company taking part in advancing the skirmish line so near the rebels that we could hear them whisper. About midnight we ran short of ammunition, and the captain asked for volunteers to go back to camp and get a supply. It was a dangerous trip to make, for the moon was shining brightly, and the route lay over the hill and across the river bottom. The rebels could easily see any one who ventured to go. A comrade named Adams and myself volunteered to perform the perilous journey. We run the gauntlet of the rebel bullets, often having to lay flat down to avoid being riddled with rebel lead. I kept a lookout as to the direction we took, for I feared we might lose our way on our return.

We went to Col. Sheldon's tent and made known our errand. He remarked that we must have had a pretty hard night of it, and he ordered us to go to Capt. Wycoff, of Co. L, and Capt. Phales, of Co. I, and request them to relieve us and take along the required ammunition. We were soon on our way back, and when we reached a certain point on the route, Comrade Adams and myself disagreed as to which direction we should go, but Capt. Wycoff said that he would follow me, and I piloted him straight to our company, but Capt. Fallis and Adams did not arrive until nearly an hour afterward.

Our army was marching to the left to obtain a crossing of the Chattahoochee river, and our regiment remained to keep up appearances. Knowing our situation, I went out the following morning to secure a coffee-pot full of blackberries, and accidentally got outside our skirmish lines. I had filled the coffee-pot and was proceeding to fill my cap, when a ball came whizzing past my head, and looking up I saw a rebel a few yards distant in the direction of my coffee pot. I hated to leave all my berries, but was not long making up my mind to do without the coffee-pot, and I made quick time until I reached our company, which I found getting ready to march after the main part of the army.—JAMES M. ROGERS, Ionia, Kas.

HIS HEAD'S LEVEL.

The Comrade's Suggestion Will be Made the Order—A Parting Shot.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Comrade Dan Knight's southern bride question seems to have cornered the Camp Fire editor, and paralyzed the balance of the vets to such a degree that I honestly believe the delicate question should be dropped, and more because it never existed. Southern belles with "bags of ducats" only married yankee soldiers in the yellow-covered novels of the war period, where the heroine was generally represented as nursing an officer of high rank. First it's love among medicine bottles; finally all ends in a happy wedding. Our gallant comrade from the Hawkeye state has written some very nice letters lately, but when he comes to southern brides, he's certainly off his box. The idea! O, Daniel, how could you do it! when you know as well as the rest of us old war horses that of all rebels, the fair daughters of the sunny south were the strongest, the most bitterly bitter, and the most unforgiving. Who among us, whenever we came in contact with southern women, has not experienced this. We were not only raked over hot coals, but often openly insulted by them. The southern girl of those days who had a bag of ducats in her own rights, also had pride. She was aristocratic from the word go, and would hardly consent to wipe her delicate little feet on the back of a yankee corporal, and would only turn up her fine nose a little higher when an officer crossed her path. To ask such a girl to marry one of Abraham Lincoln's "hirelings," would have been considered insanity by any of my companions. As to the girls that belonged to a class commonly styled "poor white trash" by our colored friends, it stands to reason that our boys would never give up northern sweethearts for these poor critters, as the lamented "Widow Bedot" used to say. The third class of southern girls we found in wild mountain districts. Take East Tennessee as an illustration. The East Tennessee girls where loyal and true to the starry banner; the bravest of the brave. Whole volumes could be written of these noble women, who so often assisted those half-starved prisoners from Andersonville, Millen or Atlanta in gaining our lines. God knows but for them, many a poor devil would have been recaptured. These girls were as independent and free as their native mountains, but they had sweethearts of their own—brave young men who frequently risked liberty and life to join our lines; and what those suffered who where taken before reaching us no pen can describe. How they were abused, some of our ex-union prisoners who suffered in the rebel prison hells can tell. Now, friend Dan, where does the Yankee and his "dear southern bride" come in? Please come to Dixie to-day and ask the ladies who were young and fair in those far-distant days what their feelings are now in regard to you or me, and you will be highly surprised when answered by them. No rule without exception, Comrade Dan, and you may be able to trot out an exception; but please let up, or our worthy editor may loose his grip.—FRED. ROGOR, Co. E, 38th Ohio, Columbus, Ky.

BILLY PATTERSON.

Who Struck Him?—He is Invited to Explain a Bit.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The "Boy Patterson," who tells us about his uncle being in a great battle, and being followed all through it by a southern damsel, cuts his story too short. How did a southern girl happen to be following a Yankee soldier into battle? Now, Billy, you leave us to infer that your uncle had been making desperate love to the said damsel; that when he went into battle she just kept step with him, to hold her claim; that when the gallant soldier was struck by a shell during the blinding storm of missiles, the devoted damsel gathered him in her loving arms and hurried with him to the rear, and that while performing said duty her costume was perforated with 144 bullets! Is that the conclusion you would have us arrive at?

Perhaps if Billy Patterson would favor us with the remainder of that thrilling romance, we would be better able to form an opinion as to whether his uncle was justified in jilting the trusting, patient maiden who undoubtedly awaited the return of her soldier lover at the old home. The only comparison I ever made between the northern and southern girl was, that our northern girls were as loyal, good and true as any that ever lived—and I say so still. I never blamed the southern girls for preferring a Yank to a Johnnie—I admire their judgment. But if our girls were good enough for us, shouldn't the Johnnies have been good enough for the southern girls?—DAN KNIGHT, Colfax, Iowa.

CHIPS AND SPLINTERS.

FROM THE WEST.—My father was a soldier, and belonged to Co. E, 1st Ark. Cav. I take great delight in hearing him tell about the war, and sing some of the old war songs. I have seen no letters to the Camp Fire from comrades of the 1st. Perhaps none of them read THE BLADE, as every old soldier should.—LEVI STROBLEFIELD, Lincoln, W. T.

* * *

REUNION NOTE.—The third annual reunion of the 73d Ills. Vol. Inft. will be held at Fairmount, Ills., October 8, 9 and 10, at which all members are expected, and all of the old brigade are invited.—D. F. LAWLER, Sec., Green Valley, Ill.

* * *

SOME QUESTIONS ASKED.—How many comrades of the 2d Cal. Cav. still survive the trying times of 28 years ago? How many are there yet who remember Capt. Dan and his "forty thieves?" Who is left to tell the story of our raid up the Humboldt river, at which time so many of the "Lo" family quit carrying white women's scalps and went to the "happy hunting grounds?" Is it not about time to stop the everlasting "increase" and "hospital record" business, and give the men who did the work justice, even though they lack the requisite "hospital record?" I enlisted in 1861 at San Francisco, and served three years on the western plains and mountains. Would be glad to hear from comrades of the 2d.—VOLNEY ABBEY, Co. H, 2d Cal. Cav., Wathena, Kas.

* * *

DEATH CERTIFICATES.—The laws which pension the widow and the orphan are iron-clad, and no commissioner of pensions can make the much-needed ruling that will pension all, regardless of the cause of the husband's or the father's death; consequently, whenever a war disability disqualifies an honorably discharged ex-union soldier from withstanding the inroads of an acute disease, or prevents him from avoiding a fatal accident, or incapacitates him for resisting the shock of a necessary surgical procedure, or when, under any circumstances, a war disability becomes the overbalancing or determining factor in the cause of his death, the war disability should be credited with the killing, and should be so located in the death certificate.—HORACE P. PORTER, Medical Director, Dept. Kas., Oneida, Kas.

* * *

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its annual reunion at Cincinnati, O., September 25 and 26, and the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, Tenn., September 19 and 20.

In the "chip" from Miss Edith Bryhan Ellenboro, Wis., in BLADE of August 15 an error in the number of regiment occurred. Instead of the 4th Wis., it should have been 49th Wis.

On September 11, Pennsylvania day will be celebrated at Gettysburg, when monuments marking the fighting ground of 73 Pennsylvania regiments will be dedicated. It is expected that not less than 20,000 veterans will witness the dedication.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Wanted, to know the whereabouts of one George Crook, who enlisted in the 4th Indiana Volunteers in the war with Mexico. Any one who can give any information of him will confer a favor on an old comrade.—PERRY WATKINS, SR., The Dalles, Wasco Co., Oregon.

ENGLISH PROVERBS.

He plays well that wins.
He lacks most that longs most.
Help the lame dog over the stile.
He that is warm thinks all are so.
He that is angry is seldom at ease.
Hear twice before you speak once.
He is a wise man who speaks little.
He that runs in the night stumbles.
He's gone upon a sleeveless errand.
He knows not a B from a bull's foot.
He that runs fast must not run long.
He doubles his gift who gives in time.
He giveth twice that giveth in a trice.
He that bows in the dust fills his eyes.
He dances well to whom fortune pipes.
He that plants not corn plants thistles.
He must stoop low that hath a low door.
He that has no shame has no conscience.
He that always complains is never pitied.
He is proper who hath proper conditions.
He must needs run whom the devil drives.
He loves roast beef well that licks the spit.
He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.
He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.
He loses his thanks who promises and delayeth.
He loses nothing that keeps God for his friend.
He that licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it.
He that reckons without his host must reckon again.
He that lives not well one year sorrows for it seven.
He that lies down with dogs must expect to rise with fleas.
He that falls in an evil cause falls in the devil's frying-pan.
He may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor flatter.
He that hath a good harvest may be content with some thistles.
He that hath no silver in his purse should have silver on his tongue.

NEW LETTER BOXES.

They are Likely to Supersede the Present Style.

The Postoffice department has just received from the factory samples of three sizes of the new letter box which has recently been adopted to supersede the present style of letter box. The style now in use is deemed objectionable, because of the facility with which robberies can be perpetrated and the fact that it is not weather proof. The new style has no visible opening for the reception of letters, but there are two knobs at the top by pushing down on either one of which an opening is exposed by the revolving of a hinged plate. This plate connects with a tray, and as soon as the knob is released the tray falls down and drops the letter below. There are two compartments to each letter box and it is impossible to get at the lower compartment, in which all letters are dumped by the tray, until the box is opened by the carrier. The new style will gradually supersede the old style as the present boxes wear out.

A Young Wife's Bargain.

Mrs. Inexperience—Oh, my dear, I've made such a bargain. You know you said you would have to hire a man to cut that wood. Well, a man came here to-day and he said that he would cut all the wood if I would only give him that old overcoat of yours on the rack in the hall. Wasn't that quite a bargain, now, for your little wife to make?

Husband—Yes, my dear, I should think it was. That coat wasn't worth more than $30 at the outside. But, my dear, I don't see as your man has cut the wood, after all.

Mrs. Inexperience—Oh, no, he couldn't to-day, he was so busy. He said he was coming around to do that next week.—*Somerville Journal.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Hallow E'en.

R. M. D., York, Mich.: Hallow E'en, or All Hallows' Eve, is the night of October 31, the eve of All Saints' Day, which is November 1. The observance of the day was instituted in the seventh century to commemorate the conversion of the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, in Rome, into a Christian place of worship, and its dedication to the Virgin and all the martyrs. It was first observed on May 1, but was changed about the tenth century to November 1. But Hallow E'en has no connection, save in its name, with anything churchly, and seems to be a relic of pagan times, or of medieval superstitions. The old belief was that it is the time of all others when supernatural influences prevail, the night set apart for the universal walking abroad of spirits both of the visible and the invisible world, for on this mystic evening it was believed that the human spirit was enabled, by the aid of supernatural power, to detach itself from the body and wander through the realms of space. Divination was then supposed to attain its highest power, and the gift of calling the spirits "from the vasty deep" became possible to all who desired to use the privilege. The Germans have a similar superstition concerning "Walpurgis Night," which is the evening preceding May 1. On this night they believe there is a witch-festival or gathering of evil spirits, on the summit of the Brocken in the Hartz mountains, and the malign influence of this convocation was believed to be felt all over the surrounding country. It was an old custom, still observed in some places in Germany, to light great bonfires of straw or brush on that night to drive away the evil spirits supposed to be hovering in the air. As All Saints Day was originally kept on May 1, there is little doubt that All Hallow Eve and Walpurgis night have a common origin, though what that origin was it is now impossible to tell. Doubtless it dates back to the earliest belief in a personal and all-powerful evil one. Hallow Eve was especially selected in England and Scotland as the time for trying spells and divinations in love affairs. Burn's poem of "All Hallow E'en" gives a very complete description of the superstitious beliefs of the peasantry concerning this festival. So far as it is recognized at all in this country, it is devoted only to sport and practical jokes. To be sure, young people occasionally meet and try some of the traditional spells for ascertaining their future destiny in love, but this amusement is not generally approved of, and the lack of even a lingering faith in the potency of these divinations deprives them of all interest.

Undue Zeal Against the Rum Power.

C. A. W., Kirkpatrick, Ind., writes to inquire as to the truth of statements made from the pulpit in that town to the effect that Louis Schade, the attorney for the national organization of liquor men, practically "sits upon the throne of the United States; that Schade, a few years ago, decided that a change of fourteen members in Congress was necessary, issued his manifesto through the saloons, and the change was made, fourteen Republicans stepping out and fourteen Democrats in; that they had offended him by their action on the local option question and he made a change the other way in 1886." Also, that Schade has absolute control of this government and can turn it whichever way his interests demand; that the President and Congress bow humbly at his feet, asking his pleasure concerning the liquor interests," etc. Such statements are the wild generalizations of some person whose mind is so filled with one idea that he unconsciously, it is to be hoped, distorts everything into conformity with his own fancy. Louis Schade is the attorney for the organization mentioned. Probably he has fought the renomination or the re-election of Congressmen for their stand on some phase of the liquor question; but that he was the sole cause of the defeat of fourteen at one blow is absurd. No one man and no one interest could possibly be able to do such a thing. To say that the President and Congress are his tools is simply a wild vagary. THE BLADE is opposed to the Rum Power as much as any one can be, but it does not believe that falsehood and foolish charges of this sort are proper weapons to use. Had a minister made such a pulpit tirade in many places, his congregation would promptly have dispensed with his services, and justly, too. 2.—The term "bushwhackers" was applied during the war to scouting parties of rebels, that lay in ambush in the woods and brush, to cut off small parties of Union soldiers, etc. From their hiding in bushes, etc., the name "bushwhacker" arose.

Kindergartens.

Mother, Spokane Falls, Wash.: The name kindergarten was first given about 1840 to a school for little children between the ages of three and seven, this school being conducted by its originator, Frederick Froebel. The system was an amplification of the one invented, or instituted, by Postalozzi, who had heretofore been called the "apostle of infancy." Froebel had a peculiarly stinted childhood, and out of his consciousness of the unsupplied needs of little children he erected this system of the kindergarten. He sums up his purpose thus: "To take oversight of children before the school age; to exert an influence over their whole being; to strengthen their bodily powers; to employ and provide for their awakening senses; and to lead them to the origin of all life." He held that education—of some sort—begins at the first moment of conscious intelligence, and he created the kindergarten as a bridge between the nursery and the school. It is intended, not to supplant the primary school, but to prepare for it. The kindergarten method can not be learned from books alone. It must be practiced. There are no genuine kindergartens, except those who have the diploma of a training school, and there are but six training schools in the United States recognized as competent to give certificates. To know the workings of a kindergarten is almost to become an enthusiast. Two European governments have recognized the kindergarten officially—Austria, where it is made a compulsory education for all children under six, and Italy, where it is the first grade in the public schools. It is also established widely in all German states, in Russia, France, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, England. In the latter country, many noted men, including Huxley, are its patrons. In America, the kindergarten has an increasing growth, and the remunerative demand for teachers is close at hand.

"Greyhounds of the Sea."

A. W., Sandusky, O.: The following table, which is convenient for reference, answers your question, and more. It embraces a summary of ocean speeds since the Scotia's famous run in 1866:

	D.	H.	M.
1866—Scotia	8	2	48
1873—Baltic	7	20	9
1875—City of Berlin	7	15	48
1876—Germanic	7	11	37
1877—Britannic	7	10	53
1880—Arizona	7	7	23
1882—Alaska	6	21	46
1882—Alaska	6	18	37
1884—Oregon	6	11	9
1884—America	6	10	00
1885—Etruria	6	5	31
1885—Umbria	6	4	58
1887—Etruria	6	4	36
1888—Umbria	6	1	36
1889—City of Paris	5	23	7

The City of Paris arrived at New York August 28, beating her time given in the table—making the run in 5 days, 19 hours and 18 minutes. These are all runs *westward*, and the time is from Queenstown to the Sandy Hook lightship.

Shays's Rebellion.

W. M. McC., Lexington, Ky.: At the time of the so-called "Shays's rebellion" the state debt of Massachusetts was enormous and the people were saddled with taxes beyond endurance. Farmers, especially, felt the burden, and hundreds were sold out of their homes on account of their inability to pay their private indebtedness and their government obligations. Discontent was universal, a multitude of lawsuits was pending in the courts, and the petitions and appeals to the General court for relief were of little effect. In 1786 Governor Bowdoin called a special session of the legislature, and attempted to pacify the people. Excitement was at fever heat, and the General court failed to formulate any plan to better things. Daniel Shays, who had been a captain in the Continental army, led a party of 1,000 men and took possession of Worcester, preventing a session of the supreme court, December 5, 1786. Three weeks later he repeated the same act at Springfield. January 25 he demanded the surrender of the arsenal, which was defended by Col. Shepherd. The governor called out several regiments of militia, which marched for Springfield January 17, and reached there January 27. The insurgents retreated, and finally fled, most of them out of the state. Shays escaped to New Hampshire. Several of the leaders were tried and condemned to death, but all, including Shays, were pardoned, for the reason that public sentiment was strongly in their favor. Shays died in Sparta, N. Y., in 1825.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

R. W. L., Scottsburg, Ind.: 1.—Richard I., king of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion (lion-hearted) because of his great courage, was born at Oxford A. D. 1157, and became king in 1189. He set out with an army to join the third crusade, whose object was to conquer the Holy Land from the Turks. He sailed in 1191, and landed at Acre, which was then besieged by the Crusaders. The prodigies of valor he performed rendered his name famous. In 1192 he set out on his return to England, but was made captive by the Emperor Henry VI. of Germany, who imprisoned him in a castle in the Tyrol. Escaping thence, he reached England in 1194. He afterward went to war with France, and was killed in 1199. Richard III. was an entirely different person. 2.—Gunpowder being unknown in that age, his forces fought with swords, spears, bows and arrows. 3.—Indiana was first settled by the French, at Vincennes, in 1702.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

B. B., Duluth, Minn.: The term "Pilgrim Fathers" strictly belongs only to the 41 men who signed the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, before landing at Plymouth. Their names were: John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton, Miles Standish, John Alden, Samuel Fuller, Christopher Martin, William Mullins, William White, Richard Warren, John Howland, Stephen Hopkins, Edward Tilly, John Tilly, Francis Cook, Thomas Rogers, Thomas Tinker, John Ridgedale, Edward Fuller, John Turner, Francis Eaton, James Chilton, John Crackston, John Billington, Moses Fletcher, John Goodman, Degory Priest, Thomas Williams, Gilbert Winslow, Edward Margeson, Peter Brown, Richard Britterridge, Richard Clarke, Richard Gardiner, John Allerton, Thomas English, George Soule, Edward Dotey and Edward Leister.

Wedding Anniversaries.

Mrs. R., Huntingdon, W. Va.: Probably the best answer to your question is to give the full list, which is:

Cotton wedding—end of first year.
Paper—end of second year.
Leather—end of 3 years.
Wooden—5 years.
Woolen—7 years.
Tin—10 years.
Silk and fine linen—12 years.
Crystal—15 years.
China—20 years.
Silver—25 years.
Pearl—30 years.
Ruby—40 years.
Golden—50 years.
Diamond—75 years.

The Spithead Review.

A. C., Barnesville, O.: It is said that the original cost of the British war ships of all sorts, at the late Spithead review, paraded for the inspection of the Emperor William of Germany, was £16,853,765. The number of ships present was 73; of torpedo-boats, 38. The weight of metal contained in the heavy guns was 8,609 tons. The tonnage was approximately 360,000 tons. Five hundred and sixty-nine heavy guns, irrespective of quick-firers and machine guns, composed the armament.

Miscellaneous.

Reader, Scottdale, Pa.: There is no premium on the silver half dollar of 1831.

J. H. L., Rogers, Ark.: We do not know. Ask some man interested in trotting or racing stock.

W. F. A., Summer Hill, Ill.: We do not know whether the persons are the same, nor the address.

Student, Oberlin, O.: It was Lord Byron who said he awoke one morning and found himself famous.

S. S. M., Dayton, W. T.: Our opinion is that the persons you mention are arrant humbugs, patronized only by fools.

Reader, Moundsville, W. Va.: The tariff on sugar varies from 1.4 to 3.5 cents a pound, according to its quality and value.

B. W. M., Antioch: A "tiger" is a small boy footman, in livery, who sits behind on a first-class equipage, with folded arms.

Subscriber, Pueblo, Colo.: Your question about use of bluestone has been handed to the Farm editor. It does not belong here.

R. E. P., St. Paul, Minn.: 1.—For crystalizing grasses and pressing flowers, write to the Household. 2.—The potato is a native of this continent.

Jane, Lakeside, O.: The present population of New York city is probably 1,600,000. The present population of London is probably about 4,400,000.

H. B. B., Lyons, O.: The glands used in the Brown-Sequard experiments are the two found only in the male animals. If you can't understand this, ask a doctor.

Curiosity, Defiance, O.: A salute of 21 guns means a President; nineteen, a Vice President; seventeen, a Cabinet Officer; fifteen, a Senator; thirteen, a Representative in Congress.

P. L. R., Martinez, Cala.: We think "Ohio in the War" is out of print. In that case the only way to get a copy is to advertise for it. We do not know the price. No answers by mail.

Cosmos, Belle Plain, Kan.: Charles Foster, Rep., was elected Governor of Ohio in 1879, defeating Gen. Thomas Ewing, Dem., and reelected in 1881, defeating John W. Bookwalter, Dem.

Bicycle, Augusta, Ga.: 1.—Get a chemist to dissolve some pure rubber in bisulphide of carbon, and tell you how to apply it. 2.—We know of nothing that is used by athletes to harden and toughen the hands.

P. J. C., Phillipsburg, Lan., writes in reply to H. S. V., Cross Plains, Tex., that he has always found that if a pint of gasoline is poured on the burrow of the red ant, and fired after one or two minutes, it is effective in destroying them.

D. M., Ironwood, Wis.: 1.—The statements were asserted to be true, or we would not have published them. The medical profession do not believe in the "elixir of life," however. 2.—Read Rule 3; besides, he will not answer. He is deluged with letters, and answers none. No answers by mail.

H. C. M., East Gloucester, Mass.: We think a man in the navy, whose time expires while his vessel is in foreign waters, is sent to the United States without expense. Perhaps you had better address the "Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, Navy Department, Washington, D. C."

Ted C., Riverside, Ark.: The fishes that are sometimes found on the ground after a storm are evidently carried up into the clouds by waterspouts and fall with the rain. The small frogs found after a rain are generally believed to have come out of their hiding-places, attracted by the rain.

G. L., Laurel, Iowa: Real detective bureaus do not advertise for raw, untrained men. Avoid all such advertisements. Men grow into detective work by showing unusual ability and acuteness as ordinary policemen. Abandon all foolish ideas of becoming a detective, and go to work at whatever your hand finds to do.

M. R., New Salem, O.: The big Corliss engine used to drive the machinery at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 is now in the shops of the Pullman Car company, near Chicago. It is the largest engine ever constructed, being over 40 feet high and 1,400-horse power, having two 40-inch cylinders and a 10-foot stroke.

"Earnest," Clorinda, Iowa, wants to know what is the authority for saying an "apple" was the forbidden fruit. The scriptures do not say what the fruit was, save that it grew on the tree of knowledge of good and evil. When the term "apple" is used in that connection it is used in its generic sense, as descriptive of fruit generally. It does not mean the apples we have.

G. F. N., Toledo, O.: Short-hand is not necessary to a newspaper reporter. On the contrary, most newspapers prefer men who have active, retentive memories, and are able to reproduce the spirit of what a speaker says, rather than his literal words. The cases are comparatively few where a verbatim report is needed, and then it is easy to secure a professional short-hand man to take it.

G. M. L., Pyrmont, O.: 1.—We have not a copy of the so-called "Walker" tariff. 2.—What Blaine said, we think, was that English workmen get only about one-half the wages of American workmen. The statement that they accomplish only half the work is untrue, to our certain knowledge. 3.—There are no "official" statements of the sort published. The financial condition of Ohio will be widely discussed during the coming campaign.

N. P. T., Rochester, N. Y.: The largest modern steamships are not so very much smaller than was the Great Eastern. Her length was 690 feet; breadth, 83 feet; depth in the hold, 24 feet; tonnage, 18,914 tons. The length of the Teutonic, the largest of the modern steamships, is 582 feet; breadth, 57 feet 6 inches; depth in the hold, 39 feet 4 inches; tonnage, 9,685 tons. The City of New York is two feet shorter than the Teutonic (580 feet) but is of greater tonnage, 10,500 tons.

"Madge Fernell," Hudson, Ind.: 1.—The towers of which you speak are erected by the United States geodetic survey, and mark the points of their triangulations. 2.—The swindling attempts of certain lawyers to make money out of credulous dupes in the so-called Anneke Jans estate in New York, have about ceased. There is not a shadow of a claim. 3.—We never knew of any verses to accompany the engraving, "From Shore to Shore."

H. C. F., Bourbon Co., Ky.: 1.—There are 38 states now, and will be 42 as soon as North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington are admitted. See "When the New States Will Come In," in last week's Bureau. 2.—It is impossible to explain "French politics" in a few words. Specify what you want to know, and we will try to answer. 3.—The king of Spain is Alphonso XII., aged 3 years and 4 months, his mother, Maria Christina, being regent during his minority.

H. C., Goodrich, Mich.: The only way to become a machinist is to enter a machine shop at the bottom of the ladder, and work your way up. It is a very common thing for boys on the farm to want to take up some other occupation, but we can not advise in any case. We know a boy of 16 who has been reared in a city, who is laying his plans to become a farmer. He is getting an education, and preparing himself for a course in agriculture at an Agricultural college. Industry, honesty, sobriety, morality and education will achieve success in any occupation.

R. M. D., Troy, N. Y.: Poetry consists of measured lines, each consisting of a certain number of feet; each foot containing a certain succession of accented and unaccented syllables. This gives rhythm. Eloquence is simply the use of the proper and fit words to best express the idea, in an elevated and impassioned manner. We do not know that the views of an educated Englishman and an educated Frenchman should differ as to poetry, and we think the author from whom you took it was trying to make a distinction when there is no difference.

Delays are Dangerous.

Schulenberg, Tex., Messenger.

A few years ago the colored brethren established a church near the residence of our good old friend, Mr. Robert Wolters. At first the noise disturbed the old gentleman much, and thinking the best way out the trouble would be to buy them out, he made a proposition; they hooted at the offer. Time went on, and they began to figure up the price offered by Mr. Wolters for the building against the cost of a new edifice elsewhere in town. It was developed that the price offered would build two houses like it. A committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Wolters and the chairman said: "Mr. Wolters, we have come to accept the offer you made us last year for the church." Church? Nonsense! I've got used to the fuss now, and couldn't sleep a wink without it. No, no, I don't want it. Go on with the meeting."

Something New in Bric-a-Brac.

Ethel—Oh, I saw such a sweet match safe this afternoon.

George—What shape was it in?

"It was in the shape of a marriage certificate."—*Time.*

CHINESE AND THEIR WAYS.

They Know Better Than Any Other People What Economy Means.

North China Herald.

The Chinese are pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste, or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. The universal diet consists of rice, beans, millet, garden vegetables and fish, with a little meat on high festivals. Wholesome food in abundance may be supplied at less than a penny a day for each adult, and even in famine times thousands of persons have been kept alive for months on about a halfpenny a day each. This implies the existence of a high degree of culinary skill in the Chinese. Their modes of preparing food are thorough and various. There is no waste; everything is made to do as much duty as possible. What is left is the veriest trifle. The physical condition of the Chinese dog or cat, who has to live on the leavings of the family, shows this. They are clearly kept on starvation allowances.

The Chinese are not extremely fastidious in regard to food; all is flesh that comes to their net, and most things come there sooner or later. Certain disturbances of the human organization, due to eating diseased meat, are well recognized among the people, but it is considered better to eat the meat, the cheapness of which is certain, and run the risk of the consequences, which are not quite certain, than to buy dear meat even with the assurance of no evil results. Indeed, the meat of animals which have died of ordinary ailments is rather dearer than that of those which have died in an epidemic, such as pleuro-pneumonia. Another example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible, that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce and dear, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and disappear. The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake all the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some collector.

Similiarly professional manure collectors swarm over all the roads of the country. Chinese women carry this minute economy into their dress. Nothing comes amiss to them; if it is not used in one place it is in another, where it appears a thing of beauty. Foreign residents who gave their cast-off clothes to Chinese may be assured the career of usefulness of these garments is at last about to commence. Chinese wheelbarrows squeak for want of a few drops of oil, but to people who have no nerves, the squeak is cheaper than the oil. Similiarly dirt is cheaper than hot water, and so, as a rule, the people do not wash. The motto "Cheaper than dirt," which the soap dealer puts in his windows, could not be made intelligible to the Chinese. To them the average foreigners are mere soap wasters.

Scarcely any tool can be got ready made, it is so much cheaper to buy the parts and put them together for yourself, and as almost everybody takes this view, ready made tools are not to be got. Two rooms are dimly lighted with a single lamp deftly placed in a hole in the dividing wall. Chinese, in fact, seem to be capable of doing anything by means of almost nothing. They will give you an iron foundry on a minute scale of completeness in a back yard, and will make in an hour a cooking range, a strong and perfect draught, out of a pile of mud bricks, lasting indefinitely, operating perfectly, and costing nothing. The old woman who in her last moments hobbled as near as possible to the family graveyard in order to die so as to avoid the expense of coffin bearers was Chinese.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

Lieut. Wood Declares It has Been an Utter Failure.

[Washington Post.]

Lieut. Wood, U. S. N. of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, now stationed in this city, has had excellent opportunities to observe the work of American missionaries stationed in China and Corea, having made a trip to those countries in 1884, on board the Trenton.

"It is not extravagant to say," he said to a *Post* reporter yesterday, "that the work of the missionaries in China and Corea has been absolutely without any result except to hold them up to the ridicule of the natives. It has before been stated, and I concur in the belief, that there is not a Chinese convert to christianity of sound mind to-day within the entire extent of China."

"What about the lists of converts we hear of in this country?" he was asked.

"They are merely the menials employed about the quarters of the missionaries, who, for a salary of $4 per month, become converts. But when they are discharged there is no further evidence of their 'change of mind.' The missionaries do not mix with the natives to any considerable extent, and many of their meetings are not only in English, but with the missionaries themselves as an evidence. As for a nobleman of Corea or a mandarin of China ever acknowledging the Christian faith, such a thing was never heard of."

"How do the missionaries bring themselves into ridicule?"

As a matter of fact, they are looked upon about as is the Salvation army in America, only to a degree ten times as great. The Chinaman, for instance, has a respect of his language which amounts to reverence. Even a stray piece of paper covered with Chinese characters would be picked up by them and burned. You will understand with what feelings they regard the translation of the bible the missionaries have prepared for them, when you know that this is in a lingo which stands in the same relation to the mandarin tongue or classical language of the country, which is used in court and is the official language all over the country, that an obscure negro dialect of Louisiana stands with classical English. Although only the educated Chinese are able to use this language, they all have the same respect for it, and it is in it that the precepts of Confucius are given to the people."

"How did it happen this mistake was made?"

"Simply because when the missionaries located in Foo Chow they learned the language of that locality, and of course could use no other, either in speech or to write in making a translation. There is a gradual change in the lingos of China which is seen distinctly in a distance of 50 miles, but the tongue of the mandarins is universally used by the educated and reverenced by every one."

Are We Spoiling For a Fight?

London Special.

Among other things which Mr. Depew discovered during his Portsmouth visit was that there is a growing belief over here that the United States is spoiling for a fight with somebody, and would prefer to tackle England than anybody else. Mr. Depew found this to be the keynote of the speeches of Lord George Hamilton and of other cabinet officers and statesmen on the Teutonic, who persisted in harping on the difficulties with Canada. Mr. Depew astonished them all by making light of their gloomy apprehensions and by treating Canada as a willing maiden only to be asked.

Works Both Ways.

"It's money makes the mare go, father," said the youth, as he made application to the paternal check book.

"Yes," was the reply, as the old gentleman glanced out of the window at his son's recently purchased "flyer," "and it's the mare makes the money go."—*Washington Capital.*

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

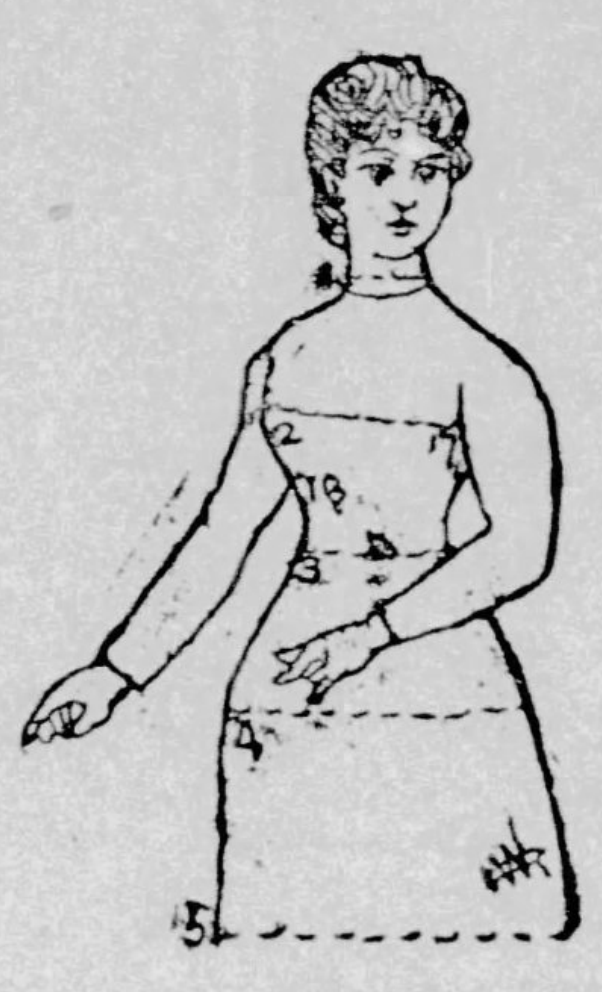
KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

DRESS MEASURING.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR LADIES.

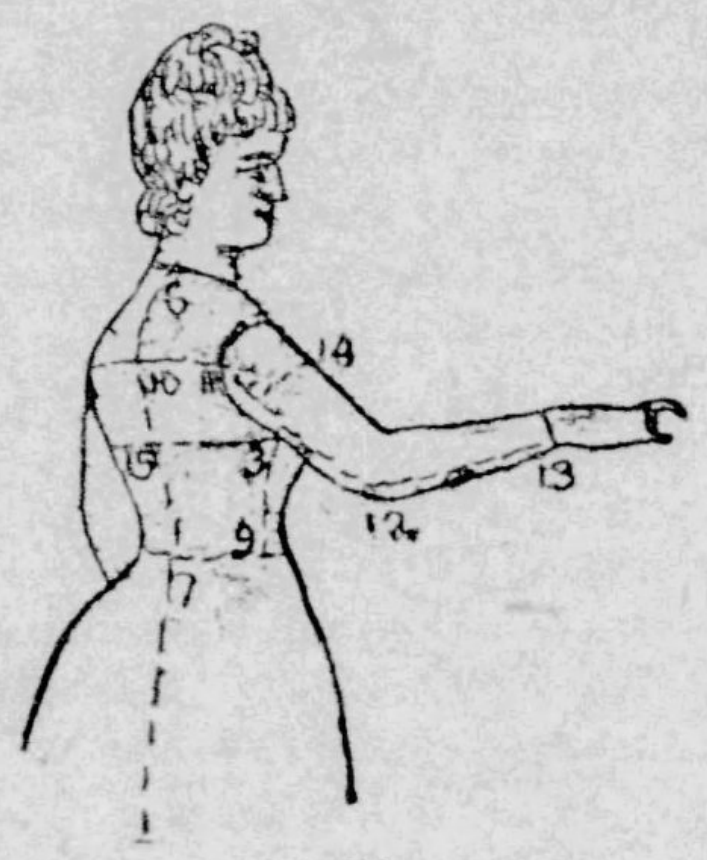
Self-Measurement Blanks That May be Used by Any One—Dress-Making Greatly Simplified and Made Plain to Every One.

FOR a certainty, there are no two things alike in the world, and there are certainly no two female figures that are just the same. It is rather surprising, therefore, that the manufacturing of ladies' outer garments has attained such a point that so many figures can be perfectly fitted. Outside of the figures which run along in general lines and come under the head of a 34, 36, 38, etc., every cloak man has experience with specials, those whom it is hard to fit and for whom no provisions can be made in a general stock. For these special garments must be made, and this branch is a considerable feature in almost every house. Manufacturers are not particularly fond of these orders, but are compelled to look upon them as a necessary evil. In order to lessen the difficulties in the way of fitting them and insure a good fit, and thus avoid having them returned, it is of the utmost importance to all concerned that a correct measure be taken. How to take a correct measure is therefore a pertinent subject. Many firms get up their own self-measurement blanks. We have before us a number of these which we present as illustrating the best ideas obtainable:



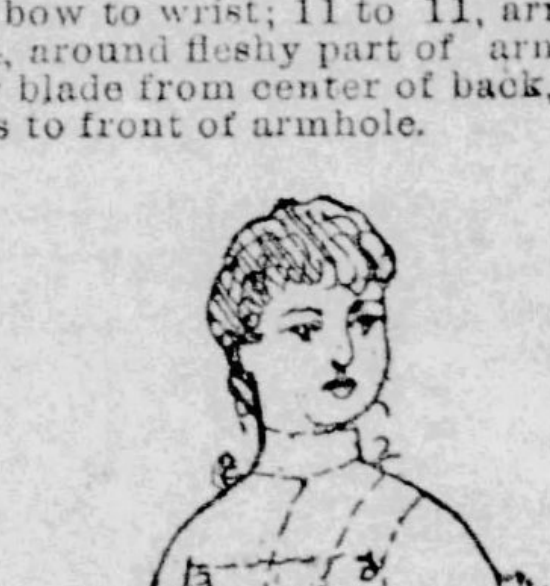
FRONT.

1 to 1, around neck; 2 to 2, around bust under arms; 3 to 3, around waist; 4 to 4, around hips; 5 to 5, around skirt (sweep of dress); 2 to 17, over front of bust.



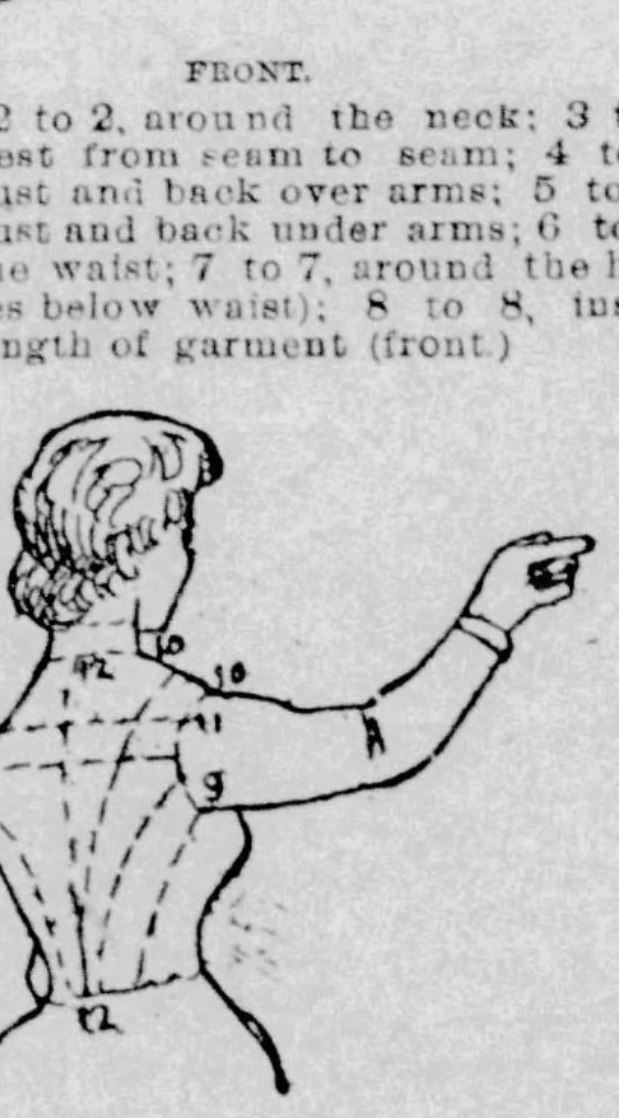
BACK.

6 to 7, neck to waist; 8 to 9, under arms to waist; 10 to 11, center of back to shoulder; 11 to 12, shoulder to elbow; 12 to 13, elbow to wrist; 11 to 11, arm size; 14 to 14, around fleshy part of arm; 15 to 16, over blade from center of back, go under arms to front of armhole.



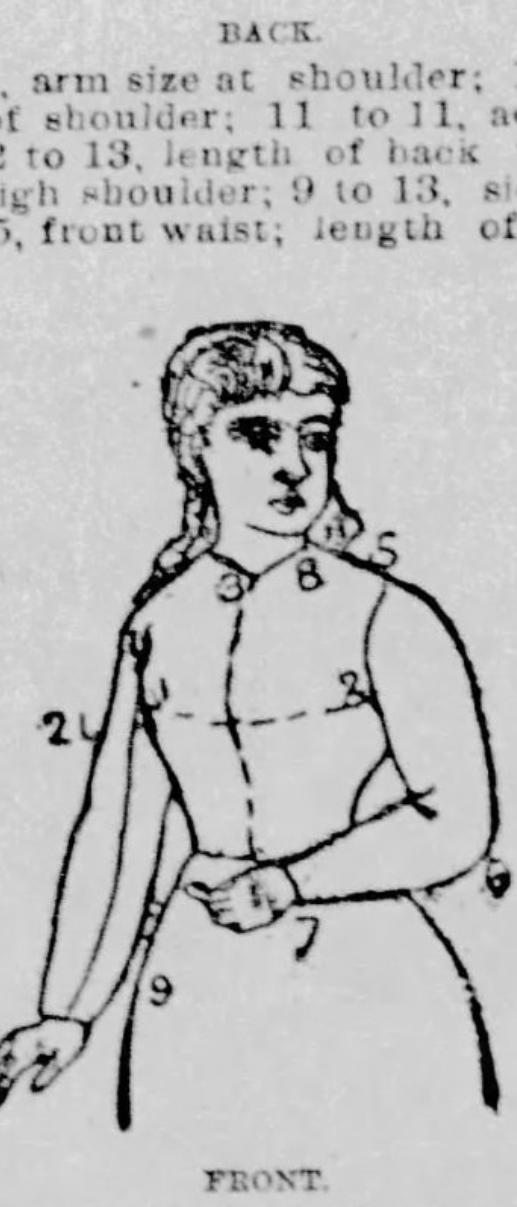
FRONT.

1 to 1, 2 to 2, around the neck; 3 to 4 across chest from seam to seam; 4 to 5 around bust and back over arms; 5 to 3, around bust and back under arms; 6 to 6, around the waist; 7 to 7, around the hips (six inches below waist); 8 to 8, inside sleeve; length of garment (front.)



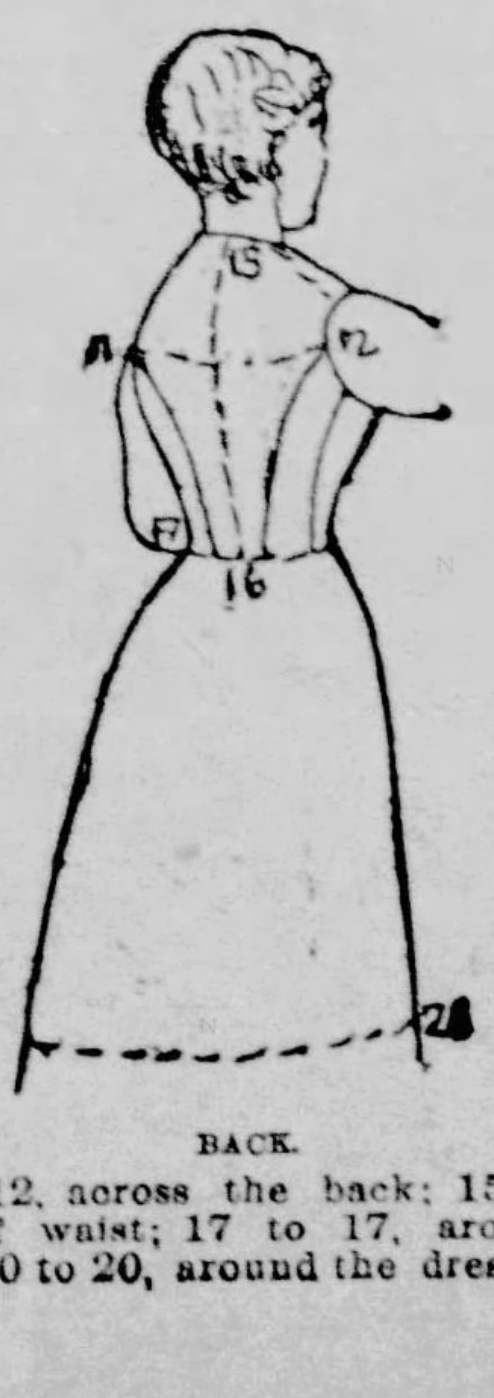
BACK.

9 to 9, arm size at shoulder; 10 to 10, length of shoulder; 11 to 11, across the back; 12 to 13, length of back waist; 12 to 14, high shoulder; 9 to 13, side waist; 14 to 15, front waist; length of garment (back.)



FRONT.

1 to 1, around bust and back under arm; 1 to 2, across bust from seam to seam; 3 to 3, around the neck; 5 to 6, shoulder to elbow; 6 to 7, elbow to end of cuff; 5 to 8, length of shoulder; 5 to 5, around arm at shoulder; 9 to 9, around the hips.



BACK.

11 to 12, across the back; 15 to 16, length of waist; 17 to 17, around the waist; 20 to 20, around the dress skirt a

A VALLEY OF DEATH.

Professor Hague Tells of his Discovery of the Mysterious Ravine in the Yellowstone.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Animated and exaggerated descriptions, of a mysterious opening in the Yellowstone Park known as the Valley of Death have occupied considerable space in the papers of the country.

George D. McCreary, vice president of the Market Street National Bank, who has just returned from a visit to the great National Park said yesterday: "I can tell you a good deal about the subject which has really not been brought out or published, and my informant is no less a person than Professor Hague, who himself discovered the Valley of Death, so called.

"We had heard considerable about the valley in question, and one day we came across Professor Hague, who is in charge of the national geological survey of the Yellowstone Park, who with his surveying party, was encamped at the Yellowstone Lake. We asked him about the mysterious valley of which we had heard so much, and his story in substance was as follows:

"'There is a valley or rather a ravine of that kind which is undoubtedly death to animals, and under some circumstances to man himself,' said the professor. 'I know it and for the best of reasons; I myself discovered it. It was under these circumstances. In company with my corps I was exploring the park and we suddenly came across a deep and dark ravine which we had never before noticed. A little distance away there stood a huge bear and no matter how easy it may look on paper to tackle one, in reality it requires considerable coolness and strategy.

"'We laid our plans therefore, and disposed ourselves according to the best known rules of strategy, discretion being by no means omitted, and at length advanced on Bruin from all practicable quarters. To our chagrin, we found on arriving near him that he was dead and a closer inspection showed that he had been dead two or three weeks, though he was wonderfully well preserved. As there were no signs of any wounds that could have caused his death, the sight set us thinking and we proceeded to follow it up. We then searched carefully in the ravine and soon found bones in large numbers. Some very large, indicating the presence almost of prehistoric animals, while numbers of bones of ordinary sizes abounded on every side.

"'We came to the conclusion that there must be a poison of some kind in the ravine, as there seemed no other way to account for the animals' death, so we returned to the camp to procure the means of discovering if such were the fact.

"'Supplying ourselves with litmus paper, we again entered the ravine, and followed it up. As we held the litmus paper high or were at certain altitudes, no change was noticed, but when lower down or when the paper was placed near the ground it showed at once the effects of poison, and by its chemical changes indicated conclusively the presence of carbonic acid gas.

"'As animals in general are low in the body and hold their heads down, they undoubtedly feel and suffer from the effects of the poison where a human being standing erect would not.

"'Of course there is no vegetation of any kind, and it is simply an arid surface.

"'A better name for it would be the "Valley of Bones," for it is full of them, and were it not for the winter snows and summer storms which wash them away, the bones and skeletons in the ravines would be simply innumerable.'

"Such, in substance," said Mr. McCreary, "was the professor's statement to our party, and you can rest assured that none of us thought it would be a wise thing to take his afternoon nap there and give somebody beneath a chance of promotion."

DIAMONDS GOING UP.

A Trust Controls the Mines and Is Cutting Down the Supply.

New York Sun.

Diamond dealers in Maiden Lane and John street are watching every movement of the market with sharp eyes. Their wares have been advancing steadily in value for four months past, and prices show no sign of any falling off.

"On the contrary," said a well-known Maiden Lane importer, who has just returned from Europe, yesterday, "I found the London market very stiff and uppish in tone. As is generally known, the output of the African diamond mines is controlled by what is known as the Amalgamation, which is a sort of diamond trust, and three London firms, Jules Porges, Bonato Brothers and Julius Kohn, handle the greater portion of the uncut diamonds that come to that market. They have restricted the output to suit themselves, and as a consequence, many of the Amsterdam cutters and polishers are running with reduced forces, while some of the smaller shops have closed up altogether. The market's firmness may be judged by an incident which occurred in London just before I sailed. I was in the office of a large diamond firm, trying to get some stones suitable for my trade, when an outsider, that is, a man not in the trade, came in and purchased a parcel of medium stones weighing from one to three carats, and valued at £6,000 to £7,000, for which he paid cash down. He had the stones wrapped up and put them back in the firm's safe to await a rise in the market. I also know of many American dealers who went over this spring to buy from $50,000 to $100,000 worth of stock, who have returned with only half the stones they intended to purchase, and some came back with even less than half."

Diamonds are, as a matter of fact, from 20 to 25 per cent higher to-day than they were four months ago, when the market first began to feel the manipulation of the diamond trust. The trust is evidently a success, and if diamonds keep on going up engaged couples may have to be content with other gems.

The Effect of Tobacco Upon Boys.

An experimental observation of 38 boys of all classes of society and of average health, who have been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, has recently been recorded by *Science.* Twenty-seven showed injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularities in the heart's action, disordered stomach, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year. —*Boston Herald.*

Processions Are Expensive.

A New England manufacturer says that street musicians are a serious expense to manufacturing companies in country towns. A gypsy girl playing a tambourine recently passed his establishment, and, he says, cost the company about $200. Every employe in the big factory ran to a window, and work was suspended for fully a quarter of an hour. Every circus parade costs them hundreds of dollars, and when a minstrel brass band marches by it costs from $25 to $50.

SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

A SOLID STEEL FENCE!

15 Cts. per Foot, material 3 feet wide. Adapted for Residences, Churches, Cemeteries, Farms, Gardens, &c. All needing Fences, Gates, Arbors, Window Guards, Trellises, etc., write for our illus. price list, mailed free. THE NEWEST THING AND THE BEST. Central Expanded Metal Co. Pittsburgh. | N. W. Expanded Metal Co. Chicago. St. Louis Expanded Metal Co., St. Louis.

Happiness For Everyone,

DEPENDS greatly on the maintenance of a healthful condition of the liver, stomach, and bowels. When these are out of order, life is a burden. It is well to know, therefore, that, in all derangements of these organs, **Ayer's Pills** are an unfailing remedy—prompt, safe, and effective.

"After suffering eight years from chills and fever, with only occasional intervals of rest of a few days at a time, I was cured by Ayer's Pills alone. My case had resisted continuous treatment with the usual doctors' prescriptions and a great number of proprietary medicines; but under the influence of Ayer's Pills the chills and fever ceased, my liver and stomach were restored to healthy action, and my usual good health returned. Without exaggeration, I will say that Ayer's Pills cannot be excelled as a remedy for a disordered system caused by malarial poisons."—S. L. Barrow, Gordon, Texas.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint. After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Pills. I had taken less than two boxes when completely cured, and have had no recurrence of the malady."—E. Southworth, Bath, Me.

"Words fail to express the misery I suffered from dyspepsia, until I began to take Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which restored me to health."—D. L. Benson, Tamaroa, Ill.

Old and young, **Ayer's Pills** are the best aperient. Containing neither calomel nor any other injurious drug, no ill effects follow their use. As a standard family medicine, they are favorably known, and leading physicians everywhere recommend them.

"I have found Ayer's Cathartic Pills to be a better family medicine for common use than any other within my knowledge. They are not only very effective, but safe and pleasant to take—qualities which must make them valued by the public."—Jules Hauel, Perfumer, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I was a great sufferer from constipation, headache, and general debility. My skin was yellow, and I had constant pain in my side and back. Other remedies failing, I took three boxes of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and am cured."—Herbert Elwell, East Saginaw, Mich.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

JAMES MEANS & CO'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

The best testimonial we ever had.—"James Means & Co. are the bears of the boot and shoe market. They have revolutionized the business by making high priced goods unsalable."—Trade paper.

JAMES MEANS' $3 SHOE UNEXCELLED IN STYLE UNEQUALLED IN DURABILITY AND PERFECTION OF FIT. MADE ALSO IN BUTTON & CONGRESS. JAMES MEANS' SEAMLESS $3 SHOE

JAMES MEANS' $4 SHOE CANNOT FAIL TO SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS. JAMES MEANS' $4 SHOE

JAMES MEANS' BOOTS and SHOES Are Unexcelled in Merit.

Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with Boots and Shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some retailers will coax you into buying inferior goods upon which they make a larger profit. Ours are the original $3 and $4 Shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

How your boy does wear out his shoes! James Means' $2 Shoes for Boys will outwear any other boys' shoe ever made. You can have lace or button.

$2.50 Buys the Best Farmers' Thick Boot.

JAMES MEANS' QUARTER EAGLE BOOT A Reliable Kip Boot for Farmers. $2.50

10 Mills make one Cent;
10 Cents make one Dime;
10 Dimes make one Dollar;
10 Dollars make one Eagle.

And with a Quarter Eagle any Farmer in the Country can now buy a boot that will satisfy him. Farmers have been looking for such a boot for a long time and now it has come.

Boots and Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

Special Offer on the James Means Quarter Eagle Kip Boots for Farmers.

In order to immediately distribute samples of these Boots all over the country, we will send them transportation prepaid, to any man in any place where there is a post-office or railroad in any State or Territory of the United States. We will send them by express or by mail, with all charges for transportation to destination prepaid by ourselves, on receipt of regular price, $2.50. Send money by post-office order or registered letter. We will accept United States postage stamps for the odd half dollar.

In order to get a perfect fit, take a piece of paper and place your foot upon it, then mark out the shape of your foot, keeping your pencil close to the foot all the way around. Then take the last boot which you wore, and mark out the shape of that in the same way. We will fill your order on the same day we receive it. Take great care to be very accurate, and be sure to give us your full address, town, county and State or Territory. If we have a dealer handling our goods in your town we want you to buy of him, we do not want you to send to us as we will not interfere with the dealers who sell our goods, but we are glad to supply you if your dealer will not. Any boot and shoe retailer or any country store-keeper can supply you with our goods if he wants to, but some dealers will try to sell you inferior goods on which they make a larger profit than they ought to ask for. In that case, send to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

SEDGWICK WOVEN STEEL WIRE FENCE AND GATES.

The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and Wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Pliers. Ask dealers in hardware, or address SEDGWICK BROS., Richmond, Ind.

One Way to Catch 'Em.

Americus Republican.

T. A. Wimbish, jr., was in town Friday from La Crosse, Schley county. He said that his place was just overrun with rats, and he had tried every way to get rid of them. "A few days ago I got a ten-gallon wash pot, filled it two-thirds with water, and covered the water with cotton seed. The next morning I went there, and the cotton seed were all on top of the water, and I had on a big disgust, and thought it best to let the rats have the place and move off. My wife took a stick, dipped into the pot, and said, 'It's full of rats.' I took out a half bushel of great big fat fellows. The next morning it was the same way, and now I have but few rats."

YOUR ADDRESS ON A Postal Card Mailed to us, brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self-measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P.O. Pants, $3 to $5. Suits, $13.25 to $21. PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. 11 to 17 Eliot St., or 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass. Or call at our nearest BRANCH STORE:—285 Broadway, New York; 943 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.; 72 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; Burnside Building, Worcester, Mass.; Gilmore House, Springfield, Mass.; 60 Market St., Lynn, Mass.; 198 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.; Old Register Building, New Haven, Conn.

FREE Large MARRIAGE PAPER. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

PENSIONS, W. B. Lord, Att'y, Washington, D. C. SUCCESS OR NO FEE.

DIVORCE LAWS of Illinois, 10 cents. Cornell & Spencer, 164 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE Send Stamp for Postage. CLIMAX CO. CHICAGO, IL

TREES Root Grafts—EVERYTHING! No larger stock in U. S. No better. No cheaper. Pike Co. Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo.

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BICYCLES ON EASY PAYMENTS No extra charge; every American make; new or 2d hand. Lowest prices guaranteed; for young or old. Send for catalogue. ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 47 G st., Peoria, Ill.

RIDGE'S FOOD Will be found invaluable for Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints, children or adults. It is not a medicine but will be retained & sustain life when everything else fails. 4 sizes 35 cts. up.

"THE HORSE & BUGGY" is the title of an illustrated book of fifty pages, full of useful and money-saving facts. Any man or boy who owns or intends to own a horse, buggy or wagon, can get this book by sending six cents in stamps, with his address, to the STANDARD WAGON CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

D. NEEDHAM'S SON 116-118 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO. Red Clover Blossoms And FLUID AND SOLID EXTRACTS OF THE BLOSSOMS. The BEST BLOOD PURIFIER KNOWN. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Whooping Cough, and all BLOOD DISEASES. Send for circular. Mention paper.

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NAME on 25 Silk Fringe Floral Cards, 1 Pocket Pencil and Pen, 1 Ring, 1 Album, 50 Pictures, Book of 150 Cards, &c., 10c. KING CARD CO., North Haven, Conn.

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PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jenner, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Circulars free.

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AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays $50 a day. Ad. box 443, Chicago, Ill.

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$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15, free. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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RIBBON and LACE FREE! 12 Hidden Name Cards, large size, 10c. 1 yd. fine Lace, 1 yd. best Ribbon and Agt's complete canvassing outfit Free with each order. Alling Bros., Durham, Conn.

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The Story of Man A History of the Human Race, by the famous author, J. W. Buel. A book that the whole world wants. Nothing like it. Beats everything. Salary and commission to agents. Write for full particulars. Historical Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

$75.00 to $250.00 A month can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns & cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never mind about sending stamp for reply. B. F. J. & Co.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Address Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

OVERSEERS WANTED Everywhere at home or to travel. We wish to employ a reliable person in your county to tack up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be tacked up everywhere, on trees, fences and turnpikes, in conspicuous places, in town and country in all parts of the United States. Steady employment; wages $2.50 per day; expenses advanced; no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. ADDRESS WITH STAMP, EMORY & CO., Sixth and Vine Sts., CINCINNATI, O. NO ATTENTION PAID TO POSTAL CARDS.

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FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

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SPOKANE FALLS, the metropolis of Eastern Washington and Idaho. Business is good and wages excellent. Money brings from 8 to 12 per cent. on safe investments. For full particulars, address CLOUGH & GRAVES, Spokane Falls, W. T.

MUSIC SALE To reduce our stock of MUSIC, we will send 64 complete pieces full sheet music size, vocal and instrumental for 20 cents, postage paid. PATERSON & WAYMAN, 413 Milwaukee Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufrs in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 per Day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. CENTENNIAL MANUF'G CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$45 SEWING MACHINE FOR $1: Singer Improved High Arm, 4 Drawers Extension Drop Leaf, Full Set Attachments. Warranted by the manufacturers for five years. Limited Offer. Only 1,500 of them at $1 each. You pay the dollar after you receive the machine. Send name and address to AM. PUB. CO., Jersey City, N. J.

A $60.00 Sewing Machine For $14.90. Sold low to advertise us and win new customers. Large stock, other goods very cheap. This is the Singer Model, (original Singer). None better. Warranted for 5 years. (Registered guaranty.) Walnut top, drop leaf, 3 drawers. Full set nickel plated attachments. A. T. EVANS & CO., 182 State st. Chicago.

ARE YOUR CONGRESS SHOES INSURED? WHERE INSURED? In Boston, at the office of Hub Gore Makers, the largest manufacturers of Shoe Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on the INSIDE OF THE ELASTIC is the Insurance Seal Stamp. HOW Insured? By this Legal Document which accompanies the shoes.

INSURANCE CERTIFICATE. Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888. This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Isl'ds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense. HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass. Signed Albert Herbert Prest. E R Page. Treas.

WHAT INSURED?—The Elastic Gore. AGAINST Shrinking. Fading. Bagging. Losing Shape. Getting Loose. Wearing Out. SUCH SHOES Look Better. Fit Better. Feel Better. Last Longer.

WHERE Sold? EVERY shoe dealer can sell you shoes containing Insured Hub Gore if you insist. They cost no more. Some dealers will coax you to buy imitations on which they make extra profit. Look out for such "dodges." Refuse positively any Congress Shoes without the Heart Trade Mark on the elastic. We furnish Hub Gore to over 1,000 makers of good shoes and insure the shoes. 100,000 dealers sell them. If your dealer won't supply you, write us for list of dealers in your locality. Copyright, 1889, by Hub Gore Makers, Boston, Mass.

MEDICAL.

SURE CHEAP CURE for Seminal Weakness, Nerve Waste, Lost Power, etc. Circular free. Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

OPIUM Habit. Only Certain and easy cure in the World. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

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PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy FREE by addressing TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York City.

A SUFFERER from errors of youth wasting weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable manner after all else had failed, that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address L. G. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Conn.

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I CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

FOR MEN ONLY! A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

ELECTRIC BELT FREE. To obtain AGENTS we will give away a few of our $5.00 German Electric Belts. Invented by Prof. Vanderweyde, Pres. of the N. Y. Electrical Society. A positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, Box 178, Brooklyn, N.Y.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It never Fails. We Guarantee a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book free. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati. Trade supplied by West & Truax, Toledo.

FOR WEAK MEN! $2 $2 For 20 days ONLY we will send for $2 the DE GROOT ELECTRIC SPIRAL For Diseases and Weaknesses of Men, Premature Decline, Loss of Vigor, Drains, Losses, Nervous Debility, &c. It is a perfect little marvel and being applied locally acts quickly and surely. Circular Free. DE GROOT ELECTRIC CO., 609 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.

EARLY DECAY YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING, AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC. ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery. A LINGERING DEATH the reward of their ignorance and folly causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH. WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept A CURE and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, BOX 156, CLEVELAND, O. MENTION THIS PAPER.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.......... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,.................. Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon one order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE REAL CURE FOR POVERTY.

It is pleasant, amid all the rant and fustian that is talked by jawsmiths and demagogic "labor reformers," including the lazy apostles of socialism and communism, to hear voices crying in the wilderness, proclaiming the gospel of common sense—the need of personal economy as a remedy for individual poverty, and of industry as its concomitant in reaching a competence for later life. The current issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* treats of this matter editorially, and Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN has an excellent paper, with the same motive, in the *Forum*, entitled, "Can Our Social Ills be Remedied?" He answers the question affirmatively, and takes the view of Prof. LESTER WARD, that "the future of human society is its own hands"—a sentiment which is the quintessence of economic wisdom.

Your chronic grumbler at the prevailing social system invariably makes his argument involve a contradiction of the old-fashioned axiom we have all had dinned into our childish ears, "You can't eat your cake and have it too." They want to eat it and retain it at the same time. They howl for the personal gratifications that can be obtained through the spending of money, and desire, at the same time, to have the money so as to procure further pleasures. One and all fail to realize the fact that all large fortunes—save only the very, very few (in this country) which came by inheritance—had their foundations laid in small accumulations, and in severe self-denial and untiring industry to make these first accumulations. Money is a splendid lever with which to get more money; but, given a fair degree of talent, hard, industrious work and the habit of personal economy will bring in the money, every time, which is to act as the weapon for further accumulations.

A man's prosperity is not to be measured by the amount of his earnings, but by the amount of his savings. The man who receives a salary of $100 a week is just as poor as he who receives but $10 a week, if he spends it all. We Americans are an extravagant set of people, in one sense. We are too often not content to live, so far within our means as to leave a regular margin of profit, which may accumulate steadily, and eventually prove the means of lifting us above our present surroundings, and setting us on the high road to wealth. And it is an evil that so many of us make the acquisition of money the end and aim of life—that we look upon a fortune as the *summum bonum* of existence. There are but few who, like the great AGASSIZ, "have no time to make money." But where a man craves opulence, he must be willing to deny himself in order to lay the sure foundations. If he is not willing to make the present sacrifices that are the pre-requisites, he will fail in reaching his desire. Industry, energy, prudence, honesty, integrity and strict economy are the factors that must make up his rule of life if he wishes to attain success financially, as well as in many other ways.

IT has long been a statement of the free traders that protected industries are making from 40 to 49 per cent profit because of the tariff. The recent failure of some large woolen manufacturers in the East, shows conclusively that there are no such profits made in this industry, which is as well protected as any other. Now the free traders are howling that these failures were because of the tariff on wool, which prevents their getting "cheap raw material." But the tariff on wool works to the advantage of the farmer who raises the wool. Besides, the wool duty is no higher than it has been; why then should the mills suffer more than before from this duty? As a matter of fact, these mills were established when it was higher than at present. As it is not increased, but is lower now than before the act of 1883 went into effect, when the woolen mills were prosperous, it is evident that they are not suffering from lack of free wool, but because the class of goods they manufacture has been allowed to come in at too low a rate of duty. That is the real trouble.

THE news has been received that the swelling in the Prince of WALES's leg has subsided. This information would tend to relax a terrible strain, and enable us once more to draw breath with regularity and in peaceful comfort, could we only hear something about the matutinal swelling in his head.

THE SALOON THE MAIN POINT OF ATTACK.

In war the line of hostilities is often extended for hundreds of miles across the country, with here a city encircled by lines of fortification, there a camp with earthworks for protection, yonder a hill crowned by a frowning fort. The one of the hostile parties has its armies within the city, behind the entrenchments, inside the fort, ready to defend each to the death. The attacking forces are deployed in a line parallel to these defenses, with a suitable array of infantry, cavalry and artillery before each of the strongholds of the enemy. The one seeks to hold, the other to capture. It is very rare, however, that a simultaneous attack is made all along the entire line of the attacking forces. As strong a show of offensive warfare as possible is made at every point, but troops are drawn from the various other localities and massed, as promptly as may be, in front of the one objective point deemed by the commanding general the most favorable for an assault; and here the battle takes place that may lead to the capture of the entire line of defense, should the attack prove successful, by the victory rendering all the other posts untenable by the defenders.

In the struggle now going on between the hosts of temperance and the Rum Power, the latter is the attacked party, lying behind its intrenchments, while the forces of the Prohibition army are acting on the offensive. There has been much desultory firing all along the line, at long range, but it has had no particular effect either way. The one thing needful is the massing of the attacking forces in front of one of the positions of the Rum Power, and an united effort to carry it by storm. It is always the part of military wisdom to make such an assault upon the positions which is the key to the enemy's entire line, so that success in the attempt will be necessarily followed by the abandonment of the other positions which he holds. What point in the defensive line of the Rum Power is this key-position?

Evidently the Saloon. It is the key to the Rum position. This once captured and its guns spiked, the Prohibition army will have the enemy at its mercy. Its forces can pursue the demoralized legions of the enemy, driving them from one state after another, until the last man lays down his arms, and Prohibition rules from ocean to ocean, from the Lakes to the Gulf. The evil of the saloon is recognized by all, and there is absolutely no temperance man who is not willing to give his aid to the effort to crush it out. There are tens of thousands of men who are inimical to the saloon, but who are not yet ready to work for so radical a measure as the entire prohibition of the manufacture and sale of rum. The reasoning of this numerous class is something like this: They assume that men who have contracted the drink habit *will* drink, no matter how stringent the law, and that it is impossible to stop them; but they can not see that it is necessary that public resorts shall be allowed wherein the drink habit may be indulged—places that are a snare to thousands of others, and which every year inevitably ruin an army of boys and young men, just entering upon life and its duties.

And they are right. "Personal liberty" is a good thing, but it is pushing the phrase too far to make it cover these traps of the devil, whose brilliant lights, gaudy furnishings mirth and conviviality, are a terrible and a continual temptation to those just coming on the stage of active life. It may be that the present crop of drunkards are not worth saving, and may be allowed to sacrifice themselves if they will; but it does not follow that they shall be allowed an opportunity to do so which will also be an opportunity for the ruin of tens of thousands more, and the creation of a new crop of drunken men to take the place of the old.

The saloon is the great enemy of the home. Its garish lights outshine in attractiveness the evening lamp around which gathers the family circle at home; its boisterous society seems better to the inexperienced boy than the company of "mother and the girls" around the hearthstone. Shall we, by allowing the saloon to continue, in effect say to our sons, inexperienced in the ways of the world, eager to share its pleasures and to taste its joys, "You may fall into temptation—you probably will; but it is your own lookout. You cannot go from your home to your place of employment without passing a score of places you should never enter. You will have to look out for yourselves, however; these saloon-keepers must be maintained, and if you are fool enough to become their bond-slave, it is your own affair."

Shall we not rather, knowing the unmitigated evil of the saloon, crush it, destroy it, banish it, that our young men shall be delivered from a most terrible and an utterly needless temptation? Is there a thinking man not the bondsman of the Rum Power, even though he may be an occasional drinker himself, who will hesitate to aid, by voice and vote, the eradication of this stupendous evil? The saloon is a trap by day, by night the rallying-place of those who do the devil's work. It lays its impious hands upon religion, and the observance of the Sabbath goes down under its withering touch, that it may have seven, instead of six, days per week in which to ruin mankind. It lays a heavier tax upon the community than the most despotic government upon which the sun ever shone dared to wring from its myriads of groaning serfs. It reaches out and destroys the home; it enters politics, and controls the destinies of the country; it overshadows the land as it was fabled did the upas tree, whose breath was death to all who came beneath its malign shadow.

The saloon must go. The blood of the myriads it has slain cries out from the earth for its overthrow. The groans and tears of heart-broken parents, the agonies of worse than widowed wives, the shame and degradation of a countless host of children, go up to heaven in one mighty accusation against it. Are our eyes blinded, that we can not see the malignant curse it works upon our fellows? Are our ears leaden, that we can not hear the mighty cry of agony that goes up continually from its victims? Are we so selfish, so careless of the welfare of these our brethren, that we shall not arise in the interest of eternal right and exterminate these plague-spots of modern civilization, stop up these breathing-holes of hell, shut forever these gates of death through whose portals there goes down to damnation an army of 75,000 of our fellow-men each year?

The saloon is the key of the enemy's position. Let us capture it, and break his defensive line. With the saloon swept away, the strength of the foe will have departed, as did that of SAMSON when he was shorn of his locks; and the hosts of right will march forward swiftly to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE New York *Evening Post* is actively mugwump, and has been a bitter partisan of GROVER CLEVELAND's ever since 1884. But it says it is impossible to see any reason for the possible substitution of CAMPBELL for FORAKER in Ohio. "If CAMPBELL were to be elected he would supplant the 'Foraker crowd' with the 'Campbell gang,' and the state would be no better, and probably no worse, off than before," adds the *Post*. Little probability exists that CAMPBELL will have the chance of doing any supplanting. The people of Ohio will attend to that matter next November.

WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK.

Mr. Locke's Series of Illustrated European Letters—Something About Them.

With the next issue of THE BLADE we shall begin the publication of Mr. LOCKE's series of letters from the North of Germany. The delay in the publication of these letters was solely because Mr. LOCKE desired to have them illustrated in the highest style of newspaper art. In order to do this he had a number of engravings made to order in Hamburg, and in addition to this made photographs and secured character sketches of German life and people, which will be reproduced in these columns from week to week. They are far above the average newspaper cuts, and will prove an extremely interesting feature in THE BLADE this fall. They are not only entertaining, but instructive as well, and with the text accompanying them will give our readers an accurate and interesting insight into the life and customs of the North Germans.

Mr. LOCKE extended his trip as far south as Mannheim, and will have something to say about the interesting cities of Hanover, Cassel, (where he visited the castle wherein NAPOLEON III was confined after the Franco-Prussian war), Frankfort, and that always interesting old city of Heidelberg.

The letters will begin in next week's BLADE.

NO NATIONAL FLOWER.

For some months a desultory discussion as to what flower would be the most fit for adoption as a national emblem has been carried on in the newspapers. The varied expressions and comments show conclusively that there is no possibility of an agreement; and as the matter must be one of sentiment, and not of legislation, the unprofitable discussion should close. The United States is too big to have any one blossom equally dear to the dwellers amid the hills of New England and on the arid plains of Texas, or the inhabitants of the Atlantic slope and the residents on the broad prairies of the West or those amid the foothills of the California sierras. How can the inhabitants of two-thirds of this country enthuse over the trailing arbutus, the flower most in favor in New England, when they never see it? How can the dwellers in the North sympathize with the Southern preference for the Cherokee rose?

The simple fact is, our nation covers too many degrees of latitude, too many of longitude, with such radical differences in soil and climate, and hence in flora, for any agreement to be reached. Again, a national flower is not to be made a matter of cold, calculating preference, in these piping times of peace and prosperity, any more than a national anthem is to be selected in the same way. Such things are the result of a concatenation of circumstances, the sudden flowering of patriotic emotion and exaltation of sentiment. It has been impossible to select any one air, or any one set of words, to constitute a national anthem. An endeavor was made, during the earlier years of the war, to have such a song written, and an air composed. Our recollection is that a formal selection was made by a self-constituted committee; but who of our readers ever heard of it, or knows the words or air?

Let Ireland have her shamrock, England her rose, Scotland her thistle, Japan her chrysanthemum, Germany her cornflower, and France choose between the Napoleonic violet and the Bourbon *fleur-de-lis*. We do not need a national flower. The states comprising the federal union are too wide and too varied in their interests, their sectional tastes, determined largely by climate and productions, too greatly separated by state pride and by hereditary sentiment as to trees and flowers, to ever make any real union of opinion as to a national flower a possibility. Better none at all than one in whose behalf the sentiment would be, in two-thirds of the country, either sporadic or a sham. Let us wear the red, white and blue instead of a flower, and unite in patriotic devotion to the majestic symbol of American freedom and American nationality, the flag of the Union!

THERE seems to be some ground for the oft-repeated assertion that the Pope is about to leave Rome. The officers of the Vatican guards have been refused their usual leave of absence, and a committee of cardinals have been charged with the duty of making detailed arrangements for his possible departure to Spain. The only reason for this removal is that the attitude of the Pope has become absurd. Since the fall of the temporal power, and the making of the Eternal City the capital of united Italy, the Popes—PIUS IX. and LEO XIII.—have assumed the role of "prisoners." Of course this is all pretense. The Pope can come and go as he wills, and the Italian government exercises no sort of control or constraint over him. It simply refuses to allow him to exercise any governmental power over the country. He can rule the church as he wills, but Italy is entirely opposed to his mixing his spiritual sway with dominion over things political or temporal.

PEOPLE well remember the wonderful "red glow" attending the sunsets during the fall of 1883, about which there was so much speculation, and which were finally attributed to the tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, which was supposed to have filled the upper air with fine dust, whose presence caused the phenomenon. It seems, however, that in July a similar phenomenon was observed. The Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle* recorded it, after several observations, on July 21, and now publishes a letter from the Sandwich Islands showing that sunset glows were noted by Rev. SERENO E. BISHOP, of Honolulu, on July 13. That paper says:

> The observations here and in Honolulu correspond in a singular manner. It is probably that the cause of the red light will be determined conclusively within the next three years. So far the exhibitions have corresponded in time and intensity with solar disturbance. Unless there has recently been a great volcanic eruption not yet reported, the dust of Krakatoa must be ruled out as a cause of the red light in 1883.

PHOTOGRAPHY came into play in an important legal matter—the inquest over the killed in the late railway disaster near Rochester, N. Y. The witnesses had all testified that the engineer of the express train reversed his lever before the collision occurred. The photograph, however, indicates that the engine was not reversed at the moment of collision. The lever by which the link motion is controlled by the engineer is not visible in the photograph, but a rod running from it to the shaft on which the link is suspended is plainly in view, and its position shows that the steam was operating to move the engine forward, instead of the reverse, when the collision took place.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* warns the Republicans of the west that TOM REED, with the solid New England support behind him, is making a strong bid for the speakership, and adds: "If the West desires to secure this office it must unite on one candidate." We think the West is practically united for MCKINLEY. There are several other Western aspirants, but it is understood that the vote for them will be largely a complimentary one, and at the proper time will drift into the MCKINLEY column.

THE OHIO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The platform elaborated by the Dayton convention is like a long line of its Democratic predecessors—dishonest and misleading. It starts out with the tariff, specially approving the plank of the national Democratic platform of last year, and declaring for a continuance of the "battle for tariff reform." This is evasive; for a tariff, from the constantly changing economic conditions, necessarily needs "reforming" or revising from time to time. It is noticeable that the words "protection," "free trade" and "freer trade" are carefully avoided.

The second plank, which declares trusts to be "the legitimate result of the present tariff system," is false on its face. If it were true, there would be no trusts in free trade England, when the fact is, that country is "plastered over with them." There is a coffee trust, but coffee is on the free list. The only trust which is really aided to any extent by the tariff is the sugar trust; and sugar is the only article we can now recall on the protected list, the duty on which is really a tax on the consumer—and this occurs because our sugar area is so limited that we cannot produce enough to supply our home consumption. Yet the Mills bill, which was indorsed by the St. Louis platform, and thus indirectly approved by the Ohio Democrats in their indorsement of that document, did not touch the sugar duty. Hypocrisy could not much further go.

The plank favoring "just, liberal and equitable pension laws" is another insincere utterance. It is made to catch the so-called "soldier vote," but it will fail of its purpose. The veterans have had bitter experience of the Democratic idea of "just" and "liberal" pensions under GROVER CLEVELAND, the champion vetoer, and the rulings of the Pension office during his administration.

Next comes a "denunciation" of the Republican administration for alleged "repeated violation" of its pledges in favor of civil service reform. This should have an explanatory chapter annexed, to show in what single particular civil service reform was better managed under the late lamented Democratic administration. CLEVELAND's civil service commission was openly hostile to this reform, and to the law it was appointed to execute. President HARRISON promptly placed at its head one of its most intelligent and enthusiastic advocates, in the person of Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and the law is being executed more honestly and effectively than ever before.

Then comes another "denunciation," this time the present Republican administration being its object. It is laughable to read the invitation to the people to make a "careful investigation" of the state's financial affairs. We hope the people will do so. If they do, they will not vote to put the party back in power which so recklessly squandered the revenues, and went out of office leaving the treasury empty and the state enormously in debt for current expenses. We refer to the Hoadly Democratic administration, of which the above statement is a matter of history.

The next plank is the squeal of the Democratic scoundrels in Cincinnati, who had made that city's name a word of reproach in the mouths of all honest men. It was the most corruptly governed municipality in the United States under their control, and their damnable methods of perpetuating themselves in power by the most audacious frauds at the polls and forgeries in the count. This unblushing demand of these scoundrels to have the conditions removed which stopped their career and made Cincinnati a well-governed city—this cry against non-partisan boareds—should be read in connection with the following explication of the truth:

> In only two cities of the state are there boards of public affairs appointed by the governor—Cincinnati and Hamilton (the latter non-partisan). In only two cities of the state are there police boards appointed by the governor—Cincinnati and Dayton (both non-partisan). At the request of citizens, irrespective of party, a natural gas commission for Toledo was appointed. So satisfactory has the Cincinnati non-partisan election board proved to all classes of honest citizens, that a demand sprang up for an extension of the system (including registration) to the other principal cities of the state. Accordingly, non-partisan election boards have been established in the following cities: Cleveland, Columbus, Dayton, Toledo, Springfield, Sandusky, Hamilton, Steubenville, Newark, Youngstown, Zanesville, Mansfield, Chillicothe, Portsmouth, Canton and Akron.

The seventh plank is another squeal—this time over the renomination of Governor FORAKER for a third term, and arraigns the latter for "notorious and disgraceful" use of patronage. Itemize your bill, gentlemen! A general charge is an easy thing to make, but you will have to be more specific if you expect the intelligent people of Ohio to believe you! The third-term bugaboo isn't a very formidable one, when a term is only two years. DAVE HILL, the Democratic governor of New York, is serving his second term of three years, and his two terms will be as long as FORAKER's three. The Ohio Democrats did all they could last year to give GROVER CLEVELAND a second term. Had he been successful, he would have served two years longer in his two terms than FORAKER in his three; and we need hardly remind the people that the patronage of the President is about a thousand times as great as that in the hands of an Ohio governor.

The concluding resolution is the double-distilled repetition of the wail of the Cincinnati Democratic boodlers and ballot-box stuffers; and, when translated into plain language, demands the repeal of the laws which effectually prevent a repetition of their scoundrelly schemes. The honest voters of Cincinnati will answer it conclusively at the polls this fall, by rolling up a solid majority for the Republican ticket.

The series of resolutions is astonishingly weak, and some of the old stand-bys among Ohio Democratic platform planks are notable for their absence. There is no mention of the liquor question, no howl against "sumptuary laws;" there is no double-faced resolution intended to deceive the Ohio wool-growers; in fact, the convention has dropped the usual amount of padding, and dealt largely in generalities. A glittering general statement is a good thing among the uneducated and ignorant classes, for a designing demogogue can twist and turn it and make it mean pretty much whatever he pleases when he is talking to them.

THE London correspondent of *Bradstreet's* has an interesting letter in the last issue of that periodical, in which are discussed the probable import requirements of wheat by Europe for the twelve months beginning September 1, 1889. The aggregate is placed at about 230,000,000 bushels, as compared with 186,000,000 bushels within the past year. Russia, India and Hungary all have less to sell, but the United States has more. The correspondent thinks Europe's needs in this direction mean higher prices for our grain—a conclusion that seems warranted by the facts, and one which will be hailed with joy by American farmers.

> Can the Democratic party safely go to the country in 1892 with no other cry upon their lips than that of "Damn the nigger?"—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Yes—safely for the country. They will be defeated on the race issue as they were last year on the tariff issue; and Democratic defeat is eminently conducive to the best interests of the nation.

THE corn crop of the United States is something enormous in the aggregate. Last year the total was nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels, and we exported 35,000,000 bushels. This year the indications point to a still larger and probably an unprecedented yield.

RUSSIAN towns are now being shaken by earthquakes. The names of the villages, however, remain intact.

HONORS TO EDISON.

THOMAS A. EDISON is probably the most distinguished American abroad. It does not need the argument of contingent evidence, but if required it may be found in the fact that Mr. DEPEW is just now dining with him, for this railroad man is never far from the coat-tail of celebrities. Mr. EDISON is distinguished because he has earned the title just conferred by King HUMBERT. Nothing has contributed more to the helpfulness of modern civilization than the labors of our students of the laboratory. KOCH, PASTEUR and EDISON are, in their way, each the most eminent worker of the world.

Formerly, when some great calamity overtook a people, prayer, or sacrifice or other symbol of a wretched ignorance was the way for opposing it. It was regarded as a blow from God, and his vengeance must therefore be averted. These brave men have eliminated in a few years what centuries of bigotry have nourished. PASTEUR has saved millions of francs per year to France by his discovery of the cause of chicken cholera and the grape disease, and hence their cure. KOCH has enlightened, for all time, the medical world, and gives encouragement to the future. To Mr. EDISON was the gift of genius in observing new laws in mechanical appliances.

Sometimes it is fortunate for a prophet to be found away from home. EDISON has acquired wealth among his own people, but we have no higher expression of appreciation than found by an after-dinner speech, a fixed place in history, and a monument after all is over. The distinction of an order, such as he has become a part of, by the courtesy of the king of Italy, is peculiar to royalty. It has no value beyond a stimulus, or a moral one, and in that is not unlike the effect of some electric currents. It is eminently fitting, however, that the head of the Italian people should recognize Mr. EDISON's great service to civilization. It was designed as an individual and national compliment.

LUIGI GALVANI, of Bologna, Italy, was the author of modern galvanism, and one hundred years ago was the preceptor of the world in the teachings of magnetism and electricity. Sympathy between the genius of Italy, and the renaissaince of the arts is eternal. From CIMABUE, of the early half of the thirteenth century, to GALVANI, who died in 1798, onward to EDISON, of this century, there runs a direct current of thought and development. THALES, 600 years before CHRIST, announced the first law of electricity, and gave it publicity; but it cost twenty-five centuries of brain material to invent a motor current. We congratulate Count EDISON and the American people, and appreciate the politeness of HUMBERT.

NO MORE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We have decided not to offer a sewing machine in connection with THE BLADE any longer this season. We are offering a number of new articles, to be sold with the paper, for announcements of which see the first page of last week's issue, and the fifth page of to-day's BLADE. One offer is on fine toilet and table ware; the other, THE BLADE cook-stove. Our space is limited, and we have thought best to withdraw the sewing machine offer for this year. We may or may not renew it next year; circumstances must determine. Meanwhile we want you to read carefully our offers on these new articles; you will find that they are the most liberal we have ever made, and that the useful articles we offer are cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, besides including THE WEEKLY BLADE. Read the offer, by all means.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

Mr. STUART F. WILD has an article upon "The Isthmus Canal and American Control" in the *Atlantic*. Mr. WILD discusses the original proposition, which was devised by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and afterward promulgated by JAMES MONROE, and known in history as the "Monroe doctrine." He then proceeds to declare that the changes in European politics since that time will necessitate a wider view of international rights. Especially does he urge this in consequence of the liberal attitude upon the Suez canal, as held by the international convention of 1888.

It is an able presentation of the argument as passed upon by the last administration. It is doubtless safe to predict that it will be a matter which is destined to appear before the political world not rarely during the next decade. The ambition of the monarchical families in Europe is not altogether placid when looking toward this continent. Of course Africa just now appears to them a safer field to operate in, and one where territory can be made faster; but the moral effect of our institutions is not encouraging to their growing families and dependents.

It may be remembered that the correspondents upon the steamer Teutonic, when the banquet on board was given to Emperor WILLIAM, noted a tendency among the speakers to attribute an ambition for another war upon the part of the United States. Mr. DEPEW, in his remarks upon that occasion, told the Englishman, who nourished a similar apprehension, that there was no motive at home but the one of self-protection. There is no doubt but we will be compelled to drift more and more into international discussion as our commerce becomes extended, and we may as well provide the arguments for the occasion, namely, a navy that can talk war in any language.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* sits down hard upon the proposition to make Gen. LEE's birthday a public holiday. It declares:

> Outside of the Southern states it could obtain no recognition or favor whatever, and, within the Southern states, opinions touching its propriety must needs, in the very nature of the case, be divided. The only effect, therefore, of the discussion of the subject is to play into the hands of those sectionalists whose political stock in trade consists in the fomentation of passions and the agitation of questions having no relation to the present state of the nation, or to any real popular interest. * * No reasonable sentiment is enlisted in it. It is, merely, on the one hand, a fad of dreamers who live in the past and ignore the claims of the present, and, on the other hand, an easy text for the cheap eloquence of local demagogues, who think they can make a profit trading upon a great and deservedly popular name.

THE present administration has been "opening the books" of the late lamented Cleveland incumbents in the Land office. One of the facts that have been discovered is that surveyors' checks to the amount of $18,900 have been paid, which are pronounced bogus. An official report has been made which is withheld from publication. Mr. SPARKS, when commissioner, held that no surveys had been made of the lands in question, and that the checks were fraudulent. Nevertheless they were paid before the Cleveland officials surrendered the control of the treasury department. It is a good thing for the people that this particular set of "rascals" were "turned out."

IT is a funny thing that the Ohio Democrats have so few available men in their ranks that they have to take ex-Republican to head their tickets. HOADLY was a pervert from Republicanism, and CAMPBELL is another.

CHICAGO has already pledged $1,700,000 for the World's fair of 1892. New York is discussing ways and means of raising the necessary funds without paying it herself.

No wonder the Democratic convention object to the ballot reform law. The men who had control of that convention are the very men it hurts.

CHICAGO THE PLACE.

The city of Chicago is working earnestly and intelligently to obtain the location of the world's exposition in 1892, commemorative of the quadricentennial of the discovery of America by COLUMBUS. Already the proper committees have been set at work, and headquarters opened at 183 Dearborn street. A circular to the newspapers of the country has just been issued, in which are embraced, in compact form, the reasons why Chicago is the proper place for this exhibition. They are as follows:

> We have all the essentials of an eligible location—an abundance of fresh air and pure water—space for all exhibits—and unsurpassed facilities for transportation.
>
> Our refrigerator—Lake Michigan—renders our climate, in the summer season, more comfortable than that of any other available city, as can be proven by the reports of the weather bureau. This immense lake also furnishes us with an inexhaustible supply of water far superior in quality to that of any other city in the world.
>
> Combined with these are our exceptional railroad facilities, which would make the exposition accessible alike to exhibitors and visitors from every quarter of the globe. In this connection, the recent report of the Inter-State Commerce commission shows that 30 per cent of the railway mileage of the United States—exclusive of the eastern trunk lines beyond Pittsburg and Buffalo—directly enter Chicago.
>
> Our hotel accommodations, which are being rapidly enlarged, are amply sufficient to insure the comfort and convenience of visitors—having now the capacity to easily entertain 150,000 guests, to say nothing of the 5,000 boarding houses.
>
> The leading officials of the several telegraph companies acknowledge that our telegraphic facilities are unequaled, as has been evidenced by the numerous tests which have resulted in this being proudly designated "the Convention City."
>
> There can be an agricultural and live stock exhibit here, such as the world has never seen. Secretary of Agriculture Rusk says: "Chicago is the center of the greatest agricultural and stock raising region in the world."
>
> The people of all nations can rendezvous here more cheaply and from this point the United States can make a deeper and more lasting impression upon the world of its achievements and capabilities.

All of which is most true. And there may be added to the above that the question of location is not one of mere rivalry between the two cities of Chicago and New York, but is the far broader one of whether the exposition shall be held upon the eastermost edge of the country or at its most central point. The New York idea seems to be that the exposition is to be held for the benefit of visitors from abroad. This is an error. It is for the benefit of the American people.

Large as the foreign attendance will undoubtedly be no matter where the exposition is located, its financial success or failure must depend upon American patronage. It is, then, the part of wisdom to so locate it as to be most easily accessible to the greatest number of persons. Taking into consideration the railway systems of the country, there is no other great city that fulfills this requirement save Chicago. She is not over 200 miles from the center of population of the United States, and is the most easily accessible city in the country.

We are glad to see that her people have taken hold of this matter with their accustomed energy, and in a broad spirit. There is no squabbling over location, over rates, over the thousand and one minor matters which seem to be considered the principal points by the newspapers of New York. And we do not doubt but that Chicago will be the winner, as she ought to be.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

CANADIAN WRATH.

The official heads at Ottawa are naturally very excited and wrathy over the last reported seizures in the Behring Sea. The cable has been kept warm between the authorities of the Dominion and the home government for the past few days, and the average Canadian is, for the dog-day season, very hot. Nothing disturbs one of these colonial dependents so much as a victory on water over anything that flies the English flag. This is all very proper, for it is the best thing they have in return for the contract between our neighbors of the North and Great Britain. They are not strong enough to stand upon their feet alone, and must cling to the national skirt. They know that royalty is very tender toward this only child of the West, and take occasion to make the most of it, like a Sunday school student about the holiday season. To a great power, which owns ten miles of gunboats, it is astonishing to these people, that a tub of a customs cruiser can hold all the Arctic current of Behring sea. All the English press and a part of our own recognize the fact that the act of the Rush, Commander TUTTLE, is liable to be disowned by our government, and no one seems entirely clear whether he is exceeding instructions or not. The proposal for an arbitration, on the part of the home government, seems to be the last straw to Canada.

Until the dispatches between Washington and London are known the enigma will remain. The most significant symptom with us, seems to be, that, this administration don't propose to be scolded as the last one was for taking all the blows and giving none back. Of course, it will occasion some contention, but no war. Wars are not made up that way. If there were a policy for war between us the cause would suffice, but commercial relations prohibit such a contemplation. England carries between New York and Liverpool about one thousand million of freights annually, and can't afford to fight us any more than she would like to lose the trade of Australia or India.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, is an earnest advocate of an Alaskan railroad, to enter the Eastern continent across Behring sea. He has said a good deal more about it in Europe than in this country, and has aroused much enthusiasm in favor of it. Numerous journals in California support the scheme. It is no more visionary than was the Pacific railway project when it was first broached; and we have an abiding faith that the time will come when a Pacific coast railway will be built northward to some Alaskan harbor, from which a line of steamers will run, to connect with the immense trans-Siberian railway, which Russia has projected. The globe will then be belted with railways, except where the oceans intervene.

WE have frequently had occasion to commend the accurate views held by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* on Ohio politics; and the following paragraph shows that it still has a perfect command of the situation:

> The Republicans have never been beaten in Ohio since the war in a state election or in an important legislative contest except in years when they were disorganized, inharmonious or demoralized. They are united, vigorous and enthusiastic this year. These are facts which both Republicans and Democrats would do well to keep in mind.

THE free traders in this country are unanimously ignoring the tremendous London strike, one of the greatest that has ever occurred in any country. They have so long preached the doctrine that strikes were the result of protection that they can not explain the London strike, which gives the lie to their theories.

> THERE are two men in the United States Senate whom the people of the United States especially wish should be left at home after their present terms are out. One is PAYNE, of Ohio, and the other is Voorhees, of Indiana. And they will probably stay at home.—*Chicago Journal.*

The Republicans of Ohio are determined not only that Mr. PAYNE shall stay at home, but that he shall be succeeded by a Republican. Mark that down.

MR. KNOX'S SKETCH.

A Glimpse of Life Among the South Pacific Cannibal Islanders.

On the first page of to-day's issue of the Weekly BLADE we give our readers another example of Mr. THOS. W. KNOX's versatility as an author—a sketch of adventure among the cannibal inhabitants of the Feejee Islands. Like all of Mr. KNOX's writings, it is extremely interesting, and well worth reading by old and young.

It is possible that we may give our readers something more from Mr. KNOX's pen in the near future. As it is, we are sure THE BLADE family have been interested in this series of three articles, and will gladly welcome anything further from his pen. We have certain negotiations pending with him, and their result will soon be announced in these columns.

THE EXTRA SESSION.

It seems entirely probable that President HARRISON has decided to convene Congress in extra session about October 20. The announced purpose of the Democrats of the House have rendered it more necessary than before that Congress shall be called earlier than December. The Democratic leaders make it clear that they will adopt a policy of obstruction both as regards the tariff and as regards the new rules and the seating of the contestants from the South and elsewhere. The Democratic Congressmen at Washington are outspoken in their declaration that they will resort to all means within their power under the parliamentary situation to prevent the Republicans from accomplishing any of their purposes.

This declaration simply means that they will do what they can to prevent the Republicans from securing such a system of rules as will enable the majority to control the House, as will permit it to determine what legislation shall be accomplished and to enact it, as well as to prevent it from carrying out its fundamental right under the constitution of determining who are entitled to be members of its organization. If, therefore, Congress shall meet in December and the Republicans shall be compelled to confront an organized Democracy which has such a purpose, it can readily be seen that the spring, for that matter, will be well advanced before Congress can properly enter upon its legitimate duties. If two or three months can, therefore, be gained before the new year, the new Congress will be to that extent, in a better position to grapple with the problems of finance and taxation which it is expected that it will undertake to solve.

FOOLISH BOOMERS.

In spite of the fact that there are millions of acres of equally good land open to homesteads in the West, there are indications that there is to be another silly rush into the Sioux reservation, similar to that into Oklahoma last spring. The Interior department has not acted too promptly in requesting Secretary PROCTOR to take measures to prevent a rush of settlers upon the lands which the Sioux are to sell. Even before the commission began its work it was said that the left bank of the Missouri between the Big Cheyenne and White rivers, opposite one of the great tracts to be thrown open, showed the canvass-topped wagons of emigrants waiting for a chance to get into this new promised land. The angle in the southeast of the reservation, between the Niobrara and the Missouri, may also need the attention of the troops, as it is a coveted spot, and the Rosebud agency, to which it has hitherto belonged, is far distant, so that no unpleasant encounters with the Sioux need be feared. The experience of Oklahoma shows that in spite of the risk of losing all right to make a lawful entry by premature intrusion upon the lands to be opened, foolish people will go in with hope of getting an unfair advantage over their neighbors. The bargain with the Sioux having been well concluded they should have no cause of complaint from the invasion of the lands before the time agreed upon.

THERE seems to be danger of the addition of a heavy Arab contingent to our already over-mixed population. It is said that at least 70,000 Arabs are awaiting the result of the attempt of twenty of their race to break into the United States. The latter are at Castle Garden, New York, where they are detained pending the authorities' consultation with the Turkish consul. The chances are, of course, that the worthless set will be admitted, to engage in a career of small peddling and daily begging. But they should not be admitted. We have too great an array of immigrants of low civilization and lower morality, and a stop should be put to any further additions. The 70,000 fanatical Mohammedan Arabs, barbarians in intellect, should be kept out. The time has come when discrimination is needed as to the character of those admitted to this country. In all doubtful cases this nation should have the benefit of the doubt.

REAR ADMIRAL GHERARDI has exhibited a vein of diplomacy in the Hayti affair which should entitle him to promotion. The position he occupied was a most embarrassing one, because of the climate, at this season, and the unstable attitude of our friends on the island. He has, however, coalesced all the elements of foreign strength, by rank as well as by acquiesence secured the action of the French and English captains, made his orders so that the naval force will be a unit to influence the victors, against too great carnage at a time when hot blood is so easily spilled.

THERE is a tremendous rush for positions in the census office at Washington. Up to date over 4,000 persons have applied and there are but some 2,000 places, all told. So far about 100 have been appointed—mostly employes of the last census. No more will be appointed until the new buildings for the census bureau are completed, and then only as the demands of the service increase. The examination for applicants is simple, but practical, and no one will be successful who is not competent for the work.

EX-GOVERNOR LEON ABBETT, who has the inside track for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in New Jersey, is the attorney of the New Jersey Liquor-dealers' association. Every third-party vote cast in that state is a half-vote for this man. Will the third-party men require to have a brick block fall on them in order to bring them to a realization of this fact?

THERE is a general strike of dock laborers in London, and the maritime trade of England's metropolis is utterly paralyzed. The discontented elements there seem to be in that condition in which only a touch was needed to start an explosion, in the shape of a general strike, and the indications point to serious trouble.

THE Lafayette, Ind., *Courier* is evidently fully able to recognize a good thing when it sees it. It says:

> There is a kind of truth known as God's truth, and this is fitly spoken by the Toledo BLADE when it says: "The man who imperils Republican success to gratify personal ambition forfeits the support of the party." There is a lesson to politicians in that observation seven feet deep.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* publishes a long article on "How to Eat." This is a very practical question, one that bothers many of us daily, and prevents us from having any fun or enjoyment.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Ex-President Cleveland is expected at Bar Harbor at an early day.

President Harrison has leased his house in Indianapolis for three years.

Labouchere may be expected in America as soon as Parliament adjourns.

Queen Victoria has sent to Prince Bismarck a life-size portrait of herself.

Gov. Taylor, of Tennessee, the fiddler, wants to be a United States senator.

☞ Philadelphia Hibernia Fire Engine company, still in existence, was organized in 1752.

Edison will visit the Krupp works at Essen, Germany, before the termination of his visit.

Senator Joseph R. Hawley will deliver the oration at the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Milford, Conn.

British soldiers not in possession of swimming certificates are forbidden to enter boats for purposes of recreation.

Senator Ingalls has been made a member of the Loyal Legion for his distinguished loyalty and patriotism in civil life during the war.

The Hon. Timothy Healy, M. P., charges Mr. Balfour with giving the Irish people strong drink and depriving them of food in order to make them savage.

Gen. G. W. C. Lee, a son of Robert E. Lee, who is at the Hot Springs in Virginia, is an uncommonly large and powerfully built man, with grizzled hair and short beard.

"Birch bark" law parties are the latest in Maine. The invitations are written on birch bark, and the refreshments served from plates of the same material.

Thomas Furlong, of Pasadena, Cal., is an ardent amateur naturalist. His latest addition to his collection was 200 tarantulas that he hatched in an incubator.

Of the 247 Indian students sent home from Hampton in ten years who are now living only seventeen are doing poorly or have fallen back into their old way of living.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its annual reunion in Cincinnati September 25 and 26, and the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga September 19 and 20.

Giovanni Morosini was recently asked by a Saratoga clergyman if Jay Gould "keeps the Sabbath." "Of course he does," answered Morosini. "He keeps anything he lays his hands on."

Among the pensioners on the English civil list is Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who gets $1,250 per annum for "distinguished literary services." The British can afford to be magnanimous to the Bonapartes.

Prince Hatzfeldt, a cousin of the German embassador in London, is engaged to Miss Huntington, the daughter of C. P. Huntington, of Union Pacific fame. It is estimated that the prince's debts amount to nearly $1,000,000.

Some idea of the shah's traveling expenses may be formed from the statement that Cook's charge for what railroad and hotel expenses he has disbursed on the shah's account was $125,000.

A peculiar cause of death is reported from New Haven. A young man of exceeding promise died there from cerebral congestion, which was brought on by the salt water that got into his ears while bathing.

Three generations of one family are now serving in the royal engineers. They are General Sir Alexander Cunningham, Colonel Cunningham, Second Lieutenant Cunningham. General Cunningham was gazetted in 1831.

The American whitefish promises to be firmly established in English waters. The United States fish commission sent over last year to the fish hatching establishment of Malvern Wells, and the young fish are doing splendidly.

A bank abounding in codfish of excellent size and quality has been discovered about eight miles off the Oregon coast and 65 miles south of the Columbia river. Heretofore the true cod has not been found in the Pacific south of Alaskan shores.

The Comte de Paris is supposed to have 400,000 or 500,000 francs a year. Except the glory of monarchy, the throne and [illegible] the principle of hereditary succession he lacks nothing which can constitute earthly happiness.

Every scrap of iron or wood within reach upon the Eiffel tower is completely covered with names and dates. The interior of the lifts are covered, and the glass wind protectors of the elevators and on the various floors are being rapidly filled up.

For 28 years Joe McKinsey, of Silver creek, Mich., has courted two misses which were half-sisters and living in a small cabin. Last Thursday they were both killed by the same stroke of lightning and after their 28 years of service together rested in the same grave.

James C. Holway, of Skowhegan, Me., is patiently working on a clock which will be something wonderful when finished. It is to be six feet high, in fifteen sections, and modeled after St. Peter's at Rome. Among its ornaments and embellishments will be 40 movable images.

According to an official Russian daily, the Russian government will furnish most of its regiments shortly with repeating rifles, which for many years it persistently refused to introduce in any form into the army. While in Russia the Shah ordered 10,000 repeating rifles for his troops.

Frank Galart was fishing for sea bass in Vineyard Sound, off East Chop, Mass., when his boat capsized, instantly filled, and sank. For two hours he clung to a floating anchor without anything to assist him, and then was rescued by a passing boat a mile from the spot where his boat went down.

It looks as though France was the greatest country for horse racing in the world. For Sunday, three weeks ago, 38 meetings were advertised, and for the Sunday following twenty. It should be remembered, though, for comparison, that the French [illegible] their racing on Sunday, while England and America run during the week.

Miss Jennie Gilder, the editor of the *Critic*, is a strange compound of masculine and feminine traits. In winter she wears an ulster down to her feet; in summer she wears a close-fitting sack coat, with a man's pockets; under this is a man's vest, holding a watch and chain; her standing collar and cravat are entirely masculine.

Within the last few weeks more than 50,000 acres have been bought in the Bahamas by British and American capitalists, to be devoted to raising sisal hemp. The Bahamas had for some time lost all their commercial life, but the discovery that hemp grows wild has wholly changed their prospects.

Who ever heard of a cheese mine? Yet one has been discovered at Palmyra, Wis. It isn't precisely a mine; it's merely a large quantity of cheese which was buried many years ago beneath a factory and there in some manner forgotten. It has just been discovered, and the valuable product is being quarried out by the present owners of the factory.

An anecdote about Dickens: An old servant entrusted with £70 stole it and made up a story to account for its loss. With the aid of a detective a confession was extracted. Dickens discharged him and settled upon him an annuity of £60 in consideration of his previous good conduct and to [illegible] he might resort to some dishonest means for getting a livelihood.

A party of fossil hunters are having good luck in the North Fork country of Oregon. They have found the bones of small horses, with three toes on each foot; rhinoceros skulls and other bones that show, as they think, that Oregon had a tropical climate before the glaciers came down from the north and covered the land miles deep with ice.

Joaquin Miller, who, after he went into Wall street and lost his little pile, used to rail at the rich and revile leading New York capitalists, has bought 200 acres of land near San Francisco, and [illegible] will have become valuable for town lots. He will probably spend the remainder of his days on the Pacific slope.

In the Southwest they do things differently from most every other part of the country. At Pleasanton, Atascosa county, Tex., they hanged a man last week because one of their great [illegible] which was largely attended. In the adjoining county a white man who was convicted of killing a Chinaman, was let off by the presiding judge because he could not find any law providing for his punishment.

Seventy-three years ago Mrs. Sally B. Weeks Buckman, then a young bride, went to housekeeping in a stone farm house on the west slope of Point Prospect, N. H. The other day, in the same house, where she has lived ever since, she celebrated her 100th birthday, and was strong enough to receive and greet her children, her grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and a host of her friends and acquaintances.

A young man asked a lawyer of Montreal to find out what was the fortune of a young woman of that city. The lawyer went to work, and in time reported that she was worth at least $100,000. The client seemed satisfied, promised to pay liberally, soon married the young woman, and went to the lawyer with a rather small sum of money. The lawyer sent in a bill, and the client refusing to pay, then followed a lawsuit and publicity.

During the last "cereal year" there were loaded and cleared from San Francisco 281 sailing vessels with flour and grain, [illegible] than last year. Most of these were laden with wheat for Europe. Three cargoes of flour came to this country, two to Rio de Janeiro, three to Callao, and one to Valparaiso; six of wheat, [illegible] Australia; and [illegible] Hong Kong.

Clinton A. Snowden, of Tacoma, saw bees going and coming from a hollow tree. He built a fire, smoked out the bees and felled the tree to get the honey. It contained [illegible] of it; but, better yet, there was [illegible] in the hollow trunk. It had evidently been deposited there [illegible] washed up [illegible] course of time [illegible] Mr. Snowden got over $7,000 for the gold.

In the latter part of July the wife of Ong Wo, a rich Chinaman of Los Angeles, was abducted. Her husband offered $400 for the capture of the abductor, and the supervisors offered $200 for the capture of each accomplice. Eighteen days afterward the woman was found [illegible] the town. She was [illegible] in the brush, and [illegible] and another [illegible] was keeping watch outside. She said that she had been [illegible] her [illegible]

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXII.

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW.

Oh, shipmates, come gather and join in my ditty;
It's of a terrible battle that happened of late,
Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity;
When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.
The eighth day of March told a terrible story,
And many a brave tar to this world bid adieu;
Yet our flag it was wrapt in a mantle of glory,
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On the ill-fated day, about ten in the morning,
The sky it was clear, and bright shone the sun;
The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
That told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing,
And high in the air the rebel flag flew;
The pennant of treason she proudly was waving,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

Then up spake our captain, with stern resolution,
Saying: "My boys, of this monster now don't be dismayed.
We swear to maintain our beloved constitution,
And to die for our country we are not afraid!
We fight for the Union; our cause it is glorious,
To the stars and the stripes we will stand ever true,
We'll sink at our quarters or conquer victorious!"
Was answered with cheers from the Cumberland's crew.

Now our gallant ship fired, her guns dreadful thunder,
Her broadside, like hail, on the rebels did pour;
The people gazed on, struck with terror and wonder;
The shots struck her side, and glanced harmlessly o'er;
But the pride of our navy could never be daunted,
Tho' the dead and the wounded her deck they did strew,
And the flag of our Union, how proudly she flaunted,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's crew.

Slowly they sunk beneath Virginia's waters;
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more—
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters;
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore!
In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying,
Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu!
But the star-spangled banner above them is flying,
It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew.

They fought us three hours with a stern resolution,
Till those rebels found cannon would never avail them,
For the flag of secession has no power to gall them,
Tho' the blood from the scuppers it crimsoned the tide;
She struck us amidship, our planks she did sever;
Her sharp iron prong pierced our noble ship through,
And still as she sank on that dark rolling river,
"We'll die at our guns!" cried the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's sweet birthright of Freedom's communion,
Thy flag never floated so proudly before;
For the spirit of those that died for our union
Above its broad folds now exultingly roar;
And when our sailors in battle assemble,
God bless our dear banner, the red, white and blue;
Beneath its bright stars, we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or sink at our guns, like the Cumberland's crew.

COL. ELLSWORTH.

A WAR SONG OF 1861.

Entering the traitor's city with his soldiers true,
Leading up the zouave column, fixed became his view;
See, a rebel flag is floating on yon building tall!
Spake he, while his dark eye glistens, "Boys, that flag must fall."

CHORUS.—Strike, freemen, for the Union!
Sheathe your swords no more
While remains in arms a traitor on Columbia's shore!

Quickly from its proud position that base flag was borne,
Trampled 'neath the feet of freeman circling Ellsworth's form;
See him bear it down the landing past the traitor's door;
Hear him groan, "O God, they've shot him! Ellsworth is no more!"

First to fall, thou youthful martyr, hopeless was thy fate!
Haste me on as thy avengers from thy native state!
Speed me on, through town and city, not for wealth nor fame,
But because we love the Union and our Ellsworth's name!

Traitors' hands shall never sunder that for which you allied!
Hear the oath our lips now utter, thou, our nation's pride!
By the hope of yon bright heaven, by the land we love,
By the God who reigns above us, we'll avenge thy blood!

THE LITTLE MAJOR.

At his post the little major
Dropped his drum that battle day,
On the field all stained with crimson,
Through the battle night he lay,
Crying, "Oh! for love of Jesus,
Grant me just one little boon;
Can you, friends, refuse me water?
Can you, when I die so soon?"

CHORUS:—Crying: "Oh! for love of Jesus,
Grant me but one little boon;
Can you, friends, refuse me water?
Can you, when I die so soon?"

There were none to hear or help him,
All his friends were early fled,
Save the forms outstretched around him
Of the dying and the dead.
Hark! they come, there falls a footstep,
How it makes his heart rejoice;
They will help. Oh, they will save him;
When they hear his fainting voice.

Now the lights are flashing 'round him,
And he hears a loyal word,
Strangers, they whose lips pronounce it,
Yet he trusts his voice is heard.
It is heard. Oh, God, forgive them,
They refuse his dying prayers.
"Nothing but a wounded drummer,"
So they said and left him there.

See, the moon that shone above him,
Veils her face as if in grief;
And the stars are sadly weeping,
Shedding dewdrops of relief.
Yet, to die by friends forsaken,
With his last request denied,
This he felt his keenest anguish,
When, at morn, he gasped and died.

In the Gulf Stream.

Popular Science Monthly.

The surface waters in the Gulf stream teem with minute life of all kinds. There the young of larger animals exist, microscopic in size; and adult animals which never grow large enough to be plainly visible to the naked eye occur in immense quantities. By dragging a fine silk net behind the vessel, these minute forms are easily taken, and when placed in glass dishes, millions uncounted are seen swimming backward and forward. When looked at through a microscope we see young jelly fishes, the young of barnacles, crabs and shrimps, besides the adult microscopic species, which are very abundant. The toothless whale finds in these his only food. Rushing through the water with mouth wide open, by means of his whalebone strainers the minute forms are separated from the water. Swallowing those obtained after a short period of straining, he repeats the operation. The abundance of this kind of life can be judged from the fact that nearly all kinds of whales exist exclusively upon these animals, most of them so small that they are not noticed on the surface.

A Severe Test.

Two little girls, returning hand in hand from school, saw a small and very tired-looking dog lying crouched, with half-closed eyes, at the feet of a half-famished beggar on the street corner. The girls stopped, bent curiously and pityingly over the dog and began to speculate as to whether he was blind.

"I don't believe he can see us," said one of them. "He doesn't seem to take any notice. He's blind."

"Perhaps it's only because he's so tired," the other suggested.

The poor dog slowly opened and closed his eyes, but paid no attention to the children.

"No," said the second of the girls again; "he isn't blind. I'll show you."

Bending down close to the dog with her face full of the utmost good faith, the child opened her little hand before his eyes, and said:

"How many fingers?"—*Youth's Companion.*

A bright boy at Nahant came to town on Wednesday to see the President, and on his return was asked what he thought of him. "Well," replied the young Republican, "I was disappointed. There's a man in Lynn who looks more like Mr. Harrison than he does himself."

KISMET.

Must I walk in ways
Beaten for my feet—my tho'ts in all my days
Measured to me—so much of love—so much of fear;
Nor give unreckoned help, nor ready ear,
To cry of misery? but like a clock wound
For a day, more circumscribed, with hands bound?
I will not, nay I dare not, idly wait
With folded hands the coming of, men call it, fate.
I'll go to meet, and on the way do kindness—
It may be, Fate will pass me by, in blindness.
LOUISE HOUGHTON.

FASHION NOTES.

Green is a popular shade for stockings.

The prettiest tea cloths have hemstitched borders.

The zouave jacket is again a feature in ladies' fashions.

Vienna cloth, a warm, velvety material costs at least $5 a yard.

White duck suits are worn by gentlemen who copy English fashions.

Golden tan gloves with pointed cuffs are the favorites for driving.

The craze for moonstones has a tendency to make them more and more costly.

Ginghams, if jauntily made, are considered in good taste for luncheon parties.

The color known as officers' red is fashionable even at this time of year.

The frock coat is the only formal coat of ceremony for men's wear in the daytime.

Gloves delicately perfumed with violet are among the London novelties just out.

As many as 100 roses are sometimes massed together for an opera or bridal bouquet.

The black ribbon collars now seen on light dresses are fastened with small Rhinestone buckles.

Women do not now wear a profusion of underskirts. One is now considered sufficient.

It is a common thing for ladies to have their stockings embroidered with their monograms.

To be just too awfully chic this summer ladies must wear coral ornaments on their bathing costumes.

The embroidering of bath blankets is a fancy work which occupies feminine sojourners at the seaside.

A gown with sleeves made of a different style and shape, one from the other, is the newest kink in fashions.

White violets and lilies of the valley have been the favorite flowers for bridal bouquets during the season.

With the Recamier wrapper, which is a simple short-waisted gown, is worn a turned-over collar of embroidery, with cuffs to match.

When white gloves are used for driving they are stitched on the back with three rows of black, each row a quarter of an inch wide.

A man in white flannel trousers and shirt and a blue and white blazer, was the cynosure of all eyes in an elevated train the other day.

Each and every article of under linen in the trousseau of the Princess Louise, of Wales, was embroidered with a coronet and the letter L.

Silk linings have not been used as extensively as last year. The waist lining and foundation skirt for cotton dresses are made of white lawn.

Few English ladies wear gloves over twelve buttons in length. This fashion has followed a request from the Queen that more should be seen of the ladies' arms at her drawing rooms.

AN AWFUL AWAKING.

Human Nature Asserts Itself, Despite the Honeymoon.

Detroit Free Press.

"How glad I am, dearie, that our tastes are so very similar," said young Mrs Honeylip to her husband when they had returned from their bridal tour, and were furnishing the flat in which they were to be "so perfectly happy."

"We agree about everything, don't we darling?" she continued. "We both wanted cardinal and gray to be the prevailing tones in the parlor, we agreed exactly about the blue room, and both wanted oak for the dining-room and hall. We like the same kind of chairs. Oh, we agree exactly, don't we, and how nice it is. I'd feel dreadful if we didn't agree, particularly about any important thing."

"So would I, darling," he said. "It's lovely to live in such perfect harmony. Now, I guess I'll hang this lovely water color your aunt gave us right over this cabinet, shan't I?"

"I don't hardly know, my dear. Wouldn't it look better over over that bracket on the opposite wall?"

"I hardly think so, love; the light is so much better here."

"Do you think so, George? Really, now, I don't like it in that light."

"You don't? Why, it's just the light for it. It's entirely too dark for a water color on the other wall."

"I don't think so at all. Water colors don't want a great deal of light."

"They certainly don't want to be in the shade."

"They certainly don't want to hang in a perfect glare of light."

"I guess I've hung pictures before to-day, and——"

"Oh, George, how cross you are!"

"I'm no crosser than you, and——"

"You are, too, and I—I—oh, how can you be so cruel?"

"Pshaw, Helen, I only said——"

"Oh, I know, and it has broken my heart."

"There, there, dear——"

"Oh, it has! I—I—George, do you really want me to go back to mamma and papa?"

"Why, darling, you know——"

"Be—be—cause, hoo, hoo! if you d—d—o, hoo, hoo! I will. It would be better, hoo, hoo! than for us to quarrel so over everything, and——"

"There, there, my dear, I——"

"Mamma was afraid we were too unlike in disposition to get along well, but I—I—oh, George, this is too perfectly dreadful!"

QUAINT OLD RIDDLES.

The Sort of Thing Our Grandfathers Used to Play With.

Some of the following riddles remind us of another one. Twelve travelers came at night to an inn, where they were told that only eleven rooms are at their disposal. Each traveler insisted upon having his own room, and the landlord was at his wits' end. Finally he solved the problem. He put the first man and the twelfth man into the first room. That made two out of the way. The third man he then put into the second room, the fourth man into the third room, and so on to the eleventh man whom he ushered into the tenth room. That left the eleventh room vacant, so he took the twelfth man from his temporary resting-place in the first room and bestowed him in the eleventh. Thus each traveler was provided with a separate room. How?

"Humpty Dumpty on the wall" is one of the best-known examples of the old style riddle.

Some of the antique riddles are perfect gibberish. Take this, for instance: "I went up wiltry and looked out of jiltry-joltry and saw a hakem pakem taking away company. I called for my hansenchanchany to shoot the hakem-pakem that was taking away company." Now this is supposed to detail the discovery of a fox in the act of running away with a goose and the subsequent shooting of the thief with a blunderbuss.

"Two legs sat on three legs, with one leg picking in his hand. In comes four legs and runs away with one leg. Up jumps two legs throws three legs after four legs, and brings back one leg." When it is said that the one leg is of mutton, and the two legs are those of a man sitting on a three legged stool, and that the four legs belong to a dog, the depth of the riddle's ingenuity may be solved.

One of these old-time punning riddles runs in this wise:

As I was going over London bridge I met a Westminster scholar;
He took off his hat and drew off his glove, now what was the name of this scholar?

It was Andrew, but no one is supposed to guess his hidden combination of words until after much pondering.

Very similar in character is the following arithmetical proposition:

Eliza, Elizabeth, Bettie and Bess
Went over the river to get a bird's nest;
A nest was found with four eggs in it,
They took one each, yet left three in it.

Hugs and Kisses.

Experts in engagement matters state that the ring should always be on hand.—*Washington Capital.*

A rejected suitor may be said to be suffering from heart failure on the part of the girl.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A Reading youth has been rejected seventeen times by the same girl. It begins to look as though he did not suitor.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The young man who cannot tell whether a young lady is willing to marry him without asking her is stupid enough to leave her when she says "No."—*Binghamton Republican.*

SEPTEMBER SKIES.

THREE EVENTS OF IMPORTANCE

To Those Who Watch the Skies—Some Interesting Information for the People.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In September, three astronomical events of especial popular interest will take place. These, in the order in which they come to pass, will be the harvest moon, the conjunction of Mars and Saturn, and the "crossing of the equinoctial." The first mentioned will occur on the 9th, the second on the 20th, and the third on the 22d.

The moon, which reaches its full stage in September or early October, is in that part of its orbit which makes the smallest inclination with our horizon. In this latitude the interval between successive risings of the moon is from about twenty-five minutes to seventy or eighty minutes above twenty-four hours. The full moon, for illustration, which takes place on September 9 this year, and which rises on that evening just as the sun sets, will rise on the 10th twenty-nine minutes later in the evening, and makes its appearance on successive evenings about twenty-nine minutes later and later. The moon which fulled last March rose, on successive evenings, at intervals in excess of the twenty-four hour limit much more than twice as great as this, or sixty-nine minutes later and later each day. The fact of the moon's rising for several successive nights in September at nearly the same time was interpreted by the simple-minded agriculturists of England of a few centuries ago as a beneficent provision of Providence intended to aid them in gathering their crops. Hence it came to be called the harvest moon.

The conjunction between Mars and Saturn which has been mentioned will, from its closeness, be among the most notable occurrences of its class. Each of these planets is moving across the firmament in a somewhat different direction and at a different rate of speed than the other, while the earth from which we see them is also, of course, continually in motion. About 4 o'clock in central standard time on the morning of September 20 both planets will be almost in the same line, as viewed by us. The difference in their position in the sky at that moment will be but about one minute of arc, or a sixteenth part of a degree of angular measurement. This difference is about a thirteenth part of the apparent diameter of the full moon. To the average observer with the naked eye the two planets will appear as one object. On the morning of the conjunction Mars and Saturn will rise about two hours earlier than the sun, and when that event takes place both will be in plain view above the eastern horizon, a little north of the sunrise point.

When the sun "crosses the line" on September 22 that body will have completed half of its apparent journey southward, which it began on June 21 last, and which it will finish on December 21 next. Between the two dates last mentioned, as even the most careless observer who follows its movements for a few consecutive days will notice, the places of the sun's risings, culminations and settings are always, on successive days, farther and farther to the southward. The path which it describes across the heavens in that time is steadily shortening and the duration of the daylight period continually lessening. About September 22 each year the sun passes the half-way house on its southerly voyage. Days and nights are then approximately equal in duration all over the world, and the astronomical autumn begins.

The evening stars in September are Mercury, Jupiter and Uranus. Mercury will set about three-quarters of an hour later than the sun on the opening days of September, and at a shorter interval after the sun in the latter part of the month. It will not be very favorably situated for observation, however, at any time in September. On the 20th it will be at its farthest distance from the sun, as viewed by us. It will be 26 deg. east of the great central luminary of the system on that date.

Jupiter is still the most brilliant and conspicuous planet visible in the evening. It is farther west than it was a month ago, however, and the duration of its stay above the horizon is rapidly lessening. At sunset it will be seen a little west of the southerly point. On the opening days of the month it sets at a little after 11 o'clock, while when the month ends it will sink below the horizon an hour earlier. Jupiter yet remains in the constellation of the Archer.

Uranus is in the constellation of the Virgin, where it has been for many months past, and sets about the same time as Mercury. The Virgin is low in the southwest at sunset. Nearness to the sun, remoteness from the earth and its low declination makes Uranus an inconspicuous object during September. Spica, its companion for a year or more past, and the leading orb in the star group of the Virgin, has also lost much of its brilliancy by its approach to the sun.

Venus, Mars and Saturn are morning stars. The first named holds the position of prominence in the starry host, appearing above the easterly horizon between midnight and sunrise, which it has occupied for several months past. In the early days of September Venus will rise a little after 2 o'clock in the morning, and about fifty minutes later than that hour when the month ends. Venus will be in the constellation of the Crab during September.

Both Mars and Saturn are in the star group of the Lion. Each, during September, will be near Regulus, the principal luminary belonging to that constellation. The only event in the career of these planets during the month which will be of popular interest, will be their conjunction with each other, which has already been referred to, and their conjunction with the moon, which will hereafter be mentioned.

On September 3, about 9 o'clock in the evening, the moon will make a near approach to Jupiter, but not so close as in several preceding months during the year. When at their nearest, these orbs will be but a degree apart, Jupiter being to the south of our sattelite. This phenomenon will be in plain view in the southerly firmament. When it occurs the moon will have just completed its first quarter.

The second important conjunction in September between the moon and any of the planets will occur on the 21st. At 8 o'clock in the evening of that day the moon will pass Venus. At their nearest to each other these orbs will be about three and a quarter degrees apart. Venus being to the southward.

On the 22d day of the month the moon will make a close approach to Mars and Saturn. This will be about two days later than the conjunction between these two planets, and both will still be near the same point in the firmament. The moon will be at its closest to Saturn at 5 o'clock in the morning, and will be nearest Mars three hours later. Saturn will be two degrees and forty-five minutes south, and Mars two degrees and forty-seven minutes south of the moon when these events occur. The conjunction with Saturn will take place long enough before sunrise to be visible, but that with Mars will occur after daylight begins.

One more important conjunction will take place in September, but it will be between planets. On the 26th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, Venus will swing past Saturn, coming within half a degree, a distance equal to the apparent diameter of the moon, of the Ringed Planet, Venus being the further to the southward.

Don't Mind It.

Don't of your temper lose control;
Laugh, laugh, and do not cry,
When Beauty with her parasol
Has jabbed you in the eye.

Varieties of Motion.

According to the recent computation of a German scientist, a snail in one second moves .0015 metre; a man walking, 1.25 metres; a man on snowshoes, 2.95; the swiftest river, 4; a balloon in a calm, 6.4; a sprinter, 7.1; fly, 7.6; fast steamboat, 8.5; fresh breeze, 10; torpedo boat, 11.5; very fast skater, 11.6; running race horse, 12.6; mountain torrent, 14.3; express train, 16.7; ocean wave, 21.8; carrier pigeon, 27; swallow, 67; heavy cyclone, 116; sound, 337; an equatorial point, 463; cannon ball, 500. In a second the moon moves 1 kilometre; explosion of gun cotton, 5.8 kilometres; sun, 7.6; Sirius, 15.4; the earth, 29.5; shooting star on the average, 40; Halley's comet near the sun, 393; storm on the sun, 402; cable current, 4,000; telegraphic current, 11,690; induction current, 18,400; light, 300,000; discharge of Leyden jar on copper wire, 1.7 mill metres through, 463,500.

Need No Clergyman.

In the course of his recent bright speech at the Ashfield dinner Joseph H. Choate told a story of a dying miner whose doctor advised him to call a clergyman. "What do I want of a clergyman?" said the miner; "I never voted the Democratic ticket in my life. George William Curtis sat near Mr. Choate, but it is not stated what sort of an expression passed over his face while Mr. Choate was paying this beautiful tribute to a party for which Mr. Curtis has done so much.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Moral Power Did It.

Hartford Courant.

We haven't much of a navy as yet, and only a skeleton of an army, but we notice the Malietoa is back in Samoa.

Probably They Lie.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Senator Wade Hampton and the leading Democratic organs are very positive that "the President's policy is greatly strengthening the Democratic party in the South." Strange enough, coupled with this sentiment there is bitter denunciation of President Harrison. If he is doing them such admirable service why do Democrats burn his appointees in effigy and exhaust the language in denouncing his administration?

"A Seedy Pancake in Frills."

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* is to be envied its felicitous use of language when it declares that "it is not at all probable that men so distinguished for taste and intelligence as the American florists could think for a moment of choosing the immodest sunflower—a mere seedy pancake in yellow frills—for the high and honorable function of the national flower.

Electric Possibilities for Young Men.

Springfield Union.

Young man, if you are in search of a career, study electrical engineering and make yourself master of the subject. It is estimated that $600,000,000 has been invested in electrical inventions and apparatus in this country, over $80,000,000 of which has been invested within a year. So far as we can see there is no end to the appliances of the electric force, and the men who know how to apply and manage it will have plenty to do for years to come.

Eminent Philanthropists.

Indianapolis Journal.

Coal Baron Scott, of Pennsylvania, who has bought 40,000 acres of coal lands in Illinois, declines to treat with miners or organized bodies, but insists upon making contracts with them as individuals. This is one of the things that rouse that eminent friend of the laboring man, Senator Voorhees, to a frenzy of rage. Although Scott is a Democrat of high degree, Voorhees, of course, has him on the list of "the Carnegies" he means to dispose of when he goes out hanging.

Get Off the Train.

Tasting, Sipping, Moderation, Tippling and Drunkenness are the more prominent stations on the road to Ruin, according to the *Southern Star.*

A Fact Needing Circulation.

Detroit Journal.

Henry George, the "single-tax" theorist, announces his intention of conducting a single tax campaign, to extend all over the country, after the manner of his English tour of agitation. The trouble with Henry George's specialty is that it is misunderstood. People generally suppose that it is a plan to reduce taxes, or to save some classes from paying taxes. When it is generally understood that under this system people will be as much taxed as ever, there will be a general sense of disgust.

Free Trade Lying.

Ohio Sonntagsgast.

A few months ago, when numerous furnaces closed (which is done every year during summer for the purpose of renewing the lining of the furnaces), the Democratic papers pointed to it as a result of the tariff. "The working-men voted for Harrison; now they get their reward for it. It serves them right," they said. But now, when one furnace after another is starting again, those papers hardly notice it.

Subsidize and Protect.

Denmark for 25 years has spent $50,000 yearly in the maintenance of dairy schools. As a result of the training the butter-makers have received at this school the butter of the country has so much improved in quality that within twenty years Denmark's exports increased from $2,100,000 to $13,000,000 per annum.

Ohio Has a Cinch on It.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Illinois will contest with Ohio for third place in population in the census of 1890, New York and Pennsylvania holding firmly first and second places.

No, Thank You.

Boston Traveller.

Senator Wade Hampton presents a new argument against protection. He says: "The less protection, the more capital will go to develop the industries of the South." In other words, take off the protection now afforded to northern capital and it will be driven to seek investment in the South. No, thank you, Mr. Senator.

The Rape of West Virginia.

The Democratic Philadelphia *Times* warns the West Virginia Democrats that they have acted unwisely in counting out Goff from the governorship, "on the weakest technicalities," and without having discovered "sufficient frauds in the Goff vote to change the return." It argues that the precedent "is replete with danger not only to the party that establishes it, but also to free government." According to this high Democratic authority, "it furnishes a precedent for the next Congress to reject every Democratic Congressman elected in that state." "It is such chickens that always come home to roost, and the partisan legislative committee has done more to invite violence from the party in power than in all the combined cupidity and ambition of pretenders for place."

Make the Survivors Comfortable.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Grand Army of the Republic lost 4,696 of its members by death, last year. This shows how rapidly the veterans are passing away, and suggests at the same time that the country's highest duty is to make them as comfortable and happy as possible with liberal pensions.

In Good Hands.

Buffalo Express.

The treasury surplus was $70,000,000 ten days ago. It is $42,000,000 to-day. The reduction was made by buying bonds. What more natural way is there to reduce the nation's hoardings than by paying its debts, especially when the same operation regulates the money market?

Sherman Has It Right.

Indianapolis Journal.

General Sherman does not think the Grand Army of the Republic is a "grand army of pensioners and office seekers." He thinks the old soldiers composing it are men to be loved and venerated by a grateful country. General Sherman, it will be seen, holds some ideas in opposition to those expressed by certain smart young editors.

Said Too Much.

New York Tribune.

The Philadelphia *Press* makes a palpable hit at the expense of Senator Barbour. The Senator, in addressing the Virginia Democratic Convention, made this statement: "The negroes prefer to combine their entire strength as a rule, at the polls and to cast their solid vote against the great majority of the whites. In this way the color line is distinctly drawn by the majority element," etc. If this be so, the *Press* asks how is it that the Democratic returning officers in Virginia steadily report large Democratic majorities from a number of counties in which the negroes are by far in the ascendant. The southern Democrats are always contending that one reason for the majorities is that the negroes are beginning to vote their ticket. Mr. Barbour has said altogether too much.

Not a Silent Partner.

"John," said a fond wife as she laid down the paper which she had been reading, "what is a silent partner?"

"A silent partner, my dear, is a member of a firm who takes no active part in its business. The active partner or partners do the work and he gets his share of the profits."

"I see. By the way, isn't marriage a partnership?"

"It undoubtedly is."

"And you are the active partner and I the silent one. You carry on the business for the concern. Where is my share of the profits?"

"Ah! my dear, you are not the silent partner. You talk too much for that."—*Boston Courier.*

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FALL PLANTING. We offer the largest and most complete general stock in the U. S., besides many Novelties. Catalogues sent to all regular customers, free. To others: No. 1, Fruits, 10c.; No. 2, Ornamental Trees, etc., illustrated, 15c.; No. 3, Strawberries; No. 4, Wholesale; No. 5, Roses. Free.
ELLWANGER & BARRY
MT. HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, New York.

IF TO-NIGHT WERE THE LAST.

CELIA RICHMOND.

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."—Gen. xxxi, 49.

If you knew that to-night were the last
You would clasp my hand in your own,
That to-morrow far stretches of earth
Between us might roll, bleak and lone—
Would you know, too, that this hand of mine
Would miss, dear, thine answering thrill,
Would reach for thine vainly, with longing?
Would you know that I loved you still?

If perchance mine eyes, that so often
Have gazed into thine, deep and true—
Dear eyes—with a light born of loving,
And tender as heaven's own blue—
Should on earth ne'er behold thee;
Ne'er watch for thy coming, until
In a better country they greet thee—
Would you know that I loved you still?

If we knew that again we'd not stand
Hand to hand, face to face, dear heart,
Not again—till the great All Father
Home hath called us, no more to part;—
Would your heart that has beat responsive
To mine oft, yet this truth fulfill—
That distance's no barrier to hearts, dear?
Would you know that I loved you still?

While we're absent one from the other,
May God watch between thee and me!
And bless thee, my friend, as he blesses
All loving hearts like unto thee!
Till once more we may meet each other
On earth, if God will; if not—till
In the dear, glad country of heaven,
You will know that I loved you still.

A HUNT WITH CHEETAHS.

How Deer Are Stalked with Tame Leopards in Central India.

The following account of hunting with tame leopards, of the species called the cheetah, at Dhar, in Central India, is contributed to the London *Illustrated News* by Col. Ward Bennitt:

"We were staying with the Maharajah of Dhar, and one day he said we should see a cheetah-hunt, so we started on horseback about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The cheetahs looked lovely and seemed quite tame, following the shikaris like dogs. We went about five miles over very bad ground, and it was exceedingly hot.

"At last, to our delight, we saw a herd of deer about a mile off and we at once stopped, while the shikari went forward with two cheetahs. Presently one of the cheetahs stood still, peered about and lay down, slowly whisking his tail from side to side.

"The man said, 'He has seen the deer.' Soon he got up again and went after his companion and seemed to communicate to him that deer were in sight. Then they both lay down at once.

"After a little time they got up and began stalking the deer through the grass. It was very difficult to distinguish the cheetahs, as they were much the same color as the ground.

"Presently, the deer became aware something was up, and stopped and looked about; then, suddenly, they all got together, and began trotting off, followed at once by the cheetahs, who, although far behind, gained ground at every stride, and we could see they had each singled out a black buck, taking no notice of the rest of the herd tearing off in all directions.

"Luckily they came toward us, and we saw one cheetah give a high spring, about fifteen yards, and seize his buck by the throat and roll it over. We did not look any more, we knew nothing would induce the cheetah to leave its prey till the buck's throat was cut and the animal enticed away with a ladleful of blood.

"The other cheetah having missed when it sprang, gave up the chase, and came straight back to his master with his tail between his legs. We were very lucky to see the hunt, for I find many old Indians eave never had the good fortune to witness one, and the Maharajah seldom allows the cheetahs to indulge in the sport."

Pepper and Salt.

Making love by telegraph is described as an electric spark.

Heaven is easy for angels to reach. It is only one flight up.

That the moon is made of green cheese, is a mere idle fancy, but that the honeymoon is made of taffy is an established fact.

He who has no silver in his purse, should have silver on his tongue.

The man who boasts that he is ready to shed his last drop of blood, is generally very particular about shedding the first drop.

About this time Mary's little lamb trembles from fear of going into the elixir.

A summer resort phenomenon—the longer a man stops, the shorter he gets.

A great deal of fault can be found with a defaulter.

The man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble. He has enough of it.

A man is not necessarily a coward, because he hesitates on a narrow plank.

A seaman who is the most wreckless ought to receive the biggest salary.

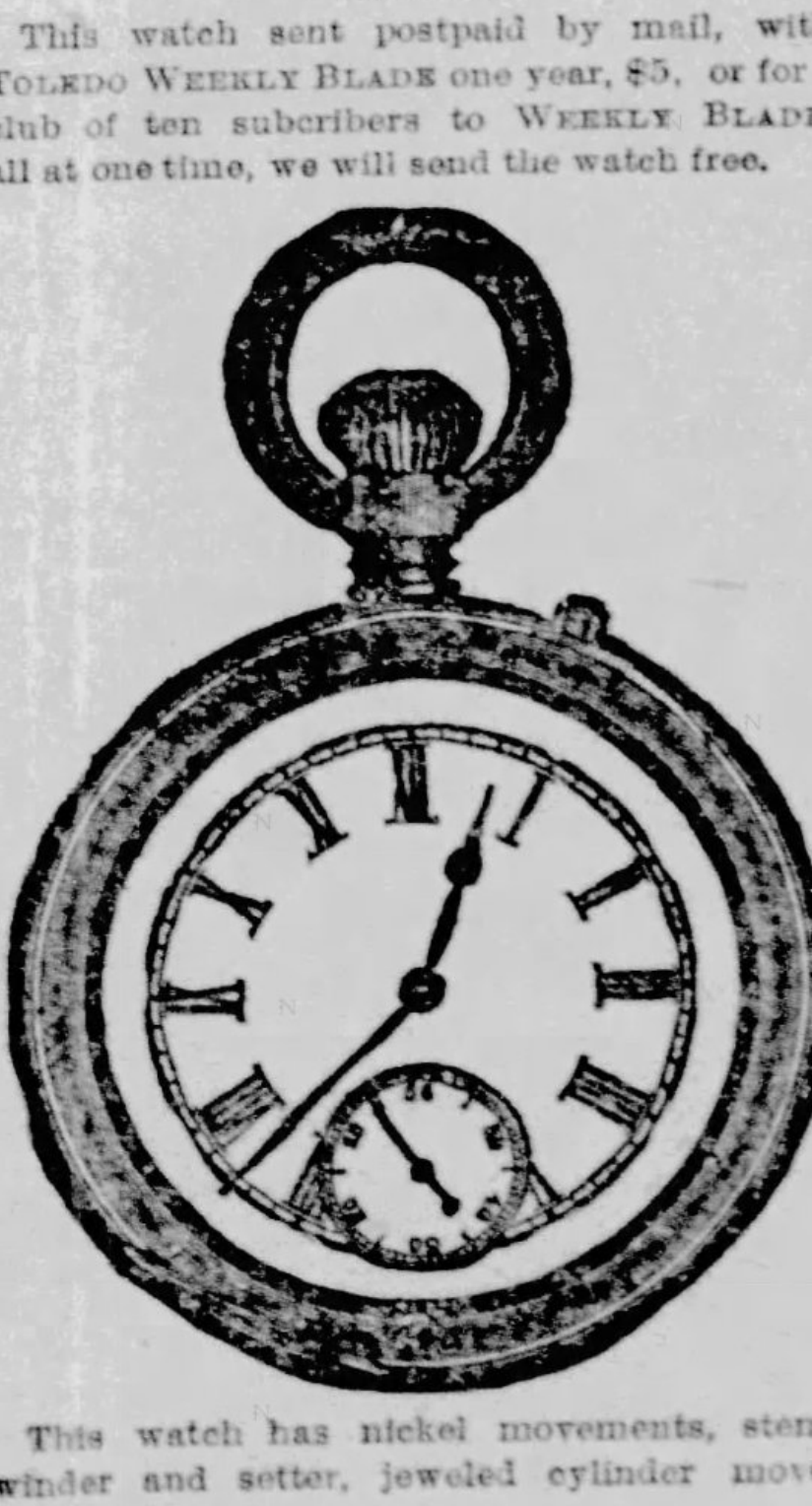
Loose morals often lead to close confinement.

It doesn't take much to cause a very tall man to get uppish.

Publishers' Column.

THE VICTOR WATCH—A GOOD TIME PIECE.

This watch sent postpaid by mail, with TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE one year, $5, or for a club of ten subcribers to WEEKLY BLADE, all at one time, we will send the watch free.



This watch has nickel movements, stem-winder and setter, jeweled cylinder movement, silverus case.

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Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

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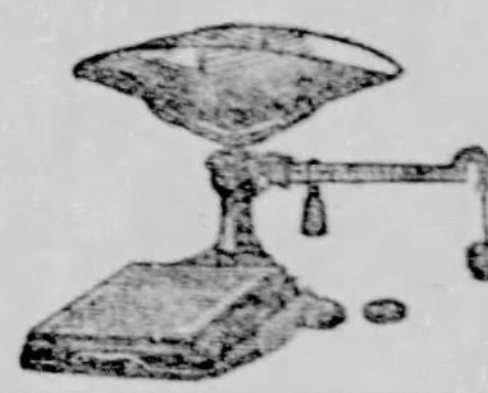

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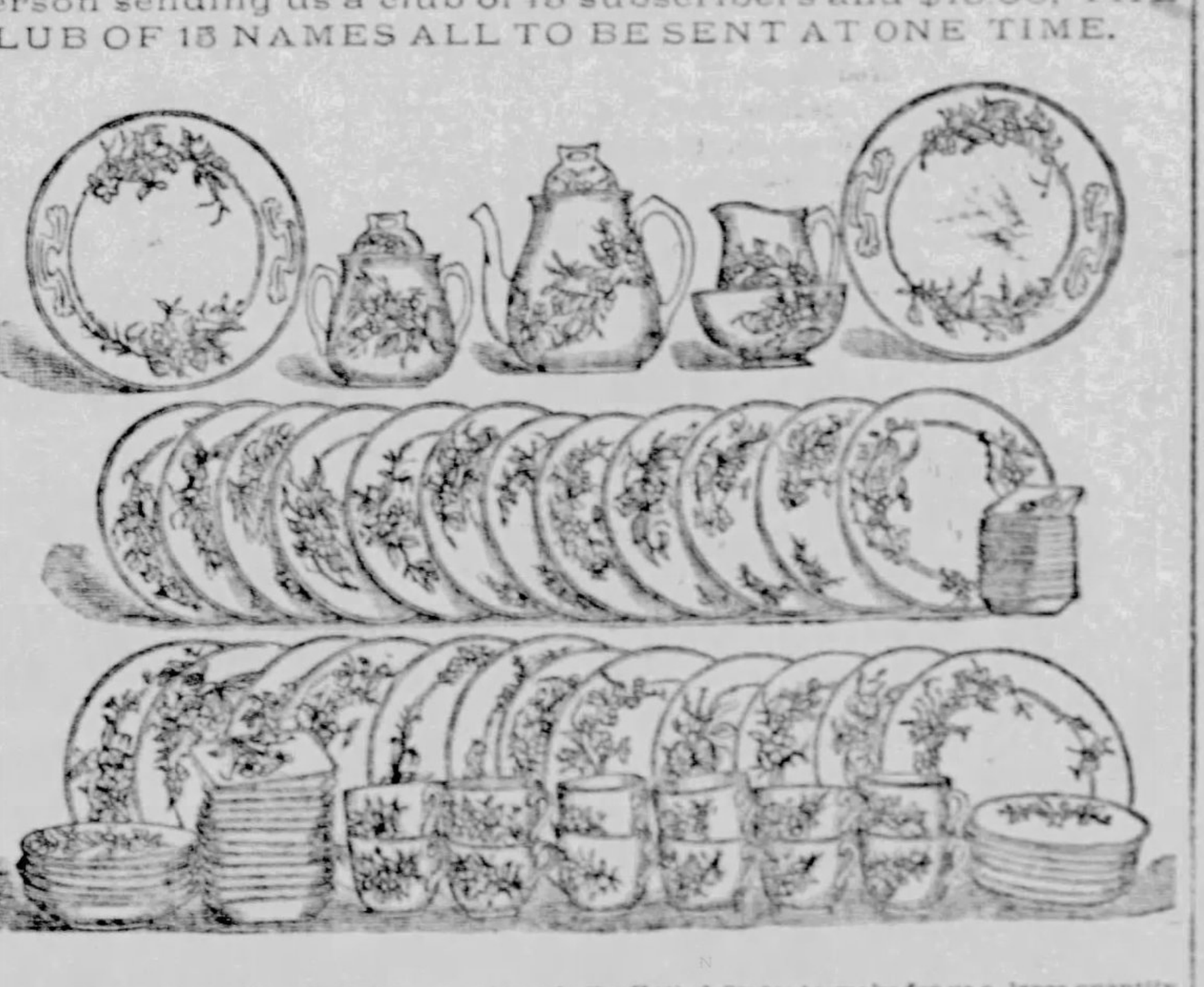
Blade Tea Set.

Eighty pieces, handsomely decorated, in colors and gold band. Only $7.50 for this Elegant China Tea Set and the Weekly BLADE, one year! or we will present a set to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $15.00, THE CLUB OF 15 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.

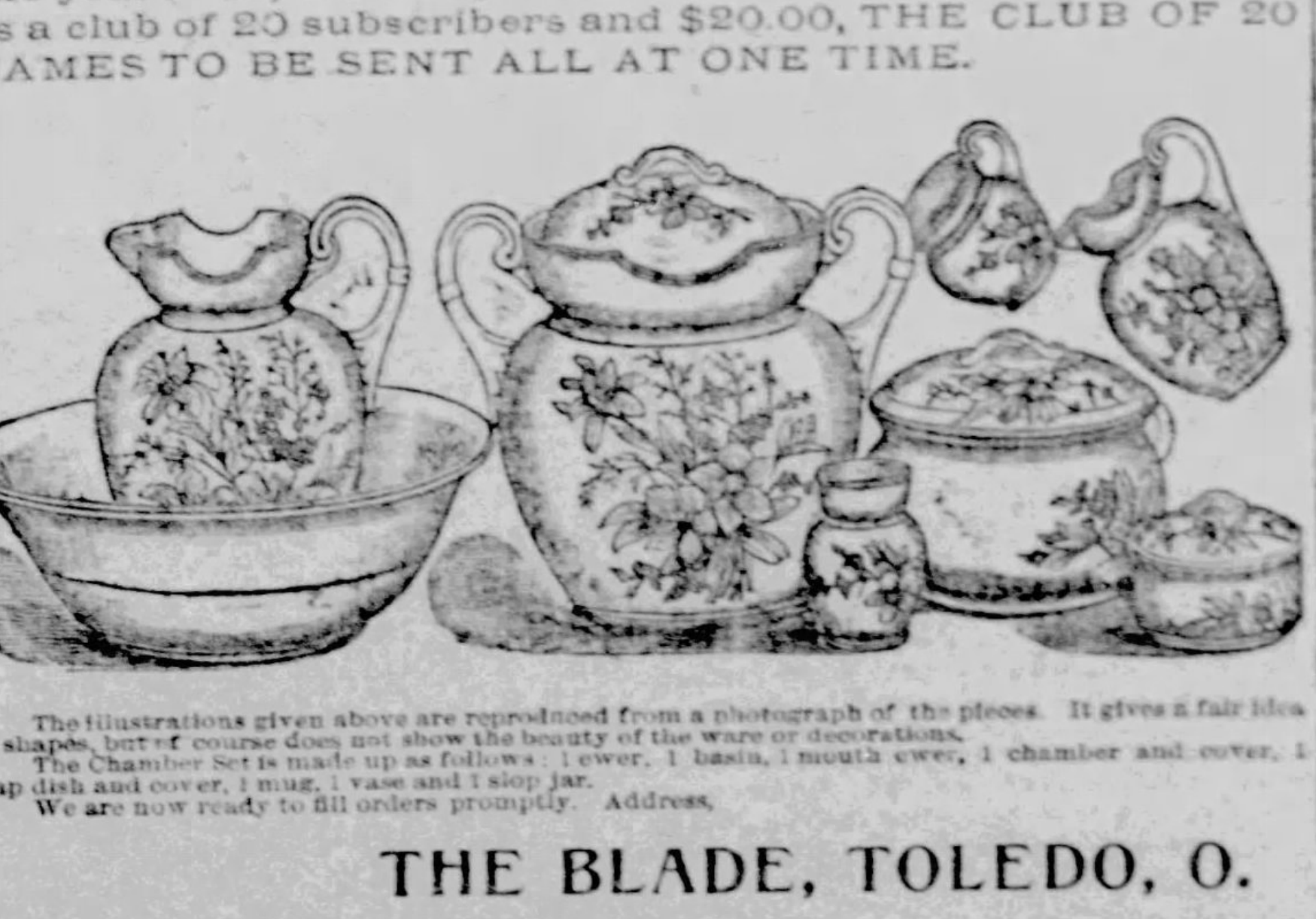


We have contracted with the largest pottery in the United States to make for us a large quantity of Blade Tea Sets of Special designs and decorations. In so large purchases as we make for cash we have secured the lowest prices in the world for such goods, and at the same time we require the finest quality of material, the best grade of workmanship, and the most artistic design of color and decorations. Twenty years ago none but the most wealthy could afford such a set as we here offer, but now we propose to place them within the reach of every reader of the BLADE.

This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucer 12 fruit dishes, 12 butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot and cover, 1 sugar bowl and cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl. These goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer, and shipped upon our order direct to the purchaser. They can be sent by freight or express. We advise freight, as the expense is lighter. The receiver pays transportation. We think a little over $1.00 will pay freight, to any point east of the Mississippi, while it may require from $2.00 to $2.50 to carry a set beyond the "Rockies." We are assured that these goods are not only equal, but superior to the best English goods. We know the material, enamel, style and decoration to be superior to foreign goods that retail for twice the amount we ask for these. Never was so handsome a set offered for so little money. We make no profit. We want to encourage clubs. Most any energetic person can raise a club of 15 subscribers to the BLADE in a day or two.

A Decorated Toilet or Chamber Set.

Twelve large pieces, richly decorated in colors and gold, only $10 for this elegant Chamber Set and Weekly BLADE, one year! Or, we will present a set to any person sending us a club of 20 subscribers and $20.00, THE CLUB OF 20 NAMES TO BE SENT ALL AT ONE TIME.



The illustrations given above are reproduced from a photograph of the pieces. It gives a fair idea of shapes, but of course does not show the beauty of the ware or decorations.
The Chamber Set is made up as follows: 1 ewer, 1 basin, 1 mouth ewer, 1 chamber and cover, 1 soap dish and cover, 1 mug, 1 vase and 1 slop jar.
We are now ready to fill orders promptly. Address,

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PUBLISHERS HOME QUEST, 79 Nassau Street, New York City, N. Y.

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We want a man in every locality to act as Private Detective under our instructions. Particulars free. Central Detective Bureau, Box 195, Topeka, Kans.

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ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL. THIS NEW ELASTIC TRUSS
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It will get the old reliable, popular, richly Illustrated Household Companion of New York, 1 year—same size Harper's or Leslie's Illustrated Weeklies—and a full set Dickens Works, (15 vols.) It will get Household Companion 1 year and a complete set (25) Waverly Novels—either set of these books at any book store would cost $10. It will get Household Companion 1 year and 100 other charming and thrilling stories or novels by the very best authors in the world, all handsomely bound and illustrated. If you accept above offer send 15 cts. in silver or stamps for 3 months trial subscription to Household Companion and we will trust to your honor to pay the balance when you receive the books and are satisfied everything is as we claim. Papers sent by mail, books by express, all charges prepaid. Our only aim in making this unusual and unheard of offer is to secure new readers and permanent subscribers, hence you see it is for our interest to please every one. Address Household Companion, 257 Broadway, New York.

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2,100 DOZEN FREE!
2,100 Dozen pairs Ladies fine Fall and Winter Hosiery given away absolutely free to introduce the Household Companion. They are heavy, warm, well made, fashionable goods, in solid colors, stripes, checks, all the popular shades of cardinal, navy blue, seal brown, black, slate tan, in fast style and colors to suit all tastes. Don't pay 35 to 75 cts. for a pair of Fall and Winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable Household Companion, of New York, is a complete family paper, richly illustrated, containing serial and short stories, romances, sketches, wit, humor, fashion, household hints, stories for children, &c., & ranks among the first Metropolitan Journals. Positively the entire lot (2,100 doz.) to be given away during the next 60 days. We also send the Household Companion 6 months free to 2,100 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 20 newspaper readers from different families. For 15 cts. in silver or stamps, to help pay postage, packing, &c., we send every subscriber the fine hosiery described above. To the club raiser, or for the list of 20 subscribers, we send 1 dozen pairs of these beautiful and useful articles. We are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a colossal offer and will not appear again. If you want a dozen fashionable, fine hosiery send 15cts. and names of 20 newspaper readers, and you will receive the paper and hosiery premiums according to above offer by return mail. State size and color wanted. Address Household Companion, 257 Broadway, N. Y.
This Offer Was Never Equaled!

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THE CELANOID PHOTOGRAPH Outfit is the wonder of the age. A child can work it. No chemicals required. A complete outfit that will make a picture 1½ inches in diameter, with full directions. Simply to introduce Our Country Home, a monthly farm and home paper, to new subscribers, we will send it three months on trial for only 25 cents (stamps or silver), and send each subscriber, absolutely free, and deliver, all charges paid, a complete photograph outfit as described above. Agents wanted. Subscribe for 3 months. Sample Copy Our Country Home Free. [illegible]
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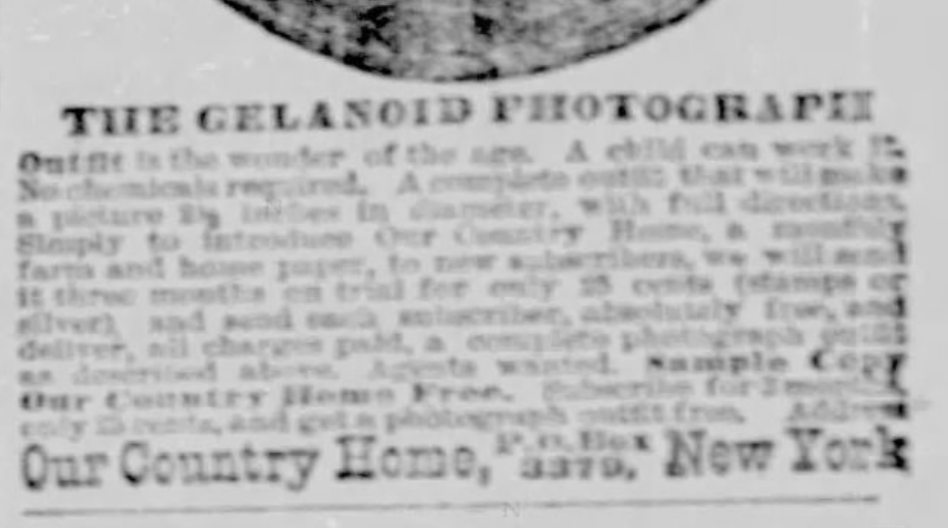
Only $1.00 for this "Little Beauty." Weighs from ¼ oz to 4 lbs.



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"POINTERS." How to win at cards. [illegible]

SALESMAN WANTED YES, $100 [illegible] Lady or Gent [illegible]

DOUBLE Breech-loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c GUNS All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The AMERICAN CORN HUSKER is pronounced the most perfect and practical husking peg made. For sale by the leading hardware dealers. Single pair sent postpaid on receipt of 15c. Postage stamps taken. Send for circulars. KAUFMAN BROTHERS, Bloomington, Illinois.
For bare hand. As used with mitt. Reference—National State Bank.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

AN OFT TOLD STORY.

The Best Way to Keep from Harming Our Neighbors.

"Strange world this!"

"It seems to me that I have heard that remark somewhere before. What is the matter now?"

"You know that rather pretty little Mrs. Staples, who moved here with her children a year ago? She went to house-keeping down in the old Mills place, and lived very quietly indeed. The other day I found out that she was sick—very sick indeed, her little boy said, so I thought I would go down there."

"You *did?*"

"Yes, why not. Of course I've heard lots of talk that she isn't exactly—well, to say the least—prudent, but I thought somebody ought to go and look after her, more especially as no one seemed disposed to be friendly, so I went. I was never more sorry for anybody in my life. There she lay propped up in bed, with a face as white as that handkerchief, telling those two little dots of children what to do to put the room in some kind of order. Two bright red spots came into her cheeks when I walked in and sat down by her bedside. I felt like a heathen when I found out how long she had been so miserable, and not a soul been near her. I took off my things, went to work and got them something to eat, then cleared up the house and tried to make it comfortable. She didn't say much—just followed me with her eyes while I worked, but I declare it seemed to me I could *feel* the misery in them. When I left she thanked me in a gentle sort of way, that struck right to my heart.

"That was last Tuesday, and I've been there every day since. Day before yesterday she told me her story and showed me some letters that proved its truth. I found out, too, that somebody had written her a mean, contemptible letter, retailing the stories that were flying about the neighborhood about her, and *that* was what made her sick."

"What did you do about it?"

"Do! Well, I didn't let the grass grow under my feet yesterday, I can tell you. I took that letter at once to our minister and told him that I wanted him to help me straighten this thing out. And when we got to the end we found there was absolutely nothing of it. Somebody saw her go into Lawyer Noble's office, and said it was queer. Then it got about that she was in the habit of going there, and so it went on from one thing to another—you know how such things go—until people began to think this poor, little, sorrowful woman was bad, and the neighbors stopped going in to see her entirely. Positively there was nothing more to those stories than I have told you."

"Did you find out who wrote the anonymous letter?"

THAT ANONYMOUS LETTER.

"Yes, but you would never imagine who did it, and I am not going to tell you. She declared it was for Mrs. Staples' good, and then you ought to have heard our minister talk. He said that of all the ways to stab people, that was one of the lowest and meanest, that an anonymous letter was just like an assassin who works in the dark, and that no good was ever accomplished by one yet. It was a coward's weapon, and only a coward would write one, especially to an unprotected, inoffensive little woman like that, even had the writer known the stories to be true. I don't believe that individual will ever write another anonymous letter. I guess, too, poor little Mrs. Staples will be allowed after this the same chance that other people have to live her life respectably. But it is a queer world!"

NO NEW STORY.

There is nothing new in the story told above. Upon the contrary it is an old, old one related with slight variation, or perhaps entirely untold except by the mortal hurt inflicted. It is barbarous, but oh, so common—that sort of speech about our fellow-men and women that says little but leaves so much to be inferred, that speaks no evil, yet by tone or accent conveys the evil thought. Better no speech at all, even when wrong is suspected, or else the open charge and condemnation which challenges disproval, and thus gives the chance that every person has a right to. A hint, an inuendo, a look even has the power to blast to a death that knows no possible awakening.

Pope says, speaking of the sort of people who are prone to this, that they

> "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

The expression "hesitate dislike" is a most apt one to describe the withholding of the cheery word of approval from one who is praised, the silence or half-assent being always taken as an indication of dislike or a knowledge of something regarding the person which "the world wots not of," but which, if it did, would change the verdict given. And all the time the withholding was, when its motive is sifted, prompted only by a half undefined jealousy, unreasoning and ignoble. There is no thought, perhaps, of injuring another, and yet it does.

Then there is the silence accompanied by the mysterious air, purposely assumed, in order, usually, to express what dare not be uttered. It may have a background of truth, or it may have none, but whether it has or not, it is vile in purpose and effect. The mysterious air may, also, be accompanied by a meaning half-smile which "without sneering teaches the rest to sneer."

THEY ARE VILLAINOUS.

These things are simply villainous, and yet they are social sins, not regarded as venial, and indeed hardly noticed. The open slanderer will be shunned and hated; the known gossip will be despised, though both will find ready listeners, but there is no way of marking those who "damn with faint praise" or "assent with civil leer," no way of shielding the unwary from the fire kindled by the hint or innuendo. And yet it may be far more destructive than the open charge which will stand or fall by the proof or disproof.

They who would not willingly harm their neighbor have but the one safe way—to guard their own thoughts, which may prompt them to wrong or injustice. For thoughts have a power all their own, and they govern us to right or its opposite. Assigning good motives to others, their actions have a different coloring to our eyes. Unlikely it will be, then, for us by word, act or look to help in rolling on the morsel of scandal that grows like the rolling snowball, by accretion, until it becomes a veritable avalanche of destruction.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The fall is coming and the evenings that may be devoted to reading and writing are growing longer, so that to do something for the HOUSEHOLD will not be so much of a burden as during the heats of the summer. Every member has a personal interest in making this page as great a help for all other members as possible, therefore whoever knows of anything which will lighten the labor of housekeeping will be doing a good work to write it out clearly and concisely and send it for the benefit of the rest. We want this page to be a help for our woman readers greater than ever before, and shall strive to make it so, but your co-operation is needed. We are sure that it will be given, and so effectually that every woman of your acquaintance will want the BLADE.—ED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

A GREAT many pretty things are made with what is called Ring-Work, something not new, but very popular just at this time. These rings are crocheted over, and then used for various purposes. For instance, they can be made the heading of a fringe, the silk being knotted through them after they are sewed together. They are used with silk or satin in forming pretty work bags, and for tidies. In short, an ingenious person can do a great deal in the way of decoration with those little articles.

A GOOD WAY TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.—Such as oak and maple, or any kind of leaves, with a tough fibre. Get a piece of red rosin—it must be the red kind—about as large as a hen's egg. Pound it fine as powder. Now have your leaves ready. They may be fresh picked, but not wet, nor must they be wilted. Have a flatiron that you iron clothes with; get it good and warm, but not scorching hot. Have a piece of thick brown paper, lay your leaf on the paper, and sprinkle over it a little of the fine rosin. Iron on the leaf till the rosin is melted, raise the leaf, and in one minute it will be dry. They will be very brittle and break easily, but they keep their color as natural as can be. Get the green ones, and when frost comes and turns them red, yellow and brown, then they are beauties. They look as if varnished. You can make many ornaments of them, such as crosses and fancy boxes, by sticking them on with mucilage. You can get the rosin off the flatiron by heating and rubbing with grease. Try, and report what success you have.—NELLIE WALKER, Durand, Wis.

DESIGN FOR SOFA PILLOW.—SNOWBALL SPRAY.—This pattern—size 9x14—is suitable for decorating black, brown or crimson satin sofa-pillow. The stamping can be done with white powder; to set the stamping lay clean newspaper over the impression and press with a moderately warm iron. Next arrange your goods on the painting board, fastening at the corners with thumb tacks.

One bottle of pale drying oil and the following tube oil colors will be needed to paint this design: One tube kremmitz white, one tube emerald green, one tube lemon yellow, one tube chrome green; use red sable brushes Nos. 2, 3 and 5.

First add to a quantity of white enough oil to render paint perfectly smooth. Then paint design with this. In two hours the retouching may be done. For the leaves and stems mix equal parts of chrome and emerald green; shading in a very little lemon yellow. For the "Snowball" proper, use white for retouching with shadings of the emerald green, and a very little lemon yellow. This pattern is also pretty embroidered in arasene on velvet or plush. Questions in regard to this department answered, if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchestea, Indiana.

[The new "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be ready about October 1.—ED.]

A NICE SKATE RECEPTACLE is of soft red felt, made into a bag. The top is pinked out, a red cord put in a casing to hang up by, and the initial of the person for whom it is intended outlined on one side in yellow silk.

A PRETTY BAG to hang on the back of a chair is made of a piece of blue and white bed ticking, the white stripes feather-stitched with pink silk, and the blue stripes covered with tinsel. The other side of the bag, also the facing, is of pink satin, and the bottom is finished with pink plush balls. Fill the bag with perfumed cotton.

A PRETTY BANGLE-BOARD is made in the shape of a padlock, with an owl on a branch of a tree, and this verse painted on in:

> "Bird of wisdom, tell to me,
> Where, oh where, my key can be."

Have three bangle hooks at the bottom.—BRTNETTE.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

TORCHON LACE.—Cast on 18 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 5—n—o—k 3—o—k 3; every alternate row is just alike, that is knit back plain to 5 stitches; o t—p 2 tog—k 3; 3d row.—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 4—n—o—k 5—o—k 3; 5th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—k 3; 7th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—k 3; 9th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n—o—n—k 1—o—k 5—o—n—k 1—o—k 3; 11th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n t—o—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3; 13th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 1—n—o—n—k 2; 15th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 4—o—n—k 1—o—s 1—n—to the slipped stitch—o—k 1—n—o—n—k 2; 17th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 5—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 2; 19th row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 6—o—n—k 1—n—o—n—k 2; 21st row—s 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 7—o—s 1—n—t o the slipped stitch—o—n—k 2.

INSERTION.—Make a chain the required length. 1st row—1 tr separated by 1 ch on each alternate st of foundation; 2d row—3 tr separated by 1 ch between each, on the first 3 tr of preceding row—2 ch—1 tr between the next 2 tr of preceding row—2 ch—repeat; 3d row—2 tr separated by 1 ch between the 3 tr of preceding row—2 ch—3 tr over the 1 tr of preceding row (1 directly over it, and 1 on each side of it)—2 ch—repeat; 4th row—1 tr between the 2 tr of preceding row—2 ch—5 tr over the 3 tr—2 ch—repeat; 5th row—3 tr over the first 2 of the 5 tr in preceding row—1 ch—3 tr over the last 2 of the 5—3 ch—repeat; 6th row—3 tr over the first 2 tr of the first group of 3 in the preceding row—3 ch—3 tr over the last 2 of the last group of 3 in the preceding row—1 ch—repeat; 7th row—1 tr on the middle 1 of the 3 ch in preceding row—2 ch—5 tr over the 2 groups of 3's in preceding row—2 ch—repeat; 8th row—2 tr separated by 1 ch over the 1 tr in preceding row—2 ch—3 tr over the 5 tr—2 ch—repeat; 9th row—3 tr separated by 1 ch over the 2 tr of preceding row—2 ch—1 tr over the 3 tr—2 ch—repeat; 10th row—Always 1 tr separated by 1 ch. If desired, a pretty edge to sew the insertion by can be made by working 1 tr separated by 3 ch, on each alternate tr of the edge of the insertion. Half an ounce of knitting silk will make about a yard and nine inches of this insertion. Use a fine hook.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TEACHING GIRLS TO SEW.—Not long since the writer was at a young girl's meeting, and was astonished to find how few could sew well. The girls (seventeen in number), ranged from ten to thirteen years of age. Four could sew passable seams; two could hem and one could sew over and over. Only about half a dozen of them had ever made doll dresses or garments of any other kind. Every one of those girls expects sometime to marry and perhaps have children, and yet does not know how to wield that most useful of mamma's belongings—a needle. The writer's thoughts go back almost twenty years ago, and rest upon a tiny girl sitting by her mother, with a little basket furnished with needles, thread, scissors and thimble. She is patiently learning to sew; making a pillow-slip for her own little bed. Mother cut and basted it, marking the seam with a pencil. Two inches was a lesson, twice each day. The hem was turned and basted and when finished, a pretty lace was basted on and the little one was taught to sow it on over and over. The little pillow slip furnished three kinds of sewing and how proud she was when it was done. She also had a bit of simple quilt blocks to match. If a seam was not done well it was taken out and done over. This taught her to be painstaking and to do her work well. When six years old a large doll was given her, and she was expected to make its clothes. Mother cut and basted them, and was ever ready to help over hard places. As soon as she could sew well she was taught to make hats and bonnets for "Fannie," and one at a time she was taught to crochet, embroider, braid and do drawn work. She faithfully copied her own clothes for her doll, and some of the dresses were really beautiful. As she grew older she was able to do all kinds of fancy work and to do it well, and to-day as a woman, she has only to see any article of embroidery, a painting, to be able to copy it. No matter how elaborate a costume, she can reproduce it for herself and is independent of dressmakers and milliners.

All girls should be taught to darn and patch neatly, as well as to sew, but by all means teach them to sew as young as possible, and teach them to do it well, also teach them to cut and fit, for even if they never have to do it, it is well to know how.—MONTANA MAY.

TO THE GIRLS.—Girls, don't talk slang; There is an elegant, systematized language which you can use just as well. Don't allow men to think that you value yourself so cheaply as to show yourself so ready to appropriate their coarse expressions. Leave "I bet" and "you bet" to men who are trading horses or land. Don't so easily bring yourself down from the pedestal of purity upon which you are placed, to the coarser associations of men's daily life. They don't expect it, and they are disappointed in you when you do so descend. A young gentleman may talk and laugh with a young woman who uses slang, when, at the same time, deep down in his heart there is a feeling of contempt for one who could so forget her dignity, and what was due to herself as a true lady. Girls of really good education fall into this habit, thinking it shows smartness, when it is neither ladylike nor becoming. Men expect you to be purer and better than they, and you may walk before them an angel of light, leading them to nobler, purer lives, or walk hand in hand with them and encourage by your example coarseness and wickedness. You can not be the pure, refined lady you ought to be with coarse expressions in your heart and on your lips, and to those unused or averse to it it is positively shocking.

"The eyes are the windows of the soul," and you can never have a refined or lovely face unless your heart is filled with pure and beautiful thoughts.

> "May Christ guard your lips and ever
> From the time of your early youth
> May the words that you daily utter
> Be the words of beautiful truth."

S. S.

AN ANSWER TO MAJORIE MARCH.—While I am not a physician, still I feel that I can give you a little advice, for I am a medical student and can tell you what physicians have told me. The time has come when all will have to attend three courses of lectures at a medical college before graduation, and consequently the sooner you connect yourself with some college the sooner you will be able to practice medicine honorably. While a person can strudy medicine at home under the direction of a good physician, it is more satisfactory to so practice medicine, as to be recognized by the medical profession, and in no way can this be accomplished, but by being a graduate in medicine. The time is past when women are not tolerated in the medical profession, for now we see ladies practicing in almost all towns and cities.

They stand side by side with their male competitors, and in many instances have better financial success. In order to be assured of such success, we must be even better qualified than are the men, for many still think a woman's function is to preside at the family circle.

I would not advise you to devote your time merely to the study of midwifery, for while it may not take quite as long to prepare for that as for the practice of medicine, yet while prepared for the latter, you are qualified to practice all. The books I use, and which I was advised to read at the beginning of my course or study, are: "Kirke's Physiology," "Gray's Anatomy," "Biddle's Materia Medica" and "Woody's Chemistry." After these are mastered we have a broad foundation, and can then profitably pursue a course of study in the special branches of medicine.

If you desire, you may address me.—LOTTIE DEWYNE, Toledo, Ohio, corner Cherry and Superior streets.

TOBACCO VS. WINE.—Having read an article or two in the Household from temperance girls on the question of whether young ladies should receive special attention from gentlemen who occasionally indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors, may I be permitted to ask what the ladies think of receiving special attention from gentlemen who make a liberal use of cigars and tobacco? How many ladies are prepared to discourage the use of tobacco to the extent of refusing to receive special attention from gentlemen who use cigars? I imagine I hear a chorus of young ladies exclaiming, "Oh my, we would never have any beaux if we went to that extent." But is it any worse to drink wine than to smoke cigars or chew the vile weed? Is it not true that thousands of young men go to the saloons by way of the corduroy road made of cigars? Many a young man has his taste perverted by using cigars, and the appetite for strong drink is formed, and he drifts to the saloon as certain as the leaf bud of spring time leads to the full size leaf of summer.

The practice of cigarette smoking among boys and young men is becoming truly alarming, to say nothing of the fact that nearly nine out of ten of the men use tobacco in some form. The fumes of the cigarette are so detestable it is astonishing that any sane person can endure to smoke a thing. I have often wondered how the ladies, whose olfactories are supposed to be far more sensitive than mine, can endure to have tobacco smoke continuelly puffed into their faces, whether sitting on the porch, walking along the street, or pleasure riding on the stramboat, by their husbands, brothers, or gentlemen friends. Thousands of times I have seen gentlemen, at least otherwise gentlemen, puff tobacco smoke into the faces of the most refined ladies, of course, after it had been in their mouths. I am sure such a practice is not in harmony with Boston ethics; then there is the awful breath that always sticks to the smoker, oftentimes exceedingly offensive. I would like to know how many ladies will undertake to advocate the doctrine that the use of tobacco in any form, is *not gentlemanly*, and who will strive to discourage its use by their gentlemen friends. To my mind the use of tobacco has reached appalling proportions, and I believe its effect upon the mind and morals of our people will prove but little less insidious than that caused by the rum fiend.

I note with sadness, that our great army of temperance workers seldom raise a finger against the use of tobacco. It hardly looks consistent for a man who chews and smokes tobacco to talk temperance to the people. We need to develope a public sentiment against this great evil, as well as against the use of liquors. Tobacco and beer, not the "twin relics of barbarism," but the twin monsters whose existence and development are the singular product of a boasted civilization. What have the ladies to say on the tobacco question?—J. W. STONE, Toledo, Ohio.

INQUIRIES.

Will not some one please give us a few hints on embroidery, such as the different colors to be used in different flowers. I have just commenced to learn and any information on that subject would be thankfully received.—A NEW BEGINNER.

Will some sister of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to knit or crochet a pretty head-rest, and also how to do lava work? Please tell me what paint to use for a gypsy table.—LINDA.

Will some one send me the June 13 number of the *Youth's Companion*, published at Boston? For come cause or other I missed that number. I will return favor.—SCOTTIE WRIGHT, Marvin, Kans.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE send a good plain recipe for making nice thick jelly and only use sugar to sweeten it enough to be good? The sugar is so high now I think a good many besides myself will be interested. Please send full directions, what to use and how much and the expense.—MRS. L. BROWN, Wiehle, Fairfax county.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE send a few dried raspberries, strawberries or blackberrries for seed?—A. M. SPAULDING, Albany, Neb.

I would like to ask the HOUSEHOLD the way to get chickory ready for use and when to take it up.—HANNAH SHARMAN, Clarks, Neb.

Will some of our BLADE readers please tell me how to make a pretty and cheap lambrequin for a mantle shelf in a room which is used every day? Also tell me what will cure seed warts.—FLORENCE VESEY, Goshen, Ind.

I have read with interest much about decorative art painting upon cloth, but I never seen any. I live in the country. Will some of the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD plaase send me some samples of decorative painting?—MISS M. E. JULIAN, Millboro. N. C.

Will some of the kind readers of THE BLADE tell me where I can get material and patterns for making point lace? I would also like to correspond with some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD who live north and west of Kansas—especially from Washington Territory. Let me hear in regard to the country.—Box 64, Washington, Kans.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Blue Dot," to skeletonize leaves, put them in a tub of rain water and let them stand in the sun until the fleshy part gets soft and pulpy, then float each leaf separately upon a card and with a camel's hair brush remove the skin. Reverse the card quickly in a basin of clear water, then slip it under the leaf again. This will bring the other side uppermost, and the skin may then be removed from that. If any remain remove it with a stiff brush, unless the soft brush does it effectually. Take great care not to break the ribs of the leaf. Then make a solution of chloride of lime. Let it settle and pour off the clear liquid. Float the skeletons off the cards a half dozen at a time into it and let stand from two to four hours. Wash them carefully in several waters, then let them lie a half hour in clear water. Float each one on a card again, arranging them flat and in a natural shape. Use the camel's hair brush to facilitate the operation. They should be pure white and every rib perfect, if you have chosen perfect leaves, and conducted the work carefully. Take those for this purpose which have a main rib running from the base to the apex, with branches running to the edges.

This is the process described in "Old Dr. Carnin's Recipes," published by the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O.—ED.

Mrs. Oklahoma can have the experience of myself and several of my neighbors in breaking water for laundry purposes: Fill a barrel with water, and if you burn hard wood, put 2 qts. of wood ashes in it, providing the water is not very hard; if it is, more is required, and still more, if soft wood (cotton-wood, pine etc.,) is burned. By experimenting, you will soon learn just how much is required. If you use coal for fuel, use concentrated lie or potash. The quantity used will depend entirely on how hard the water is. The water will be ready for use after standing over night.—AUNT SUE.

In BLADE of July 25, Mrs. J. W. Nicodemus's communication was inserted between my requests for postal autographs and "shut-in" correspondents; so she received the cards, which certainly belong to her. I ask you all to please read my request in THE BLADE number mentioned, and as many as can, respond. I am 17 years of age. Was much pleased to receive so many good letters from afflicted friends—some papers and a box of flowers were also gratefully received. Will the kind BLADE sister of Muir, Mich., who did not write but sent some reading matter, please accept my thanks?—ETTA STONELL, Hazelton, Kans., Barber Co.

IF JOE C. HAYS, will procure insect powder and a bellows, for applying it, and blow it into cracks and crevices, on the walls and on the shelves, those little red ants will leave. Paper can be laid over it when it is put on the shelves, and the shelves may be in constant use. Powdered borax, thickly strewn on the shelves, under the papers, will keep them away from the shelves. Carbolic acid and water (one tablespoonful of the acid to a pint of water) sprayed over the walls, shelves and floor, will also drive them away; but it must be used with great care where food is kept.—AUNT SUE.

I notice in THE BLADE of August 1 some one inquires how to get rid of the little red ants. I was so bothered with them and had tried everything, and at last some one told me to get some insect powder. So I sent to the drug store and bought a few cents worth and sprinkled it about, and I can testify that it banished them. They *will not* come where it is. I would just add that you will probably have to get fresh powder every year, as they say it loses its strength. I hope this will not find its way into the waste basket, for every one who is annoyed by these ants ought to know about the powder.—ANNA.

Please put in THE BLADE that my reading matter is all disposed of. I had no idea that I should get one quarter of the letters I have. Please say to all who have sent me that I have tried to do the best I could by them all, and where stamps or money were sent, if I did not use it for mailing, have returned it. I could not afford to write to all who sent no postage or envelope, so they must take this as the reason why they do not hear. I have had 83 letters so far, and dread to have the mail come in. Yours in trouble, MRS. J. P. R.

RECIPES.

TO CAN FRUIT.—In answer to "Enquirer," I will give my way of canning fruit. Take the raw fruit, after it is peeled and prepared for canning, and fill the jars full, then fill about half full of water, put the glass top on, to keep the steam in. Now put the jar of fruit in a kettle of cold water, let it come to a boil, and let it boil until the fruit is cooked through. You can tell by the looks of it when it is done. As the fruit cooks away fill up with fruit. Put sticks crossways on the bottom of the kettle for the jars to rest on, for of course the jars may break if touching the bottom of the kettle. Try this and you will not can any other way.—MISS ADDIE HILL, Washington, N. C.

SOMETHING MORE.—Not having seen the inquiry regarding canned fruit answered, I will say, the only secret there is in successfully keeping fruit is in keeping it boiling while canning and closing immediately. My canning was a miserable failure until I was told this and now I would risk mine put any place. I always sweeten before canning as it insures better fruit. Tender fruits merely let come boil and can at once.

Can any one tell me what to put into my water lilly barrel to prevent the water becoming stagnant?

I would like to know how to pronounce the words "Portiere" and "Eiffel."—Mrs. J. I. S.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—In reply to the request as to how to make tomato catsup, I will give you my way, and I think you will be pleased with it: Boil the tomatoes with the skins on, just enough to make it pulpy, and rub through a sieve. Then put on the fire again and for one gallon after it is boiled down add 1 teaspoonful of red pepper, 1 of ground cloves, 2 of cinnamon, 2 of black pepper, 1 large tablespoonful of salt, 1 nutmeg, 1 cupful of brown sugar, 1 pt. strong vinegar. Seal when boiling hot.—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

TO COOK CORN.—As it is now time for green corn, I will tell how I cook it, and it is not so liable to hurt anybody. I cut the grains from the cob, being careful not to cut the cob any. I then put my skillet on the stove, with butter enough to fry the corn in and to season it good, and let it get good and hot; then pour in the corn, salt and pepper, then cover up, stirring every little while, that it may not burn. Let it cook nearly 10 minutes, then pour in a little sweet milk and let it boil until it begins to thicken a little. I think this is the nicest way to cook it if it is properly done.—MRS. KITTIE HOWELL.

MAPLE SUGAR PIE.—This makes a very rich dessert, and an uncommon one. Make a very rich crust of sour cream or buttermilk; if you use the latter, put in a good-sized lump of butter, and soda to sweeten, and small pinch of salt. Line a deep tin with crust, then a layer of the maple sugar, about 2 inches or 1½, and spread butter over the top; then place on the upper crust, and bake in quite a hot oven. My grandmother used to make this, and I think I never ate anything nicer, but a little goes a good way. I enjoy Mrs. Thompson's painting lessons so much; also Montana May's. How I should like to meet her. I am trying to get up a postal album. Shall be pleased to receive any of THE BLADE readers' names and verses.—MRS. C. L. BURLINGAME.

ORANGE CAKE.—"Brier Rose" asks for a recipe for orange cake. Here is one that I think is excellent: One cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 3½ cupfuls of flour, 1 scant cupful of milk, 5 eggs, leaving out the whites of 2 for frosting; three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in jelly tins.

FROSTING.—Beat the whites of the two eggs; add juice and grated peel of 1 orange, and sugar enough to make it the usual consistence of frosting. Spread between the layers and over the outside.—LULA E. FREELAND, Dalton City, Ill.

CELERY SALAD.—Cut the stalks of white celery into pieces half an inch long. To every pint allow half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Dust the celery lightly with salt and pepper, mix with the dressing and heap on a cold dish, garnish with celery lioncs.

Speaks for Itself.

Hon. P. H. Jacobs, the well known chemist, editor of the *Poultry Keeper, Farmer's Magazine*, and Agricultural Department of the *Philadelphia Record*, says:

"I have examined carefully the Compound Oxygen manufactured by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN; also their mode of *treatment by inhalation*, and have noted the great benefit to those who have used it among personal friends. That it will give to the exhausted system renewed and permanent vitality, is beyond doubt.

We are in a position to endorse the above by many instances. We subjoin the sentiment of some of our patients who have been released from the clutch of that relentless ill, nervous prostration."

BUNKER HILL, IND., March 14, 1888.

"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the Compound Oxygen treatment."

MRS. FLORENCE BLUE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1888.

"It is nearly four years since I first used Compound Oxygen, and I have much reason to be grateful for the treatment."

CHAS. W. CUSHING, D.D.

No. 331 Decatur St.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 4, 1888.

"I was induced by a friend to try your Compound Oxygen Treatment. The result was marvelous. I certainly feel that it has prolonged my life."

MRS. E. H. HENDERSON.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
J M Simmons
MONUMENT, KAS.
Lena Bailey
Edith Bailey
Mabel Messick
Georgie Messick
Arde Messick
Bessie O Townsley
Clyde Stretch
Roy Stretch
Leroy Lakin
Harvey Bradley
Rose Prenat
Jean Prenat
Odeal Prenat
Della Austin

HASSARD, MO.
Pollie Kramer
Adolph G Kramer
Herman J Kramer
Minnie E Kramer
Mary M Kramer
PHŒNIX, MO.
Lara Wadill
Maude McMillan
Lulie Seehorn
Gertie Seehorn
Clara Hoover
Ella Lloyd
Oris J Taylor
George R Scroggs
Lulie McMillan

Names this week, 39. Total 27,407.

The above embraces all names received up to August 30.

GOOD-MORNING AND GOOD-NIGHT.

ROSA EVANGELINE ANGEL.

Good-Morning peeped over her eastern gate,
To see if the children were up;
And laughed at a bumblebee coming home late,
Who was caught in a hollyhock cup.
Good-Morning has eyes like the glint of the skies
When they're bright as the sun and the stars mixed together,
And her lips are so sweet, and her steps are so fleet,
She can dance like a thistledown, fly like a feather.
You "never have seen her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!
What a dull little sleepy-head you must be!

Good-Morning can sing like a brook or a bird;
She knows where the fairies all hide;
Some folk, hard of hearing, say they never have heard
Her sing, though they often have tried.
Good-Morning has hair made of sunshine so rare,
The elves tried to steal it to weave in the weather;
Which made her afraid, the bonny wee maid,
To swing on the gate many minutes together.
You "never have seen her?" Ah, me! Ah, me!
What a cross, lazy lie-abed you must be!

Good-night is her neighbor, a dear little soul,
Who swings in a hammock, and not on a gate.
She half shuts her eyes with a great yawn, so droll,
It would make an owl laugh, I will venture to state.
Good-Night always brings the most wonderful things,
To hide in the children's beds, glittering and gleaming!
Such tales she can tell, and she tells them so well,
You could listen all night, and believe you were dreaming!
You "never have heard her?" Oh, me! Oh, me!
What a small naughty wide-awake you must be!

Good-Night has a house full of beautiful toys,
That she keeps for the children,—no grown folks are there;
And she carries them off, the wee girlies and boys,
To her magical palace, and, oh, oh, how they stare!
Good-Night never frowns when she sees the white gowns
Come trooping to beg for more stories,—the dear!—
But with kisses and smiles, the time she beguiles,
And bids them to come again soon,—do you hear!
You "never have been there?" Ah, me! Ah, me!
What a very sad, grown-up young chick you must be!

—*St. Nicholas.*

A RUSTIC NATURALIST'S PETS.

BY CHARLES BARROWS.

"PULL on your rubber coat and your rubber boots. I am going to take you to see one of our rural 'shows' to pass the time till the weather clears."

It was the cheery voice of my good friend and host, and the prospect of a "show" to break the tedium of a rainy day in that northern lake country, where I was passing a week at my friend's summer camp, was attractive.

"Is it far?" I asked, as we started out.

"First house up the brook-road here. About a mile. That's near, for a neighbor, up in this regian," my friend added.

"And this neighbor—is he the 'show'?" I inquired, as we splashed through the puddles.

"Yes, he's an odd stick—a born naturalist. He has a small menagerie about him. The people about here think he is not 'quite bright'; but that is because he is peculiar. He is only about twenty years old, I think. He and his mother, who was a root-and-herb doctress, lived where he is living a good many years.

"She died a year ago; and since then Lon—his name is Alonzo Woodis—has lived alone in the log house, and always will live there, I suppose, for he is so eccentric and has so many animals and birds cooped up and tied up about the place, that none of the girls in the settlement will have anything to do with him. For that matter, though, I fancy Lon has never had anything to say to them. He appears to find company enough with his pets.

"Hark! Yes, he is at home. You can hear his shingle-saw going. He has a little shingle mill on the brook and makes a living, putting up pine and cedar shingles, though he keeps cows and raises an acre of potatoes every season.

"That's his place," my friend continued. "You can see the little mill and the over-shot-wheel down the bank there; and just across the brook, at the other end of the log dam, stands the house and sheds. Odd-looking little nook of a place, isn't it?"

I thought that I had never seen a more quaintly rustic establishment.

"Do not say much to him at first," my friend advised, as we drew near the little mill whence issued the shrill whirr of a circular saw, cutting rapidly through the bolts of single timber. "He is shy and afraid of strangers."

We entered the open door. A tall, bow-backed young man, in brown drilling frock and overalls, turned from the saw-table with the half-alarmed start which always marks the recluse.

"Good morning, Lon," Henderson observed, pleasantly. "Wet, isn't it?"

"Wal, yes, it does rain some," replied the youthful shingle-sawyer, still looking a little concerned about our intrusion.

"I see you are driving business," Henderson went on, and I meantime pretended to turn my attention to a tier of freshly bunched shingles. "I suppose you have to scratch pretty hard, you have so many mouths to feed," Henderson continued, laughing.

"Yes," replied the born naturalist, with a sudden chuckle, like a roguish lad at school. I ventured to glance at him and could hardly refrain from laughing myself—his face wore such a comical expression. It was a face as smooth as a baby's, of a clear, yellowish complexion, and the wide mouth turned up at the corners like a new moon. This whimsical yet not bad-looking face was surmounted by thick hair the color of light clay, and his eyes were quite as light.

"By the way, Lon, has 'old Snoozer' waked up yet?" my friend asked.

"Yes," with another chuckle. "He crawled out last Monday."

"He did, did he? What did he think of the weather?"

"Wal, he didn't know what to make of it. I laid down and laughed to see him snuff and smell the air. 'Twas so hot, ye see, he eena'most melted, and he was as poor as a shadder, too."

"Who is 'old Snoozer?'" I ventured to inquire.

"It's Lon's pet woodchuck," Henderson replied. "You know they hibernate, or sleep, through the cold weather and come out in the spring. Out Pennsylvania way they are said to come forth about the second day of February. The farmers call that day 'groundhog day,' for that is the common name for a woodchuck in that section. But so far north as this they often do not come out until April.

"Lon's woodchuck is a big black one that he caught and tamed two years ago. For two winters he has hibernated in a hole under the sill of the shingle mill here. He burrowed into a great heap of old sawdust under the floor.

"Last spring Lon played a joke on him by taking ice from the mill-pond and packing it in the sawdust all around the woodchuck's burrow. That made it cold; instead of coming out about the first of April, that woodchuck slept until the middle of July.

"Lon says he looked dreadfully cut up about it when he crawled out last Monday and found that it was haying time, with half the summer gone by. If the ice had not melted he would have slept over till next spring, I suppose. Lon thinks he would have died, if he had slept much longer, from starvation. Is he under the mill floor here now, Lon?"

"No, he has dug him a new hole out in the clover, beyond my garden patch," the young man replied. "Come see him, and lowering the gate of his water wheel to stop the mill, he led the way out to a little field hard by, where a mound of fresh earth amidst the clover disclosed the whereabouts of the "Snoozer."

"It's wet; he is in his hole," Henderson remarked.

"He'll come out," said Woodis, the broad, half-moon smile overspreading his countenance. Then puckering his lips, he gave a sharp whistle, prolonged in low quavers, almost exactly like the sound which every country lad has heard a woodchuck make.

Immediately we heard a slight rumble down in the hole, and the next moment a black head appeared in sight.

Seeing his master, the chuck came out from the ground and, rising on his hind feet, sat up and dropped his forepaws like a trained poodle.

Woodchucks are usually so shy that it seemed odd, indeed, to see this one sit docilely at the threshold of its burrow and allow Woodis to scratch its head and pat its back. It appeared to enjoy these caresses, and once or twice gave vent to a droll little cluck in its throat.

"He doesn't appear to cherish any ill-will against you, on account of the joke you played on him," my friend remarked.

"No; he's a very nice, good boy," replied Woodis, still patting and playing with the chuck's paws. "Dogs are the only things he is afraid of. When I'm alone, he will sometimes follow me to the mill or to the house."

"Where's 'Drarg? Have you got 'Drarg' yet?" Henderson asked.

"O yes. But he's gettin' fat," Woodis replied. "Come see him." He led the way along the bank of the brook, past the house and the little cow barn.

"What sort of animal is it?" I asked.

"See if you can tell when Lon calls him out," said Henderson. "I didn't know what it was the first time I saw it, and he has three or four others that puzzled me till he told me what they were."

"I'll get some milk," Woodis remarked, as we were passing the house. He brought out a dipperful, and we went on for fifty or sixty yards up the brook, till we came to an old pine log lying among rocks.

Our young showman then stopped and uttered a note which I cannot well describe, unless by the letters Oo-ee-ooo, drawn out with musical intonation. There suddenly dashed out of the hollow log a short-legged and slim little creature, more trimly built than the woodchuck but not so large.

It was reddish brown in color over the back, but light orange along the under parts of its body. The tail was slightly bushy, the ears erect, the eyes like black beads with a tinge of red. It cast its head to one side and raised one paw with so arch an expression and a movement so deft and graceful, that I involuntarily exclaimed, "You little beauty!"

"What is it?" said Henderson, turning to me.

"I can think of but one creature—a young fox," I said. "I once saw a fox cub, about two months old, that resembled this little chap."

"Well, that is not so bad a guess," said Henderson, laughing. "It does resemble a fox cub—but it isn't."

"Then I give it up," said I. "I'm no naturalist. What is it?"

"Woodis here calls it a 'sweet marten,'" Henderson replied. "It's a pine marten, or sable. The old hunters sometimes called it the sweet marten to distinguish it from the foul marten, or polecat. It is common all through these northern forests, but it is rarely seen by any save the trappers, for it is a very shy creature naturally, and keeps to the recesses of the primeval woods. But you see Lon has got this one quite tame. It makes a pretty pet. See how anxious it is for the milk!"

The little animal rubbed against Woodis's leg, and evinced as great a desire to get its nose into the milk dipper as would a house cat. When the dipper was set down it licked up the milk much like a cat.

"I did not suppose such animals would drink milk at all," I remarked to Woodis.

He laughed. "All creatures will drink milk," said he. "It's good for 'em. Mine drink about all my two cows give. Never saw but one creeter that wouldn't drink milk. That ar's my old neighbor, Billy Bennett, up the road here. He's so steeped in terbacker that he can't keep milk on his stomach. But all healthy creeters love milk."

The quaint, comical manner and tone in which this peculiar sentiment was delivered, would defy description by my unskilled pen. But it struck me as having a grain of homely truth in it, none the less.

"How did you come by this marten?" I inquired.

"Ketched him in a box trap out in the woods," replied our young naturalist. "He fought and bit me like a little drargon, at fust."

"That's his name, 'Dragon,'" Henderson interrupted, with a side smile to me over Woodis's broad pronunciation.

"Would he run away if you took the chain off his neck?" I inquired.

"I ruther think he would stay round now," replied Woodis. "I'm going to try him in the course of a week or two more. He's pretty well wonted and seems to like me as well as a dog."

To show us how docile the marten had grown, he took it up in his arms and stroked its fur.

"Where are those minks you had?" Henderson asked.

"Oh, they live under the bank over there. They go off nights after their victuals. I don't feed them. They killed the last old hen I had a fortnight ago. But they come back and stay under that bank, days."

He walked along on the bank of the brook, chirped a few times, then whistled once or twice between his teeth in a way it would be difficult to imitate.

In response to this invocation, first one black, serpent-like head was protruded beside a rock near the water, then a second from beneath an old root. Again and again Woodis whistled.

"There's another one," he said. "But perhaps he's off on a hunt, being the day's cloudy."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

TWO LITTLE WHITE CHICKENS.

Two such pretty little white chickens! They belonged to Neddy and Floy, and their names were Fluff and Nixie.

Aunt Chatty gave them to Floy and Neddy one night when they stopped in at her small house going home from school.

"They're all the hen's got," said she, putting one in Neddy's checked apron and one in Floy's checked apron; "and I can't have her scratching round with them all summer and not laying an egg. So you're welcome to 'em dearies. Take good care of 'em—they're real Leghorns."

Neddy and Floy were very sure they would take good care of the little, fluffy, white things, though they hadn't the least idea what a "real Leghorn" was.

"Aunt Clara's got a new hat," said Floy, "and I heard mamma say that was a real Leghorn."

"Chickens aint hats," answered Neddy, with a sniff; "there worth a good deal more—chickens are."

Floy didn't know about that, because she did know that Aunt Clara's hat cost a good many dollars.

"As much as fifteen or ten," said she, with a little sniff to match Neddy's; "and chickens don't cost much as that."

"But they've worth more," said Neddy, "because they lay eggs, and hats won't. I'll tell you Floy, let's buy a sewing-'chine for Aunt Chatty with the eggs ours lay, first thing."

"Yes," chimed Floy, eagerly, "and then we'll buy a goat-cart to harness Fido in."

They were opposite Colonel Bell's big house just at that minute, and down across the lawn rushed a tiny, white dog, barking and snapping.

Maybe Floy was a wee bit frightened and dropped one corner of her apron.

At any rate out tumbled the little, downy chicken; and the little dog snapped at it, and tossed it on the ground—quite dead.

But that was not all that happened; for Neddy, who had sprung to the rescue, dropped his own white chicken, and in an instant the dog had shaken that, and it was lying beside the other.

Then Floy and Neddy began to cry—not softly, but with a perfect storm of tears and reproaches, which very soon brought the little dog's mistress to see what the trouble was.

She was a very pretty lady, with a sweeping white dress and smooth brown hair, and a soft voice.

"O General, you naughty boy!" she cried to the little dog, who really hung his head and looked very sorry, though Neddy and Floy didn't believe he was. "Those poor little chickens! Can't you get some more, children?"

"No'm," said Neddy. "Aunt Chatty's hen only had two."

"They—they were real leghookers, too," said Floy, sorrowfully dabbling her eyes with her checked apron. "Aunt Chatty said so."

"Leg*horns!*" said Neddy, sharply.

The lady laughed—a soft, sweet laugh that didn't hurt Floy's feelings a bit.

"Never mind," said she, "horns are hookers sometimes." And Floy took courage.

"We were going to buy Aunt Chatty a sewing-'chine with the first eggs she laid," said she, "because she's poor."

"And then a goat-cart," said Neddy. "But we can't now, because they won't lay any."

"Naughty General!" said the lady, trying hard not to laugh.

Somehow she didn't feel like laughing, as she watched the sorrowful little pair trudging off down the street with their dead pets in their checked aprons; and as she turned to go back into the house, she boxed General's silky ears soundly, and sent him to bed in disgrace.

And the next day she did—she really did order her carriage and drove into the city, where she bought a very nice sewing-machine, which she sent by express to Aunt Chatty; and she bought the very prettiest little carriage that could be found to harness Fido into; because it happened she had a great deal of money, and it also happened, which is not so common, that she liked better than almost anything else to make people happy.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Sunday School

David Sparing Saul.

LESSON XI—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1889.

GOLDEN TEXT: Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. xii, 21.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 24: 4-17.)

4. And the men of David said unto him, behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee. Then David arose and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily.

5. And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt.

6. And he said unto his men, the Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's annointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the annointed of the Lord.

7. So David stayed his servants with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul. But Saul rose up out of the cave, and went on his way.

8. David also arose afterward, and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying My lord the king. And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

9. And David said to Saul, Wherefore hear st thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt?

10. Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord had delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee: and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed.

11. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it.

12. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee.

13. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but mine hand shall not be upon thee.

14. After whom is the king of Israel come out? after whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea?

15. The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thine hand.

16. And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice and wept.

17. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The men of David said unto him, Behold, the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thine hand, and thou shalt do to him as it shall seem good unto thee (v. 4). It is always safe to follow the word of the Lord; but it is not always safe to follow the counsel of those who tell us what the Lord would have us do. The devil could quote Scripture as an inducement to evil-doing, when he tempted the Son of man in the wilderness. And to-day there is hardly any form of error that does not call to its support some Bible texts that at the first glance may seem to give it sanction. It is not enough to have one of our adversaries tell us that there is a "Thus saith the Lord" in favor of a course that is recommended to us; but we must know that the Lord said what is ascribed to him, and that he intended its application to such a case as the one in question.

The Lord forbid that I should do this this unto my lord, the Lord's anointed, to put forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the Lord's anointed (v. 6). God's representatives must be looked at in the light of him whom they represent, rather than in the light of their individual worth. The authorities in both church and state are God's representatives in their sphere; for "the powers that be are ordained of God." Parents are God's representatives to their children; so are teachers to their scholars, and employers to those whom they employ. It is a duty to recognize another's representative character, even if that other be a most unworthy representative. If a friend's servant appears at our door with a gift or a message from our friend, we must consider that servant's representative character, for the time being. Even if the servant be known to us as unworthy, or be personally unattractive, or repulsive, we must consider the friend who is represented by that servant just then, and treat the servant accordingly. We are not necessarily to heed every request of an unworthy representative of one who is worthy, but we must not overlook the representative character even under such provocation. A child has a duty to honor an unworthy parent, as a representative of God, even when the child may be compelled to refuse obedience to a command of that parent which is in manifast conflict with God's commandment. And so every person who bears God's image is, in a sense, a representative of God; and every disciple of Christ is Christ's representative. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these least, ye did it not unto me," is the way Christ looks at any lack of reverence toward his humble followers on earth.

So David checked his men with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul (v. 7). It is not enough for us to be reverent ourselves: we have a duty to inculcate reverence in those who are under us or about us; and, if need be, to restrain irreverence on their part. We ought to see to it that our children, our scholars, our servants, bear themselves reverently toward all who are in authority, or who in any sense stand for God. And we ought to feel a responsibility for helping to create a right sentiment in the community with reference to authority and its representatives. It is probably true that there is no sin toward which Americans of all classes are more prone than the sin af irreverence, which this lesson would rebuke. We, in this country, are peculiarly tempted to the feeling that "one man's as good as another; yes, and a great deal better." Especially is it hard for us to realize that rulers and superiors are worthy of reverence as God's representatives, even when they are personally unworthy of respect.

David cried after Saul, saying, My lord the king Wherefore hearkenest thou to men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? See, yea see (vs. 8-11). It is not enough to have a spirit and purpose of reverence, without evidencing that spirit and that purpose in word and in action. It is important that those who are in authority, and those who in any sense stand for God, should know your reverent attitude toward them as God's representatives. And this is all the more important, if they have any predjudice against you as supposably hostile to them. It is right for those who are of the defeated party in an election, to show their deference to those who have triumphed in that contest. There is a sense in which it is more needful for a citizen to express his approbation of the right acts of a ruler of party-politics opposite to his own, and to refrain from severe criticism of such a ruler when the latter does not do well, than for a man to commend a ruler of party-politics the same as his own; for it is every good citizen's duty to have his reverence for God's representatives as God's representatives made evident.

The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee; but mine hand shall not be upon thee (v. 12). How rarely are men willing to commit their present reputations to the Lord, even while they are ready to trust their eternal interests with him! Especially is it true that when a man finds himself wronged by unjust suspicions he is tempted to turn aside from his legitimate work in order to show that he is all right and his slanderers are all wrong. Yet this is not as it should be. It ought to be a great deal easier to leave an enemy to the Lord for punishment, when we are sure that the wrong is all on the enemy's side, and that the Lord cannot fail to see it in that light, than it is when we are in doubt whether the Lord counts our enemy or ourselves chiefly in the wrong. One who knows that he is unjustly suspected, or unjustly dealt with, ought to be far readier to leave his case with the Lord for justification than can be one who thinks that if he doesn't avenge himself he never will be avenged. And there is no class of wrongs which may more confidently be left for the Lord to take care of than wrongs committed against us by those who have unworthily represented the Lord in so doing.

Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rendered unto me good, whereas I have rendered unto thee evil (vs. 16, 17). There is no surer way of convincing others that we have a right spirit, than by showing a right spirit. And, in the long run, a loving forbearance, and a loving deference, will tell on the hardest heart. A bad man is not easily convinced that he is bad, by being opposed and abused. But if he is treated with undeserved and unexpected kindness, he may be led to believe how unworthy he is of such treatment. Even unworthy representatives of God, in places of authority and influence, are more likely to recognize their own unworthiness, and their injustice toward those with whom they have dealt unfairly, through seeing the God-fearing spirit of those whom they had counted their opponents, than through any deserved rebuke of those who would assume to mete out to them God's justice. There is, in fact, no better way of securing the results of well-doing than by doing well, persistently and unswervingly, and leaving the results to God.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

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THE UNDERBRED GIRL.

Some of the Pointers Which Unerringly Indicate Her.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

There are some things that stamp the underbred girl like a sign-manual. She giggles, for instance, stuffs her handkerchief into her mouth, and wears her gloves with one thumb out and bare. She is usually dressed as nearly in the height of fashion as her knowledge and circumstances permit, even if her "things" are pinned together—a pin always answering for a stitch with her. In the street she is always more or less conscious of her clothes, throws about side glances that, however innocent, exposes her to misconception, and receiving amiable glances that would be insulting if she knew enough to be insulted instead of flattered by them. In the house she sits with her feet pushed out or her knees crossed, with one foot high in the air; she has a finger in her mouth, or thrusts her tongue into the side of it; she bites her nails, scratches her face, or keeps her hands at work on her lips or chin or eyes.

She is rather fond of perfumes, wafts of them following her as she moves, with the suggestion of burned sugar that belongs to the cheap kind she is usually obliged to content herself with; she wears cotton lace and all sorts of shams in jewelry and adornment; and so long as her exterior satifies her, her unseen underclothing is of no consequence. In her conversation, too, she affects the knowledge of the world which expresses itself in slang, and not a word escapes her lips that is not savored with the spice of this misuse of English. She may be, with all this, the soul of kindness, warm-heartedness, and even a good principle in general; but she is an exceedingly uncomfortable, mortifying and distasteful person to be thrown with to any extent in daily life.

AN EIGHT-MONTHS-OLD BRIDE.

The Groom was Twenty-eight Years Old, and was Paid Liberally for Marrying.

An announcement which appeared this month in an Indian paper throws a most remarkable light upon the child-marriage question:

"AN INFANT BRIDE.—A curious marriage ceremony took place at Bamundaugah, near Jonai, Hooghly district, a few days ago, a baby, 8 months old, of the Brahmin caste, being married to a Charitri Brahmin 28 years old. The father of the bride gave the bridegroom a present of Rs. 200 in cash for marrying his daughter."

Curious, indeed! The notion of a child being "married" at 8 months is revolting enough, but the financial side of the transaction is even more brutal.

In England babies are occasionally bought, but as a rule parents do not give other people money to take them off their hands, says the London *Truth*. Surely, cases of this sort ought to wake up our legislators to the necessity of interfering to put a stop to these barbarous customs.

TIBBEE, MISS., Oct. 16, 1886.

Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO.

Rochester, Pa. *Gents:*—The bottle of Shallenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson, of this place; a long standing case of chills and fever. He had tried everything known without any permanent good. In less than ten days after taking your Antidote he was sound and well, and has gone through the entire season without any return. It seems to have effectually driven the Malarious poison from his system.

Yours truly, V. A. ANDERSON.

Justice Field's Home.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Justice Field's residence in Washington is said to have been the gift of his wealthier brothers, and it is annually, on February 13, the meeting place of the four brothers and their families for a reunion in honor of the birthday of David Dudley, the eldest, who is now 84. A dinner is one of the features of this annual reunion, and also a reception, which includes Justice and Mrs. Field's entire visiting list. Justice Field is one of the courtliest men in public life, and his home is enriched by many curios from his early residence abroad, for from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year he was in Smyrna with his sister Emilia, who had married a missionary of the American board. Here he learned to speak modern Greek with great fluency and acquired a certain cosmopolitan tone of thought and manner which sits upon him with charming grace. He graduated at Williams College in 1837, first in his class. Eleven years later he took his venerable father abroad with him for a stay of many months.

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The breath and mouth, and dirt defies.
'Tis SOZODONT for which we cry,
Sweet SOZODONT for which we sigh,
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Baby's Finger Nails.

Medical Classics.

Every mother knows how difficult it is to clean the baby's finger nails. By folding some tissue paper into a sharp point, and, when using it, calling the attention of the baby to something else, this simple task can be easily performed. The paper is so soft that it does not hurt the tender flesh, yet it is sufficiently firm to remove every particle of dirt.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Nature's Freak.

In the last number of the *American Naturalist* a curious freak of nature is noted on the island of Santa Cruz, opposite Santa Barbara, Cal. The sea has worn the rocks away at one place in such a fashion that a "perfectly former human figure" appears to be stepping into the water.

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Talmage's Sermon.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON WEIGHING.

The Sermon is Based on These Memorable Words: "Thou Art Weighed in the Balance, and Art Found Wanting." Daniel v. 27.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 1.—Great interest was manifested here to-day, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge, D. D., preaching to an immense congregation. His text was: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—Daniel v. 27. The preacher said:

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, two million men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city from which the material for the building of the city had been digged.

There were 25 gates on each side the city; between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so there were 50 streets 15 miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the River Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from the ruin of the city a lake was constructed, into which the surplus water of this river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon; and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones; on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen; on the top of that two layers of bricks, closely cemented; on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery, fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky.

Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which cost what would be our fifty-two million dollars.

Weighed in the Balances.

O what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices. Drink to the health of the king. Drink to the glory of Babylon. Drink to a great future.

A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king, seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room and puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write; and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace are followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be a little disturbed.

God's Balances are Accurate.

You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you pay for one thing and you get another; but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound, and right is right and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil, and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and he calls upon his recording angel to mark it: "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves and we may cheat the world, but we can not cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood, at school, is correct: that twenty hundred weight make a ton, and one hundred and twenty solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less. And a religion which does not take hold of this life as well as the life to come is no religion at all. But, my friends, that is not the kind of balances I am to speak of to-day, that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which can weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations, and weigh worlds. "What!" you say, "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side the balances suspended from the throne the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the Himalayas, and Mount Washington, and all the cities of the earth, they would crush it. No, no. The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities, and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

Some Personal Questions.

God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That great church, according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balances, and the minister and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balances. On the other side of that scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of his mouth. Weighed and found wanting! So God estimates nations. How many times he has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales, and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded Opera-house?" Then God weighed the nation, and he put on one side of the scales the emperor, and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysses, and the gilded Opera-house, and on the other side he put that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting!

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious addresses, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah! no. He loads his gun, he puts the butt of it against the breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks. And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sick room does he treat disease in the abstract? No; he feels the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he makes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls in this life and in the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

We Must All Be Weighed.

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now, and be weighed. But as he gets into the balances, I say: "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness and kindness, and charity, and generosity, and kindliness generally." "O, my brother! we cannot weigh that; we are going to weigh you—you. Now, stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now, before you get out of this scale, I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say, "no." Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart, and soul, and mind, and strength?" "No," you say. Make another mark. "Come now, be frank, and confess that in ten thousand things you have come short—have you not?" "Yes." Make ten thousand marks. Come now, get me a book large enough to make the record of that moralist's deficits. My brother, stand in the scales, do not fly away from. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered; but on the other side the scales I put this weight, which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting.

Still, the balances of the sanctuary are suspended and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is a formalist. He comes and he gets in the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflexions and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say: "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is Westminster Assembly Catechism." I say: "Very good. What have you in that other pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is the Heide berg Catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm, standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh," he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes.'" "My brother, we are not weighing books; we are weighing you. It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah! that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man, "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you. "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church records." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion 40 years." That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God sas I must put there. I put this million pound weight on the other side the balances: "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away." Weighed and found wanting.

Who is to be Weighed Next.

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who will be weighed? Yes, here comes a worldly. He gets into the scales. I can very easily tell what his whole life is made up of: stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer thirty days." Get in, my friend; get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come. He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are, "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires heaven because it is a land of gold and money must be "easy."

I find from talking with him that religion and the Sabbath are an interruption, a vulgar interruption, and he hopes on the way to church to drum up a new customer. All the week he has been weighing fruits, weighing meats, weighing ice, weighing coal, weighing confections, weighing worldly and perishable commodities, not realizing the fact that he himself has been weighed. On your side the balances, O worldling! I will give you full advantage. I put on your side all the banking houses, all the storehouses, all the cargoes, all the insurance companies, all the factories, all the silver, all the gold, all the money vaults, all the safe deposits—all on your side. But it does not add one ounce, for at the very moment we are congratulating you on your fine house and upon your princely income, God and the angels are writing in regard to your soul, "Weighed and found wanting."

But I must go faster and speak of the final scrutiny. The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which now are drumming the march of life may, after a while, call a halt. We walk on a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupations not knowing whether we shall come back. Crowns being burnished for thy brow or bolts forged for thy prison. Angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance, or fiends of darkness stretching up skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate. Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, this is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgiven get in on this side the balances. They may have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone; there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantage, a soul—on one side of the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, ten thousand opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and and in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel, he announces, while groaning earthquake, and crackling conflagration, and judgment trumpet, and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

But, say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned, our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" Yes, my brother. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are certainly going to be weighed.

All Must Be Weighed.

O follower of Christ, you get into the balances. The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections.

Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side of the scales we will place all the good deeds you have ever done, and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come, mighty men of the past, and get on that side the scales. Come, Payson, and Doddridge, and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wickliffes, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weigh it aright. They come and get in. Too light yet! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet!

I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet. But just at that point Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and he puts one of his scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to quiver and tremble from top to bottom. Then he puts both of his scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight.

"But," says the Christian, "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free. Weighed in the balances, and nothing, nothing wanting.

You Must Have Christ With You.

Oh! what a glorious hope. Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack, Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? Will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee." Oh! if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could understand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses and to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt, and hurt for others. But I tell you to-day of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood red horse of sacrifice came for our rescue, and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and for me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice! come this hour and ride through this assemblage on the white horse of victory.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

How to Treat Wheat to Destroy Smut Germs.

T. J., Lincoln, Nebraska: One of the most efficacious and least expensive remedies is lime water soakings. Dissolve 1½ lbs. of sulphate of soda, (glauber salts) in two gallons of water. When the salt is well dissolved, moisten or sprinkle the heap of wheat with a broom, taking care to stir it with a shovel until the heap is all moistened and the water begins to drip or run out at the bottom; then dry the heap with lime recently slacked and mixed with ashes, so that each grain shall be well impregnated and encrusted. Seed prepared thus may be kept for a number of days, or may be sown immediately.

The receipt used in many places, and which is popular, is sulphate of copper (blue vitriol), which may be used instead of glauber salts. It is used in the proportion of one pound to two gallons of water. This would be more certain, because the sulphate of copper being an active poison, would protect the seeds from the insects, which are in the habit of depredating upon wheat in the ground. Seed prepared in this way will destroy birds that eat it.

Can Be Taken Up, Set Out and Cultivated.

M. E. K., Middle Creek, Ill.: Blackberries growing in pasture may be taken up, set out and cultivated. The best way is to prepare the bed on which you wish them to stand in the fall. During the winter, when the ground is frozen, cut out the ground, say two feet wide of the bushes, and two feet long. The roots should not be disturbed. To do the work properly, cut into the ground about six inches, and cut under with a spade, lifting the square. Remove the bushes to the place prepared for them, and set them with the ground attached. Make squares in their new quarters similar to the ones from which they were taken, fitting them in snugly. When the frost goes out in the spring, trim the bushes and put some well-rotted barnyard manure around the roots.

One-Quarter of Udder of Cow Becomes Swollen.

R. L., Carthage, Missouri: Cows in plethoric condition at the time of calving, or if at that or other time they be turned into rich pasturage, are liable to inflammation of the udder. It is also the result of the udder being injured by striking against a hard substance. Foment the udder with warm water twice a day, wiping dry and then gently rub udder with the hands. Then rub into the skin of the udder, the following: 4 ozs. glycerine, 1 drachm iodide of potassium. Dissolve this in as little water as will make a solution. The above will last for several days. The milk should be drawn not less than three times a day. Put an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for a week. If the milk is ropy or clotted, inject into it a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda (common baking soda) dissolved in a half pint of water.

Catarrh in Cow.

H. L. W., Oklahoma, I. T.: As there was no swelling of the bones of the head of your cow, it is evident that she was attacked with catarrh. This inflammatory affliction of the lining membrane of the throat and adjacent parts becomes chronic unless taken in time by proper treatment. If there is yet discharge from the nose, have the animal inhale steam from a bran mash in a nose-bag. Continue this once a day for three or four days. Examine her nostrils, and if there are polypi it may be necessary to remove them. If the nostrils are not clear inject them with carbolic acid and water, in the proportion of 4 drs. of the former to 1 qt. of water. Give the cow a dose of salts—¾ lb.—stirred in warm water with a cupful of molasses. After this, stir an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water once a day for a week. To disperse the lumps on her throat, if they do not show symptoms of "pointing" or are not sore, rub them with iodine, 1 oz.; soap liniment, 12 ozs. If the lumps are tender, poultice them until they break. Catarrh does not make milk unfit for use.

Mare With Good Appetite, But Is Poor—Has Little Use of Hind Limbs.

L. F. B., Crock, Missouri: As your mare, according to your letter, is troubled with intestinal worms, the treatment for these is: Give the following ball, mixed with linseed meal and molasses: Calomel, oil of male fern, aloes, of each 1 drachm; ginger, 4 drachms. Give bran mashes twice a day for two days after the above. Then give this twice a day for two days: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gential, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. If, as you say, her back is weak, foment it by dipping a blanket in hot water, wringing it out and laying it along the small of the back, keeping it damp, and do not let it get cold. Keep on for half a day. Then rub dry and apply this once a day along the backbone, (small of the back): Iodine, ½ oz.; glycerine, 2 ozs.; mercurial ointment, 2 ozs.; olive oil, 8 ozs. Carefully watch the bare patches on her side and back, and also her urine. If the former spread, or the latter is not of proper color, write us naming date of this paper. If the sprain is severe, she should have a long rest.

Is Salt Good for Producing a Good Wheat Crop?

Subscriber, Fillmore, Indiana: Sodium, chemically combined with Oxygen forms soda. Salt furnishes two of the important constituents in the oil of every vegetable. "As a manure," says Allen, "salt was extensively used by the ancients and has ever since been used by intelligent agriculturists. On some soils it yields no apparent benefit. Such as are near the seacoast and occasionally receive deposits from the salt spray which is often carried inland by the ocean storms; or such as contain chlorine or soda in any other forms are not affected by it. But in other situations, when used at the rate of three to sixteen bushels per acre, the crops of grains, roots or grasses, have been increased from 20 to 50 per cent. It may be applied in minute portions in the hill, or scattered broadcast, or mixed with the muck heap. Its great affinity for water has the effect, like that of gypsum, of attracting dews and atmospheric vapor to the growing vegetation, by which it is supplied with moisture in a period of drought much beyond what is conveyed to such as are destitute of these manures. Salt is also useful in destroying slugs, worms and larvæ which frequently do much injury to the crops.

Cannot Say.

B. B., Hay Creek, Oregon: We cannot tell you certainly as to what caused the death of your horses. You say the attack was severe, but give no idea of symptoms or how the horses acted. You will, therefore, see that it would be impossible for us to give a correct opinion. It may be that they died of inflammation of the lungs, as one of them bled at the nose. In this disease there is a secretion of lymph, which fills the lungs and solidifies them, resulting in death, or is gradually absorbed and the animal recovers.

Should Have Had Strict Attention.

H. P. H., New York: The fact that there was retention of the afterbirth in your cow, and that strict attention was not paid to it, resulted in a diseased condition of the blood. Give her ¾ lb. of salts in 1 qt. of warm water, stirring in a cupful of molasses. After this has operated give the following for one dose every third day until four doses are taken: Flour of sulphur 8 ozs., ginger ½ oz. Keep the cow in a dry place, not allowing her to get wet until two weeks after the above is taken.

Coloring Cheese—What is Rubbed on After Being Taken Out of the Press?

G. T. A., Topland, Kansas: Recipes employed by experienced dairymen, are: First, dissolve six pounds concentrated potash and one pound saltpetre in five gallons of warm water; then add 30 gallons of cold water, put in as much choice annatto as the liquid will dissolve; heat gently to a boil; put in a cask and store in a cool place. Second recipe—Dissolve four pounds of potash in half a barrel of water; put in as much pure armalto as the liquid will cut. This mixture need not be boiled. Third recipe—Take four pounds best annatto, two pounds concentrated potash, five ounces saltpetre, one and a half pounds sal-soda, and five gallons boiling water. Put the ingredients into a tub and pour on the boiling water.

The annatto should be enclosed in a cloth, and as it dissolves, squeeze it through the cloth into the liquid. About 2 ozs. of this mixture is sufficient for 100 lbs. of curd in summer. Pure annatto is a harmless vegetable substance, prepared from the seeds of a tree, and when used in the ordinary way for coloring cheese is not injurious. It adds nothing to the flavor or nutrition of cheese. The juice of carrots will answer as a coloring matter, but it is in no way as good as annatto, which may be purchased either in the flour, or liquid state. Some cheese makers rub butter on the cheese, on shelf, after being taken from the press. Cheese in hot weather should be examined to prevent skippers, and they should also be turned daily to facilitate the curing process. In the old process of curing the double Gloucester, the cheese is rubbed with finely powdered salt, as this is thought to make the cheese more smooth than when the salting process is performed in the curd. Fancy cheeses, made in imitation of English, have the rinds covered with sharp, sour whey, salt, venetian red and burnt umber. The venetian red and umber are added to the whey, so as to make a mixture of the consistency of paint, and of the shade desired, and when the cheeses are ready for market, the rinds are painted over and allowed to dry.

Eczema of the Heels in Horse.

J. H. C., Claiborne, Tennessee: To treat for the disease named, give once a week for three weeks 4 drachms of aloes in a pint of water. Also give an ounce of saltpeter in the drinking water once a day for a week. Change the diet of the horse, and keep him out of the mud or sand. Poultice the parts with bran and brewer's yeast. Then wash with warm soapsuds water, and apply this twice daily: Acetate of lead, 1 oz.; sulphate of zinc, ½ oz.; water, 1 pint. Where there are grapes they must be clipped off with scissors, or fasten a ligature around their bases and let them slough off, or remove them with actual cautery.

Celery Blanching.

Subscriber: Peter Henderson, in his work, "Gardening for Profit," says that in the vicinity of New York they begin to dig celery up for winter use about the end of October, and continue to work (always on dry days) until the 20th or 25th of September, which is as late as it can be left without the fear of frost. The ground in which it is placed for winter use should be as dry as possible. Dig a trench as narrow as possible, not more than ten or twelve inches wide, and of depth exactly of the height of the celery. The celery is placed in the trench as near perpendicular as possible, so as to fill it up entirely, its green tops being on a level with the top of the trench. No earth whatever is put to the roots other than what adheres to them after after being dug up. It being closely packed together, there is moisture enough always at the bottom of the trench to keep this plant at the cool season of the year from wilting, and also to induce it to form new white roots, which must be formed before the celery will blanch. That which is put in trenches about the 25th is usually ready to be taken up about the first of November, that a couple of weeks later, by the first of January; and the last which is deferred to the 15th or 20th of November, may be used during the winter, and until the first of April. The first lot requires no covering. That for use during the winter months must be gradually covered up until the middle of December or until the first of January, when it will require at least a foot of covering of some light, dry material—hay, straw or leaves. The book named, further says:

"For smaller growers, either for sale or private use, quite a quantity may be preserved in any cellar where there is no furnace or other fire heat. Where a few hundred roots only are to be stored, it can be placed in narrow boxes, say nine inches wide, four or six feet in length, and of a depth a little less than the height of the celery. A few inches of sand or soil is placed on the bottom of the box, but none must be put between the stalks of the celery, and the celery is packed in the boxes upright, the roots being placed on the sand at the bottom. The celery must be packed in as tight as possible, but without bruising. Boxes thus packed and stored on the cool floor of the cellar, if put away in November, will be blanched fit for use during January, February and March. If put in sooner than November it will blanch earlier, and if stored later it will keep later. If larger quantities are to be kept in the cellar, the cheapest practicable way to do so is to begin at one side next to the wall furthest from the entrance, and erect boards across the cellar, nine inches from the wall and of a height a little less than the length of the celery—that is, if the celery is 24 inches in length, the boarding may be 18 or 20 inches high. In this narrow division the celery is packed in upright, as above described for packing in boxes. As soon as the first tier is filled erect another board trench or division at nine inches distance from the first, and so on until the whole space to be used is filled up. It will be understood that no soil or sand is packed between the stocks of celery, only two or three inches being strewn on the floor, on which the roots are placed. Simultaneously with the formation of the white rootlets the blanching process begins, which is simply the plant making an effort to grow in the dark, and thus becoming blanched or whitened. We have sometimes complaints that celery fails to blanch or whiten. In all such cases the roots must have been in some way injured by being frozen or dried too much while being lifted from the field, but this should never happen with ordinary care. A celler or root-house 20 by 20 feet, so packed, will hold from 3,000 to 5,000 roots of celery, according to their size. Care must be taken not to get the board partitions forming the trenches, or divisions between the tiers of celery, more than nine or ten inches apart, for if at much greater distance the stems and leaves would be in too large masses and would generate heat and rot."

CORRESPONDENCE.

It Reminds Him of a Little Incident.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The assertion made by "J. A. I." that 90 per cent of the farmers are rogues, reminds me of a little incident which happened here several years ago. A merchant of this place, before quite an audience of listeners in his store, commenced a tirade of abuse very severe, and long-drawn out about the dishonesty of the farmers, and he was speaking authoritatively, as he had been a farmer himself. I sat listening to him very impatiently, but managed to keep silent until he was done. I then approached him firmly and quietly, and with all the air of seriousness I could muster, I said: "Mr. S——, who puts all the pebble stones in our coffee?" This brought down the house with roars of laughter and pretty effectually silenced him. That there are some, and perhaps many, dishonest farmers, I am willing to admit. That 90 per cent of the farmers are rogues is too broad an assertion and deserves the severest rebuke. That farmers stand equally well for honesty in their calling with all other classes of our citizens, I stoutly affirm.—J. LINCOLN, Galatine, Ill. [You are right, Mr. Lincoln. Farmers are as honest as any other class of citizens. In cities is where you find rascality reduced to a science.—ED.]

The Alliance Attracting Some Attention.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I see the Alliance is attracting some attention. C. L. G., of Rock Spring, Missouri, still sticks to his first assertion that the Alliance started in Texas, and that it is a free trade party. No doubt there are free traders in the Alliance. In THE BLADE of August 8th, C. L. G. says there are (at Rock Spring, I suppose) three Democrats and one Republican—quite a crowd to raise so much talk. It is evident C. L. G. is a merchant of some kind by the trail he leaves. Now, is it not true that the farmers as a class are the poorest paid set of men of any class on earth, and work the hardest. They have to foot the bills of a good many other classes that live and grow fat. Our Alliance here was not formed to walk over any set of men, but to get our rights, and we are having some success. Since we began to sell the price of corn has gone up 3½ cents per bushel with very little change in the larger market or grain centers. Then we have bought some things that we have saved from 25 to 95 per cent on.

H. G. Miller, Russellville, Tennessee: The word white does not appear in constitution in regard as to members. Any honorable farmer, laborer, or minister can become a member of the Alliance in Nebraska.

One more word in regard to the Alliance being a political party. If we listen to all we hear, we will have several parties in the Alliance, as I hear there is an effort being made in Dakota to commit the Alliance to the Prohibition party. Then there are Democrats and Republicans here that will not vote for anything of the kind. The Alliance is non-partisan.—M. D. J., Silver Creek, Nebraska.

A Little Experience.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If thought to be worth the space in the FARM department, I will offer to the farmer readers of THE BLADE a little experience. Some years ago I seeded a field in wheat, sowing among corn. A small patch in one corner of the field had been planted in sorghum in the previous spring, consequently could not be sown until late, after the removal of the sorghum. The first sowing exhausted my supply of clean wheat, and I resorted to swimming some wheat in salt water as strong as could be made. The wheat was then sown broadcast and plowed in with a two horse breaking plow. The result was the last sown ripened some four or five days before the first, ripening very evenly, the straw and chaff being of a bright golden hue, and altogether superior to the first sown. Let us hear from brother farmers through THE BLADE on the question, Is salt beneficial to wheat?—SUBSCRIBER, Fillmore, Ind.

Speaks in Hard Terms of the Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: In your issue of August 15, John W. Wogue, Bruceville, Ind., speaks in hard terms of the Aliance.

In the first place, he does not belong to our noble order, and his remarks are as near correct as his figuring on the per cent. He should remember that if the grocer sold his flour at six dollars per barrel and made 100 per cent, it would have cost him $3. So the readers of THE BLADE can see at a glance, he knows nothing about what he is talking about. I have been a member of the Alliance over one and a half years, and I can assure the readers of THE BLADE we are not an organization of any party or creed, but are banded together as brothers, to work for the interest of the farmers and fruit growers. We do not aim to hurt any one, nor any profession of men, but to educate the farmer, make farm life more attractive, by teaching and learning all we can.

I have been in Florida over thirteen years, always a Republican, and no one knows of me as anything else than a Republican. I was elected president of our lodge when I was the only Republican member of it at the time, and I can assure the readers of THE BLADE there is no politics in the Alliance. We are gathering corn here now; crop light in this part. The orange and lemon crop is light this year, caused by drouth in March, April and May. It caused fruit to drop. Will have fine potato and pea crop. Had fine peach crop in parts of this county. We are having plenty of rain this summer, and we find the summer very pleasant on the lakes. The mercury in the thermometer has not been over 96 this summer. The best grass we have for pasture is the Bermuda; it keeps green all the year.

Long may THE BLADE live. We all are highly delighted with the last story.—ALLIANCE, Tompkinsville, Florida.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Pas Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Aug. 31, says: Last week's suggestions in regard to the monetary situation have been entirely sustained by the events of the past week. Those who had large amounts of government bonds were induced to sell freely at prices formerly paid by the treasury, which has thus been enabled to pay out $20,000,000 for bonds.

But these heavy disbursements have scarcely changed at all the market for commercial paper here, at Boston or at Philadelphia, though speculation has been rendered more active, and sharp advances in stocks and wheat have resulted. The secretary's belief that bonds to a large amount could be obtained at the prices offered has been justified, and he has done what he could under the law to prevent monetary pressure.

But the money disbursed seems likely to relieve speculative rather than commercial needs, at least until other operations besides the one in government bonds have been liquidated. Stocks have advanced just $2.50 per share in a week, and 1,200,000 shares have been sold already at the rising prices. As yet the money for bonds has not actually gone out of the treasury, and its cash holdings are a little larger than a week ago, but its deposits in banks half a million less.

Business in all parts of the country continues to improve with the stimulus of large crops. Chicago reports immense increase in receipts of grain and provisions, with considerable gains in sales of dry goods and clothing. Milwaukee finds trade improving; at Detroit and St. Paul previous improvement is maintained; at Omaha business is very good, and although trade at Kansas City is rather quiet, the demand for money is enlarging.

At Boston sales of wool are larger, reaching 2,100,000 pounds for the week, and the goods trade is large, with prices well maintained.

A heavy demand for export is observed in leather, and large building operations make the lumber trade more active.

The situation in the iron industry is surprisingly encouraging, for a weekly production hardly ever surpassed appears to be met by a wonderful demand, although deliveries of rails continue below last year. The Tennessee Coal and Iron company gives notice of an advance of 25 cents in its prices for pig iron, and the rise in the price of coke at Pittsburg incures some advance in pig iron there, while bar, plate and structural iron are in strong demand and the works better employed than they have been before for several years.

Wool is not yet freely taken by manufacturers at current prices. The high price and inferior quality of cotton embarrasses manufacturers, but a large new supply is now at hand.

The interior money markets are so well supplied that the lack of supply for commercial purposes at the chief eastern cities is the most noticeable. At Milwaukee there is more activity and a stronger demand, and at Chicago the demand is good, but in general the supply is ample at the usual rates. Collections are improving at Omaha, and rather better at Philadelphia, but at most points the absence of complaint is noteworthy.

The movement of money through the treasury to the interior continues, and would have doubtless caused some pressure here but for the literal sales of bonds.

While the Bank of England has raised its rate of discount, thus evincing a disposition to prevent any outflow of gold to this country, the sales of commercial bills against cotton and other crops have been large, and the exports from New York for four weeks exceed last year's by nearly 22 per cent, the increase on imports being a little larger.

In the speculative markets the general tendency has been toward lower prices, though wheat advanced on extravagant reports of shortness in European crops. The average of prices for all commodities is about 1 per cent lower than a week ago, and even in wheat the later sales indicate a declining tendency, as in other grain and provisions.

THE G. A. R.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

Milwaukee Never Saw So Great a Crowd.

The twenty-third national encampment was called to order by Commander-in-Chief Warner at 10:15 a. m. on August 28. After prayer by Chaplain Wharton, of the Wisconsin department, and a brief intermission to allow late delegates to seat themselves, Commander Warner, at 10:45 began to read his address.

It is estimated that there were about 100,000 strangers on the streets that day and that notwithstanding many were leaving for their homes, Milwaukee's guests numbered from 150,000 to 200,000.

Commander Warner finished his address at 12:30 o'clock when the encampment took a recess until 2 p. m.

All of the Officers for the Ensuing Year Elected.

At the morning session of the national encampment on the 29th, the election of officers for the ensuing year was completed. Dr. Horace P. Porter, of Kansas, was chosen surgeon general; W. H. Childers, of Kentucky, chaplain, and Comrade Lovett, junior vice commander. The encampment refused to recognize the sons of veterans as an auxiliary to the G. A. R., because of a disturbing faction in the former. Instead of giving the two women's organizations—the Loyal Ladies of the G. A. R. and the Woman's Relief Corps—formal endorsement, which would be contrary to the rules, it was recommended that the encampment bid them God speed in the work.

Gen. Alger, president of the Logan Monument fund, reported that the collections to date aggregated $11,119.60. A committee of five was authorized to place before Congress a proposition, to set apart a portion of the $40,000 appropriated for the site, to be added to the fund for the monument.

Gen. Warner left the chair and made a strong appeal for the monument scheme. He suggested that the committee be enlarged to include one representative from each department with instructions to push the work until the monument was finally erected at Washington.

Comrade Perkins, of Kansas, introduced resolution endorsing Corporal Tanner's actions in regard to pensions. They were supported by an eastern delegate and a lively time ensued. Many of the delegates thought the adoption of the resolutions would amount to an endorsement of Harrison's administration, and they opposed them on this ground.

At the encampment Boston was selected as the next place of meeting by the following vote:

Saratoga, 32; Washington, 68; Indianapolis, 29, and all the rest, nearly 700, for Boston.

Before the close of the session on the 29th, something of a sensation was created when Gen. McMahon, of New York, arose and offered a resolution which had been unanimously adopted by the delegates from that state. It declared that the Grand Army was composed of men who after honorable service in the cause of the country had been honorably discharged from further service in the army and navy of the United States; that they were zealous for its glory and the good name of its surviving comrades as well as mindful of the honor due to the memory of the dead, and that the encampment, therefore, protested against any construction of existing laws which would place on the pension rolls men dishonorably discharged from the service. The resolution was greeted with applause, but under the rules it went to the committee without debate.

THE LAST DAY.

Trying to Keep the Proceedings Secret—It Could not be Done.

The closing session of the national encampment was held on August 30. The call to order was made at 9 o'clock, so that the business might all be disposed of before noon and enable the delegates to leave the city after dinner. Unusual pains were taken to make it as difficult as possible for the reporters to get their reports of proceedings.

The doors and transoms were closed, the password for the upper gallery changed, and a padlock put upon the mouth of everybody who had a right to enter. Although the encampment had given the official stenographer instructions to give the press such information as the encampment would not be ashamed to see in print, that functionary ignored the instructions entirely.

The encampment was in session four hours, and cleared the decks of some important business. There was a prolonged discussion over the resolution favoring the allowance of a pension of $12 per month to all soldiers who prefer to live at home and will relinquish their rights to enter the national military asylums.

It met with so much opposition that by a vote of the encampment it was ordered to lie on the table.

The encampment then took up the subject of general pension legislation, and adopted the following without discussion:

Resolved, That the action of the twenty-second National encampment, upon the subject of necessary pension legislation by Congress, is hereby reaffirmed, and the Pension committee is hereby instructed to pursue all proper means to secure legislation in accordance with such policy.

The above resolution embraces the disability bill and also calls for the passage of a per diem service pension bill.

The resolution amending the rules so that five members might constitute a quorum in posts having less than 50 members was adopted.

The principal debate of the day was had over the resolution to deprive past department commanders of the right to vote at the national encampment. Upon the present basis of representation, the membership of the encampment consists, besides the regularly elected delegates, of past national officers and past department commanders. The latter grow in number from year to year, and have been stigmatized as the "House of Lords," because they are made life members, and cannot be removed or deprived of any of the privileges of the regularly elected delegates.

This has been vigorously opposed by Massachusetts, who, in this as in past years, have demanded that the "House of Lords" be abolished. The committee on resolutions handed up two reports, the majority recommending adverse action, and the minority recommending that the resolution be adopted.

After a noisy discussion, the majority report was adopted by a vote of 187 to 38, and the "House of Lords" will be continued. It is thought that the matter is now finally disposed of, and what has been a bone of contention for years will not come up again.

The proposition to admit to qualified membership the eldest sons of veterans, without, however, the right to vote or to wear the badge, was rejected.

A letter from Mrs. Sheridan was read, returning thanks for the memorial page and portrait of Gen. Sheridan, which had been given the report of last year's proceedings.

The usual resolution of thanks to all who had placed the encampment under obligations to them, were then passed. The business of the encampment having been concluded, Commander Warner delivered a closing address on retiring from the chair.

The adjutant-general then called the officers-elect to the platform and the ceremony of installation performed. When this was accomplished the encampment adjourned *sine die*.

The council of administration met immediately thereafter, but its work was simply technical and of no public interest.

General Sherman's Talk to the Members of the Homes.

About 200 regimental reunions were held on August 29. About 25,000 people gathered at the National Soldiers' Home for Disabled Veterans, where the men passed in review before Gen. Sherman and party. Gen. Sherman was received with immense enthusiasm and made a brief speech, which, as he says, is the last he will ever make. Gen. Sherman said:

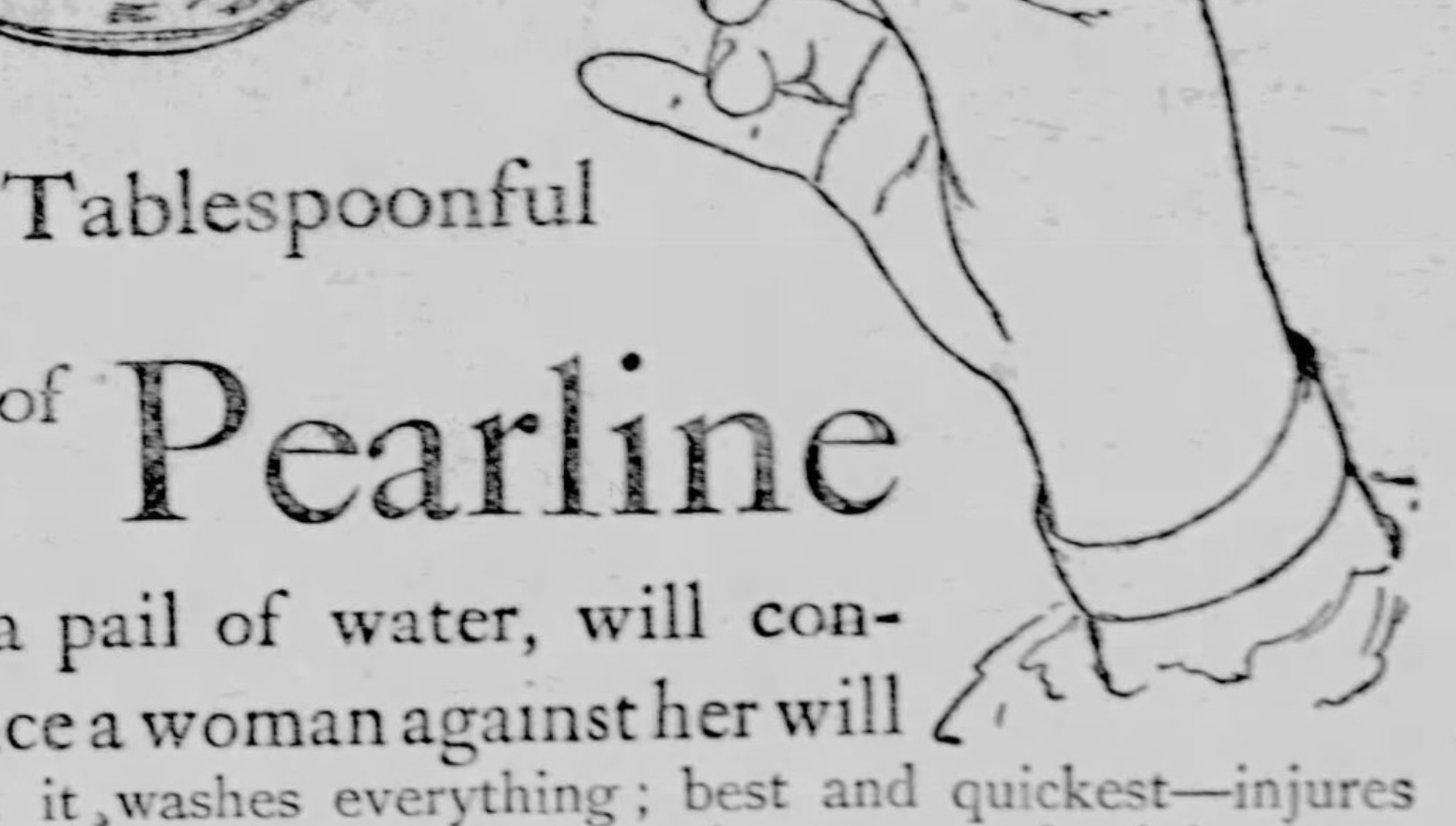
Boys, my speaking days are over. I am not going to make any more speeches. If you want a speech, take Senator Manderson. I think he can make a good speech. I am always glad to see so many soldiers looking hearty and healthy. I think we can stand on our legs yet. I like to see that our old Uncle Sam takes pretty good care of these old soldiers. Uncle Sam cannot make old men young, but he can make young men just as good as you or I ever were. I see that Milwaukee is full of them, and they are coming out of the bushes everywhere.

If you think you are the only old soldiers you are mistaken. There were old soldiers before you and there will be again. Such is the providence of the world; just as good men were born a thousand years ago as will be born a thousand years hence. All we have to do is to do our parts in this short period of life, honorably and honestly. I think we can pass the grand tribunal and say: "We have tried to do our best," and the answer will be "well done."

We have passed through one crisis of our country's history. I don't see any chance of another, but nobody knows the future. Bring up your children to love and venerate the old soldiers who fought in 1861 and 1865, and make them uncover their heads when they see that little banner that you followed in the days that tried us to the utmost. Let us venerate that flag and love our country and love each other and stand by each other as long as we have heads on our shoulders and legs on our bodies.

The old soldiers who marched against the enemy in those trying days a grateful country tries its best to assist, and will, I think—in fact, I am sure—be good to you when you get too old—all that is necessary. But keep young as long as you can, and do not go into a soldiers' home if you can help it.

Ex-Pension Commissioner Black and Secretary of Agriculture Rusk also made brief remarks.



A Tablespoonful of Pearline in a pail of water, will convince a woman against her will that it washes everything; best and quickest—injures nothing; coarse or fine—just the reverse—by doing away with the rubbing it saves the very thing which ruins the most clothing—especially fine things. It takes the drudgery out of woman's hardest work. Wash day and cleaning time are no longer "bugbears" in the homes where Pearline is used, and these homes number millions.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. 149 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

PENSION LEGISLATION.

Report of the Committee on this Subject of Much Importance.

The pension committee made its report on Aug. 29 as follows:

After eight years' faithful service on this committee, of the next session of Congress legislation may be had which shall go far toward the completion of the full measure of the nation's indebtedness to the men who defended her flag.

Perhaps following the accomplishment of so little in the way of practical result during the past year, it may not be inappropriate to note some of the beneficial legislation secured through the efforts of the national pension committee of the Grand Army.

Down to the time of the appointment of this committee in 1881, little or nothing had been done by the veterans as a class toward systematic work in relation to the liberalization of pension laws. Immediately afterward it was found that the work of the Pension Department was seriously hindered, and the adjudication of hundreds of thousands of cases delayed, from the lack of a sufficient clerical force in that department, as well as in the offices of the adjutant-general and of the surgeon-general, from which latter much necessary information in regard to pension cases must be secured.

Upon consultation with the then commissioner of pensions, the committee asked of Congress an increase in the force attached to these various offices for the purpose of expediting the business. By the then session of Congress the clerical force in the pension office was increased from 742 to 1,589. To the adjutant general's office was added 167 clerks, to the surgeon's 166, and 52 to other departments connected with this work—a total of 1,200 additional clerks, at an expense of nearly $2,000,000 annually. Following this the committee asked of Congress and secured a law giving the commissioner of Pensions the power to appoint bands of examining surgeons throughout the country whenever in its judgment necessary to expedite the work of pension examinations.

The next recommendation of this committee which became a law was for the appointment of special pension examiners in the field, and 250 were appointed to hasten the examination into the pension cases about which questions arose. Another recommendation which became a law was for the employment of experts as to special diseases in cases demanding special examination.

The next recommendation of the committee which became a law was the increase of pensions to $30, $36 and $45 for the loss of a leg, arm, foot, hand or equivalent disability. The committee next found that in the practice of the pension office the claim of a soldier to a pension from disability was universally attacked upon the ground of existing disability at the time of his enlistment, and he was compelled to prove that he was in sound health when the government accepted his services.

Pension agents had been permitted to charge pensioners whatever sums they saw fit for their services in connection with such pensions. In many cases these amounts have been enormous. Upon recommendations of the pension committee the agents' fees were fixed and limited by law. Still later the recommendation of this committee was adopted by Congress increasing the pension of a widow from $8 to $12 a month. It was upon recommendation of this committee that laws have been passed very largely increasing the pensions for the severer disabilities.

The disability bill prepared by this committee and which passed both houses of congress, but was vetoed by the President, provided for pensions to all disabled soldiers without reference to cause of disability; to parents in all cases where they became in needy circumstances after the death of a soldier, instead of the present law, refusing pensions in any such case, except where parents were dependent upon the soldier at the time of enlistment. This bill also provided for the continuance of every soldier's pension, in case of his death, to his widow, in her own right, and increased the pension of minor children. The committee had pending before the last session of Congress another bill providing pensions for all widows, without reference to the cause of the death of their husbands, bills for the survivors of rebel prisons, and for the re-enactment of the arrears' law. While the foregoing does not comprise all that has been accomplished by the Grand Army pension committees, nor indicate by any means the entire amount of their work, it is sufficiently comprehensive enough of fact to justify its original appointment, and we recommend that the work be vigorously pushed for the year to come, upon the lines marked by the national encampment.

The pension committee, composed of Geo. E. Merrill, John S. Koontz, John T. H Burst, R. W. Blue and Lucius Fairchild, submitted the following report:

The committee regrets that, owing to the short session of congress and the crowded condition of business following the last encampment, very little in the line of practical results has been accomplished in the work for which the committee was appointed.

Immediately after the holiday session of Congress the Pension committee held a meeting in Chicago, and from thence by appointment, called upon the President-elect at his home in Indianapolis, having a very pleasant interview and receiving from him the most cordial assurances of his warm interest in the great question of pensions, and his earnest desire for generous legislation in behalf of the defenders of the Union.

Immediately after, another meeting of the committee was held in Washington; but from the circumstances above mentioned, and from the facts narrated in the last report of this committee, it was found impossible to bring about any additional legislation during the remaining days of the session.

Following the practically unanimous expression of opinion by the last national encampment, your committee prepared two pension bills. The disability bill was so broadened in its provisions as to include your endorsement for a pension to the widows of all honorably discharged veterans.

This bill, as thus enlarged, provides a pension of $12 per month to all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who are now, or may be hereafter become disabled, without requiring proof that such disability arose from causes actually within the line of their service, and as in all other similar bills prepared by this committee, without any requirements of dependence in relation to such disabled veterans, thus relieving the bill entirely from the objectionable taint of pauperism; a pension for all dependent parents from the time of actual dependence, whether previous to or subsequent to the son's enlistment, increase of pensions to minor children from $2 to $5 per month and a pension for all widows, whether the deceased husband was or was not in receipt of a pension.

The committee also prepared a bill granting a pension to each honorably discharged veteran at the monthly rate of one cent for each day's service, with a minimum limitation of $8 per month.

Bills containing all of these provisions were then in various forms before the committee of congress, but it was found, on consultation with members, entirely impossible in the then state of public affairs to secure any favorable action thereon.

LOYAL WOMEN.

Officers Elected to Prepare a Home for Soldiers' Wives.

The convention of the National Department of the Woman's Relief Corps was held at Immanuel Presbyterian church in Milwaukee on the 28th and 29th. The auditorium of the church was comfortably filled when the session was opened by the president, Mrs. Charity Rusk Craig. On the rostrum with her were Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross association; Mrs. Anna Wittenmyer, Mrs. Russel A. Alger, and the honored guest of the convention, Mrs. Mary A. Logan. The speakers were Gov. Hoard, Mayor Brown, Rev. Myron Reed, of Denver, Col.; Miss Clara Barton and Mrs. Logan.

After Mrs. Logan had spoken, Mrs. Robbins, of Michigan, begged the privilege of introducing to the convention three gentlemen, Generals Cousigny, Erwin and Longstaft, who presented the association with a gavel made from the table on which General Grant worked in a tannery when a boy. The president's report shows that the departments and detached corps had expended on the work of relief the sum of $54,479 81, making a total of $84,271.60 expended in relief, and turned over to posts in the entire organization.

The work of the afternoon session was routine in character, consisting of reports from the various national officers.

The ladies of the G. A. R. convention elected national officers as follows: President, Mrs. Frances Wood, of Topeka, Ks.; senior vice, Mrs. Catherine E. Hirst, of Louisville, Ky.; junior vice, Mrs. C. G. Bruner, of Altoona, Pa.; treasurer, Mrs. Annie E. Grubb, of Camden, N. J.; chaplain, Mrs. N. C. Reynolds, of Chicago; counsellor, Mrs. E. Roby, of Chicago; council of administration, Mrs. Julia M. Johnson, of Altoona, Pa.; Mrs. Nellie P. Anderson, of San Antonia, Cal.; Mrs. Charles W. Cerwig, of Allegheny City, Pa.

The report showed, among other things, that the present membership is about 15,000. The state relief corps of Maine, which works upon the same principles as the ladies of the G. A. R. admitting to membership only wives, mothers or daughters of veterans, sent a proposition to unite with the order, and a union will doubtless be effected in a few months, thus adding 3,000 to the title of the national organization.

A report was submitted by the pension and relief committees, recommending that the names of all army nurses, volunteers and others, be placed on the rolls of the corps. It recommended also that the incoming post appoint a committee to visit the Madison seminary, at Madison, Ohio, which has been offered to the National Relief corps for a home for soldiers' and sailors' wives, and mothers, and report whether it would be wise to accept the offer.

There were four sites offered in different parts of the country. In the afternoon resolutions of condolence on the death of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes were adopted. The report of the committee on Pensions and Relief was adopted.

CORPORAL TANNER.

He was the Question of the Day at Milwaukee.

One of the chief events of the Grand Army meeting was a red hot time over resolutions indorsing Corporal Tanner. Mr. Perkins, of Kansas, introduced a resolution heartily thanking the administration of President Harrison for the honor it has conferred on the Grand Army in appointing Corporal Tanner as pension commissioner, and heartily indorsing his conduct of the bureau, because it was erected for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors of the late war, and denouncing the bitter and malignant criticisms of the press upon his official conduct.

Gen. Barnum, of New York, offered a substitute to the effect that notwithstanding the assaults of an unfriendly press, the encampment declared its belief in the integrity of Tanner and its approval of his efforts to do all for the soldiers and sailors that the law will allow.

Campbell, of Kansas, agreed with Gen. Barnum in his ideas as to the proper wording of the resolution, and said: "Don't take a hasty vote. We can afford to stay here ten hours to settle this important question and settle it right. For fifteen years we have been declaring and others have been uttering a sentiment that the country can never pay the debt due to the old soldiers, but Corporal Tanner is the first officer that has made that sentiment upon a practical reality.

"I believe it is the high duty of this encampment to sustain him in working out that sentiment. If the Grand Army of the Republic ever had a duty to perform neither looking to the right nor the left, to the committee that is investigating the workings of the Pension bureau or to the commissioner himself, it is now, and we ought to pass this resolution. The substitute differs with it in only one particular. It expresses a belief in the integrity of Comrade Tanner and would not influence the action of the committee charged with the investigation. It may be better than an indorsement like that offered in the original resolution, but we should make our indorsement strong enough.

The original resolution expresses our sentiments exactly. If Tanner is dishonest or has done any criminal act we will find it out when the committee makes its report. The presumption of law is that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty, and as far as I am concerned I will make that presumption go to the fullest extent in this case."

A delegate from Minnesota said he would no more dare to go back to the soldiers of his state after harming a hair of Tanner's head than to ride through a band of Sioux Indians with the war paint on. He urged the encampment to stand up to the rack and say the G. A. R. will stand by Tanner till something wrong is clearly proved against him.

Another delegate said: "A resolution of confidence like the substitute should provoke no opposition; but when it is made a matter of judgment it becomes a club in the hands of Tanner's enemies. Who knows anything about the administration of the pension bureau? It is not his enemies, but his friends, that are investigating him. We should not try to force the administration to suspend this investigation. I was in Washington last week, and I heard it charged upon the streets and everywhere else that men employed in the bureau were all getting their cases made special and taken up immediately and rerated much higher, while the poor devils of the rank and file have to stand back and wait. I told them that it was a lie, but if he had done that and we pass the original resolution we indorse such action on his part. The substitute is broad enough. This encampment knew nothing of the details of Tanner's work and can not pass judgment upon it. We may believe it is all right, but we do not know it. If we pass the original resolution and the committee of investigation should exonerate him, the opposition press would say that the administration dare not oppose the G. A. R., and they would have good reason to say it."

At the afternoon session Barnum's substitute was redrafted to read as follows:

That we thank President Harrison for appointment of our comrade, James Tanner, as commissioner of pensions, and that notwithstanding the assault made upon him we declare our complete confidence in his integrity and our approval of his endeavors to do all that can be done under the laws for the veterans of the war; and in connection with him we ask a full investigation of his administration of the affairs of the pension bureau.

It was adopted under suspension of rules unanimously, amid great cheering.

NO CIVIL SERVICE.

Maryland Republicans do Not Take Kindly to It.

On August 29, the federation of Republican clubs of the Third Maryland congressional district, which represents 23 associations, adopted the following:

Resolved, That we, as Republicans, pledge ourselves not to support any one for office, either national, state or city, who is in favor of the present odious civil service or its application on the distribution of public patronage, whereby the majority of appointments are awarded to young men fresh from schools and colleges, while active, intelligent [illegible] and deserving men of our own party are barred out on account of age or have failed to answer foolish questions not pertinent to the service in which they are seeking employment. We believe that the present civil service law is a relic of European governments, is injurious to party success and not at all appropriate to a republican form of government, and therefore, should be repealed.

WASHINGTON NEWS

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on Aug. 30:

EMMETT F. CONKLING, at Clark, Dak., vice Stephen D. Jeffries, removed.

F. C. HUMPHREYS, at Pensacola, Fla., vice Chandler C. Yonge, jr., removed.

FRANK H. ROBBINS, at Waukon, Iowa, vice Thomas C. Medary, removed.

IRVING M. TREYNOR, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, vice Thomas Bowman, resigned.

CHAUNCEY C. BUSH, at Redding, Cala., vice John N. Major, removed.

SMITH D. ATKINS, at Freeport, Ill., vice John F. Smith, removed.

WM. H. NORTON, at Earlville, Ill., vice H. C. Barrett, resigned.

CAD ALLARD, at Beardstown, Ill., vice A. E. Kemerer, removed.

ARTHUR J. DRIVER, at Sycamore, Ill., vice Samuel A. Burdock, removed.

CLARENCE A. MURRAY, at Waukegan, Ill., vice James Moran, jr., resigned.

CHAS. M. HAMMOND, at Booneville, Ind., vice Wm. Swint, resigned.

ABRAHAM DARROCH, at Coldwater, Kas., vice D. L. Cline, removed.

SYLVANUS YOUNG, at Booneville, Mo., vice Wm. R. Baker, resigned.

CHAS. N. BURNHAM, at Cameron, Mo., vice Lewis Lowry, resigned.

THOMAS JAMES, at Independence, Mo., vice Wm. Groesbeck, removed.

GEORGE F. SIEBERT, at Iron Mountain, Mich., vice R. McLaughlin, removed.

SAKRIS SILVOLA, at Red Jacket, Mich., vice D. P. Murphy, removed.

RICHARD B. LAND, at Houghton, Mich., vice E. P. Panerby, removed.

CARL KRAMER, at Columbus, Neb., vice Wm. N. Hensly, resigned.

BENJAMIN C. RIDGEWAY, at Wellston, O., vice John G. Vandervort.

F. H. BARKER, at Ebensburg, Pa., vice James G. Hasson, removed.

ADOLPP ZADEK, at Corsicana, Tex., vice A. F. Wood, removed.

GEORGE W. DAWSON, at Tyler, Tex., vice R. B. Long, removed.

JACOB D. LEONARD, at Luling, Tex., vice Charles R. Chambers, resigned.

THOMAS BREEN, at Mineola, Tex., vice John W. Gage, deceased.

President Harrison made but two appointments on September 3—George O. Eaton, of Montana, surveyor general of Montana, and John Little, of Ohio, commissioner on behalf of the United States in the Venezuelan claims commission. The latter has accepted.

Albany Appointments.

President Harrison has appointed General James W. Warner postmaster at Albany, New York, and James M. Bailey surveyor of the port of Albany, N. Y. The President has signed the commissions of Charles R. Flint, New York, and Hon. Henry G. Davis, West Virginia, as delegates on the part of the U. S. congress of American nations to be held in Washington in October.

PUBLIC DEBT.

Condition of the Treasury on the 1st of the Month.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement for September 1:

Interest Bearing Debt.	
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$131,695,600.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	563,141,000.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	118,190.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	$873,578,302.00
Interest	8,021,756.19
Total	$881,600,058.19
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 1,900,505.26
Interest	153,305.18
Total	$ 2,053,810.44
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.50
Certificates of deposit	16,545,000.00
Gold certificates	123,393,519.00
Silver certificates	268,580,626.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,915,690.47
Principal	763,172,293.97
Total Debt.	
Principal balance	1,637,651,101.23
Interest	8,175,061.37
Total balance	1,645,826,162.60
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	418,595,627.75
Less reserve held for redemption of U.S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$518,595,627.75
Total debt—less available cash items	1,127,530,534.85
Net cash in the treasury	43,489,909.64
Debt less cash in the treasury Sept. 1, 1889	1,083,740,625.21
Debt less cash in the treasury Aug. 1, 1889	1,077,663,932.96
Decrease of debt during the month	$ 6,076,692.25
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1889	7,094,003.76
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$123,393,519.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	268,580,626.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	16,545,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	10,075,577.63
Fractional currency	916.12
Total available for reduction of the debt	418,595,627.75
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of June 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 24,766,455.36
Minor coin	264,420.13
Total	$ 25,030,875.49
Certificates held as cash	46,148,803.00
Net cash balance on hand	43,489,909.64
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$633,275,215.88

TO CONTEST.

The Morgan-Chalmers Case in Mississippi.

An adverse majority of over 8,000 would generally be considered enough to quiet a congressional contestant, but not so in the case of Gen. James R. Chalmers, though on the face of the returns Morgan has that majority in the second Mississippi district.

Gen Chalmers, despite sickness and general ill health, has made his preliminary fight. He is at the National, having run down from Cape May, on his way to Orkney Springs.

"To state my case briefly," said General Chalmers last night: "The two eastern counties of the Second district have a white majority of 3,600. In these counties I was beaten by 1,600 majority. In the seven western counties there is 2,500 negro majority, yet here the Democrats pile up 6,400 Democratic majority. This is an arrant absurdity.

"My opponents, in answering my charges of corruption and counting out, allege: First, that I am unpopular with my party, yet I ran ahead of the presidential ticket. Second, that many negroes voted the Democratic ticket, yet he is on record as opposing the admission of negroes to the Democratic primaries with the remark that no d—d nigger ever voted for Cleveland."

REMEMBERED HIM.

President Harrison's Letter to the Wife of W. H. Short.

The day of the soldiers' monument corner-stone ceremonies at Indianapolis, one of the marshals of the parade, William H. Short, was thrown from his horse and badly injured, dying two days afterward. President Harrison evinced much interest in the case, and when Mr. Short died, sent to the funeral a floral tribute, with an autograph card. On Aug. 29 a letter was received from him by the widow in which the President says:

MY DEAR MADAM:—I was much grieved to hear of the sudden and terrible accident which befell your husband the 22d inst., during the parade, and beg to extend to you my most sincere sympathy in your bereavement. This great monument will have a sad interest to you, but I hope that after a time it will be consoling to think of it as commemorating the army service of your husband.

Pardoned by the President.

The President pardoned two men on August 31, David H. Stansel, for violating the revenue laws in South Carolina. His sentence was to expire September 23. He had a wife and six children dependent upon him. The other was Jarrett Citcher, sentenced in the District of Columbia for rape to 30 years in the penitentiary. He had served nine years and was dying of consumption at the Buffalo penitentiary.

John Caton, District of Columbia, sentenced for larceny to five years, on plea of guilty and at recommendation of the judge and others, the President commuted to two years. Christopher Johnson, Northern district of Florida, sentenced to three years for rape, on recommendation of the court officers, the President commuted to one year.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Interesting Figures from the Assistant United States Treasurers.

The following statement shows the assets and liabilities of the treasury, from the latest returns received from the several assistant treasurers, mint and assay offices of the United States and national bank depositories on Sept. 1:

Assets—	
Gold coin	$239,996,043 35
Bullion	64,052,145 95
Total	$306,048,149 30
Silver standard dollars	$282,583,864 00
Bullion	5,259,602 20
Total	$287,843,466 20
United States notes	$ 48,870,935 08
Trade dollars, bullion	6,043,537 70
National bank notes	153,836 00
Deposits in national depositories	48,342,006 47
Fractional currency redeemed	916 12
U. S. bonds and interest	862,323 62
Interest checks and coupons paid	102,387 57
National bank notes in process of redemption	4,436,824 60
Interest on District of Columbia bonds paid	35,678 00
Assets not available—	
Minor coin in mint for recoinage	264,420 13
Fractional silver coin	27,766,455 36
Total	$725,810,976 15
Liabilities—	
Gold certificates	$162,950,752 00
Less amount on hand	39,557,233 00
Total	$123,393,519 00
Silver certificates	274,722,196 00
Less amount on hand	6,141,570 00
Total	$265,580,626 00
Certificates of deposit	17,005,000 00
Less amount on hand	460,000 00
Total	$ 16,545,000 00
Public debt and interest—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 1,384,577 68
Accrued interest	5,973,303 43
Matured debt	1,900,505 26
Interest on matured debt	153,305 18
Debt bearing no interest	916 12
Interest on Pacific railroad bonds due and unpaid	17,639 96
Accrued interest on Pacific railroad bonds	646,235 12
Reserve for redemption of United States notes, acts of 1875 and 1882	100,000,000 00
Fund held for redemption of notes of national banks "failed" in liquidation and reducing circulation	73,176,103 25
5 per cent fund for redemption of national bank notes	6,102,488 53
Postoffice department account	2,827,908 73
Disbursing officers' balances	50,552,166 14
Undistributed assets of failed national banks	1,176,314 58
Currency and minor coin redemption account	200 00
Fractional silver coin redemption account	1,160 00
Redemption and exchange account	508,818 41
Treasurer's transfer checks and drafts outstanding	4,240,779 29
Treasurer United States agent for paying interest on District Columbia bonds	108,624 39
Total	$657,290,191 02
Balances—	
Net gold	$180,654,670 30
Net silver	19,262,840 20
Net United States notes	32,325,935 08
Trade dollars, bullion	6,083,537 70
National bank notes	153,836 00
Deposits in national banks depositories	48,342,006 46
Totals	$286,842,825 75
Recapitulation—	
Assets	$725,810,976 15
Liabilities	657,290,191 02
Balance	68,520,785 13

Pacific Railroads.

Debt of the Pacific railroads for bonds issued and interest paid by the United States and condition of the sinking fund act of May 7, 1878:

Principal outstanding	$64,623,512 00
Interest accrued and not yet paid	646,235 12
Interest paid by the United States	82,486,557 78
Interest paid by companies:	
By transportation service	22,269,282 89
By cash payments, 5 per cent net earnings	1,103,619 75
Balance of interest paid by the United States	59,113,655 14
Sinking fund:	
Bonds	10,962,650 00
Cash	219,397 85
Total	$11,182,047 85

EXTRA SESSION TALK.

Congressman Owen Expresses His Opinion.

"No," said Congressman W. D. Owen, of Indiana, on Aug. 28, "I did not say the President told me that Congress would be convened October 20. I never was at Deer Park and consequently did not see Mr. Harrison there. I talked with him at Indianapolis, but the subject of an extra session was not broached.

"What I said was that many Congressmen who had talked with the President, came away with the impression that an extra session would probably be called from October 20 to November 1. I don't believe any man is in a position to say that Mr. Harrison told him that Congress would be convened on any given date.

"As for myself I am not in favor of so early a session. It has been urged principally by gentlemen who are on the anxious seat for the speakership. The President's reason for an extra session is undoubtedly from a desire to have congress get down to work before the holiday adjournment. It has been customary, meeting in December, to adjourn over the holidays to give the speaker time to arrange his committees.

In the last Congress the committees were not announced till ten days after the reassembling of Congress, and we didn't get down to work until after the middle of January."

"Who is your candidate for speaker?" Mr. Owen smiled.

WILL NOT ACCEPT IT.

An Indian Proposition Not in Favor at Washington.

It is not probable that the War department will take any steps in the matter of removing the band of Apaches from Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama.

Secretary Proctor said September 3, there is a mandatory statute providing for the confinement of these Indians at some government barracks, and there is no better place than where they now are.

The Indian Rights association has made a proposition to purchase a large tract of land in North Carolina to which the Indians could be removed, and where they could live in partial freedom, headed by the old warrior Geronimo, but Secretary Proctor is not disposed to accept it.

Brakemen Appeal.

The following petition signed by T. T. Slattery, of the New York Central railroad; F. L. Barnard, Boston & Albany railroad; W. H. Lyons, Boston & Albany railroad; E. M. Hardie, New York Central railroad, and 9,678 others, has been sent to the Inter-State commerce commission:

"We, the undersigned, respectfully petition your honorable body to take such steps as you may deem proper to bring about the adoption of automatic brakes and couplers on freight cars on the railroads in the United States. Each of the undersigned is in actual service as a railroad brakeman, or has been so employed a sufficient length of time to become fully acquainted with the duties and perils of the position, and although some of us have been promoted, we most earnestly appeal to your honorable body to urge upon Congress the necessity of national legislation in this matter, that the terrible slaughter of brakemen on the railroads in this country every year may be largely diminished. Automatic brakes are practicable; no one would be injured and many lives and limbs would be saved by their adoption."

Military Whitewash.

The secretary of the navy has approved the findings and sentence in the case of Lieut. John Irvine, who was tried by a naval court martial, of which Capt. Thomas O. Selfridge was president, and convened at Newport, Aug. 14.

The officer was charge with scandalous conduct, drunkenness on duty, neglect of duty and absence without leave. The court found him guilty and sentenced him to suspension from rank and duty on furlough pay for three years and to retain his present number in his grade during that period.

Large Cargoes.

Boston vessel men are calling the recent cargo of the five masted schooner Gov. Ames, which consisted of 1,000,000 feet of dry timber, the largest cargo ever carried by any vessel. This is an error. The figures have been beaten more than 30 times by Lake Superior vessels, and next week the Wahuapitae, a three sparred lumber barge, will take out of Duluth nearly 3,000,000 feet of partly dry lumber at one load, something she has twice before accomplished. The same boat has brought to Duluth on two occasions a cargo of 50,000 railroad ties.

FOREIGN.

LONDON STRIKERS.

Business Still at a Standstill in the Great City.

At a meeting of the striking London dockmen on August 28, Mr. Burns, the leader of the strikers, said he had heard that 4,000 Belgians would be imported unless the strike was ended. He at once telegraphed to the Belgian workingmen's union, and blocked that move of the employers.

The strikers have reached the number of 150,000. The leaders express a determination to press their claims and march through the streets until the demands of the dockmen shall have been granted.

Public sentiment is growing in favor of the abolition of the private dock companies and the placing of the docks under municipal control. The price of provisions is rising and Liverpool consigners are suffering, owing to the inability to discharge ships freighted with perishable cargoes.

Shippers and merchants are pressing the dock companies to yield, declaring that they are driving trade to other ports. The dock companies complain of the pressure upon them, and promise to give an answer later. An increased number of men are at work to-day.

Mail steamers are being loaded slowly. Some of the car men have resumed work. Several ships laden with sugar are lying in the Thames unable to unload. All the sugar cargoes at Greenock were bought in fifteen minutes at an advance of sixpence over previous prices and sent by train to London.

The various ports in the metropolitan district are crowded with vessels bound for London, which are detained pending the settlement of the strike.

The indications on August 30 were not very favorable to the immediate settlement of the strike. A meeting of a committee of strikers, presided over John Burns, was held the previous night at which important action was taken looking to making the strike general.

A manifesto was issued by this committee early on Friday solemnly appealing to the workers in every calling in London to strike on September 2 unless the demands of the dock men be conceded before that day. The final demands of these men are:

Six pence an hour for a regular day's work and eight pence an hour for overtime, counting from 6 p. m. until 8 a. m. as the overtime hours under the contract system, the pay to be eight pence during the regular working hours, and a shilling for overtime, nobody to be employed for less than four hours. A mass meeting of workingmen has been called for Sunday at Hyde Park.

The manifesto is signed by all the London labor organizations, including the stevedores, sailors and firemens' unions numbering 60,000 men. The accessions of the unions is most important. If the dock companies refuse to accede to the terms demanded, grave complications must ensue.

A cablegram of Sept. 3, says: There is nothing in the strike situation to inspire hope of an immediate settlement of the questions at issue between the dockmen and the dock companies. A deputation of ship owners, headed by Sir Donald Currie, waited upon the officials of the companies again to-day, and urged the acceptance of yesterday's proposition to allow ship owners to employ their own men to load and unload vessels.

Mr. Norwood for the dock companies, replied that they could not accede to this proposition but would be willing to enter into a further discussion of all the questions involved with a committee of the ship-owners.

Sir Donald said he regretted that a definite answer could not be given to the ship-owners, but expressed a willingness to consent to a joint conference. He requested that the dock officials express their views in writing for submission to the ship-owners at a meeting later in the day to which Mr. Norwood assented.

The result of this conference destroys the chance of arriving at a settlement of the strike to-day, and embitters the feeling of the men.

At a meeting of the Tower Hill strikers, held this morning, it was decided to continue the strike. It was announced that donations to the relief fund had been received from France, Germany and Switzerland. John Burns acknowledge the receipt of £3,000 to-day.

Threats have been made that if Sir Donald Currie took his vessels to Southampton steps would be taken to prevent a single ship from unloading.

The dock men who had been employed on grain and flour laden ships at Liverpool, have struck for an increase of a shilling a day in their wages, and work on all the vessels has been suspended.

At Rochester the police have been compelled to interfere for the protection of the men unloading vessels in the Medway who were attacked by strikers,

NEWS FROM APIA.

The Former King was Cheered as He Returned to His Island.

Malietoa, king of Samoa, who was deported by the German naval forces nearly two years ago, returned from his exile at Jaluit, Marshall Island, Sunday, August 11. The German gunboat Wulf arrived in the harbor at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. When the vessel came to anchor Malietoa was seen standing on the deck. The flag of the returning monarch was immediately hoisted on shore, and hearty cheers were given by the American and English residents.

Besides Malietoa, the three chiefs who were deported with him—Manga, Asi, and the king's brother Molii—were also aboard the Wulf. No canoes were allowed to approach the vessel and it seemed hardly probable that the party would be landed that day. A little before dark, however, a number of the natives were seen hurrying in the direction of the Matautu, where the German consulate was situated and it was ascertained that Malietoa and the chiefs were coming ashore on one of the Wulf's boats with Dr. Stuebel, German consul-general, and Folau, chief magistrate of Samoa, who had gone aboard the Wulf an hour before. Quite a crowd of natives and a few white residents had assembled at the spot where the landing was made.

When the boat touched the beach Dr. Stuebel sprang out, and assisted Malietoa to land once more upon his native shore. The latter was taken at once to Folau's house, where he was followed by a number of people. The meeting between Malietoa and his relatives was most affecting. The women fell on their knees and kissed his hands, and the whole party, including the king, were weeping all the time. The greatest expressions of joy were heard and all present extended sympathy to the monarch who had been carried off by the Germans and landed first at the Cameroons, one of the most unhealthy shores in the world, and taken from there to Hamburg as a steerage passenger, and then exiled on an island in the Marshall group in company with three of the highest chiefs of Samoa.

Banquet to Kimberly.

A banquet was given at Apia, Samoa, on Aug. 14, to Admiral Kimberly and his two staff bearers—Lieuts. Rittenhouse and Merriam. It was attended by a representative body of American and English residents of Apia. Chiefs Manga and Asi, who, with Malietoa, have returned from exile on the Marshal Islands, state that when Malietoa was taken on board the German gunboat Wulf at Jaluit to be returned to Samoa, he thought the Germans were going to take him back to the Cameroons, and jumped overboard, but was afterwards rescued.

Behring Sea.

The *Observer*, commenting on the Behring Sea question, says: "An American company could not buy what Russia has not to sell; namely, the right of exclusive property in Behring Sea. The most unanswerable protest against Russia's claim to Behring Sea was issued by President Pierce's administration."

Taken to Prison.

Mrs. Maybrick was removed to Woking prison, on Aug. 29. She was not compelled to wear the prison garb during her journey. She looked well.

The Bottom Fell Out.

While a well was being dug, three miles from Rome, Ga., on Aug. 30, and when the workmen had dug to a depth of 25 feet, to their consternation the bottom of the well suddenly fell out, dropping them ten feet and lodging them in a cave. An exploration was the next thing in order, and it was found that the cave was miles in length, with chambers of various sizes, here and there. Finally the cave parted, the several apartments leading in various directions.

After Sixteen Years.

At Buffalo, N. Y., on August 29, after being shut down for sixteen years the Ironton Pig Iron works, with a capacity of 120 tons of iron per day, located a few miles north of that place on the Niagara river, was started by Cincinnati parties, who have leased the plant for five years with privilege of purchase.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE RACE ISSUE.

A South Carolina Paper on Hampton's Speech.

The Greenville *News*, the leading newspaper of middle and upper Carolina, in commenting on Senator Hampton's wish to colonize the negro, says: "Senator Hampton's position, like that of a good many other people, is that no country was ever made, or can be made for the occupation of two races distinct from each other in color, habits and tradition.

"Applying this rule to the Southern states, he finds that the condition inexorably indicates one of three results: One of the races must migrate, or one of the two must be exterminated, or the two must amalgamate. Increase of population, wealth and education will hasten one of these results in proportion as we are successful.

"The richer and more highly educated the negro becomes the higher his ambition will be and the more bitterly he will resent and resist being held in a menial or inferior position. No enmity is involved in this consideration of plain facts.

"His warmest friends must come to understand that he cannot have a fair opportunity to develop what capacity he may have superior to him, under present circumstances.

"There is abundant soil in Central and South America and Mexico, and the United States government can command money enough to buy a continent if it likes. The homesteads now offered other settlers on our public lands, together with free transportation and other help, would carry negroes from the south in swarms. They could organize their own states and come into the union just as other people do, having their representatives in congress and the electoral college. There would be no danger that all of them would leave the south, but enough would leave to relieve the situation of its pressures and dangers."

VERY AWKWARD.

General Sherman Rudely Driven from a Car at Milwaukee.

Grand Army men were much stirred up about an interview with Maj. Hoyt Sherman, brother of Gen. W. T. Sherman. The gist of it was that when the general and his brother reached the depot in Milwaukee to take the train for Chicago at the close of the G. A. R. encampment, the old warrior was much fatigued; that they were shown into a car, and were just comfortably seated when a lot of members of Phil Sheridan post of Chicago came into the car, insisted that the occupants had no right there, and the general and his brother were compelled to seek seats elsewhere. W. C. Curtiss, commander of Phil Sheridan post, admitted that it was an awkward affair, but held that the members of the post were not to blame.

The trouble, he thought, arose out of the fact that the general was tired and his brother quick-tempered. Curtiss said that the car had been chartered by a number of members of the post who had their wives with them. When they reached the depot they found the seats taken and, not knowing that Gen. Sherman was on board, ordered the porter to clear the car, which he proceeded to do. When the discovery was made that Gen. Sherman was being ejected, a member of the post offered him his seat, which was declined. Mr. Curtiss says the general did not seem angered, but Maj. Sherman was. They went into another car, where seats had been reserved for them.

DR. HAZEN DEAD.

One of Perry's Comrades on the Lawrence Passes Away.

Dr. J. H. Hazen died Saturday night at Marshall, Ill., of old age. He was 91 years old and had spent 40 years in that county. He was born at North Hero, Vt., in 1799. When the war of 1812 broke out he joined a company of boys organized to protect the town while the men were away at war.

He went to Ohio early in 1813 and fell in with Perry's company of shipbuilders, joined them and went on board the Lawrence. He was one of those who accompanied Perry in his perilous passage from the disabled flagship, the Lawrence, to the Niagara in an open boat in Lake Erie. He was severely wounded on the Niagara and carried the ball in his body the remainder of his days.

Ran Away With Another Man's Wife Only to Repent It.

Dr. R. W. Boothby, whose sensational elopement with Mrs. Kennem, a beautiful Russian married lady, several months ago, stirred Manchester N. H. to its depths, has returned to his forsaken wife and has been forgiven. Mrs. Kennem has also effected a reconciliation with her husband and has returned to her home.

Mrs. Boothby was so shocked by her husband's sudden departure that for a time her life was despaired of. Upon her recovery she returned to the home of her parents in Lowell, where she has since remained. Dr. Boothby left Boston on Aug. 28 and sought his wife in Lowell. What passed between them is unknown, but it is understood that the past is to be forgiven and forgotten. Mrs. Kennem and her husband met in Boston.

The City of Paris Makes a Wonderful Performance.

The steamship City of Paris, which arrived at New York on August 28, has broken the record again, beating her own best time from Queenstown by 3 hours and 49 minutes. Her actual time (reckoned by Greenwich time) from Queenstown to Sandy Hook lightship was 5 days, 19 hours and 18 minutes.

She left Queenstown at 2:09 (Greenwich time) on Friday. Her run for the first day was 432 miles, for the second, 493 miles; third, 502 miles; fourth, 506 miles, and fifth, 509 miles. The run from 2:09 p. m. (Greenwich time), yesterday afternoon to 9:27 a. m. (same time) to Sandy Hook light ship was 346 miles. The total distance travelled was 2,788 miles.

To Collect a War Tax.

By virtue of an agreement with the board of Aldermen of Frederick City, Col. G. W. F. Vernon, of Baltimore, will undertake the work of collecting from the National government the war tax amounting to $200,000, which was levied upon Frederick by the confederate general, Early, in 1864. This claim for reimbursement is considered a just one, inasmuch as the city was entitled to national protection, which it did not receive, and the alternative in case of non-payment of the sum levied was the threatened destruction of the town.

Interesting Statistics.

The New York *National Car and Locomotive Builder*, of September, will contain an exhaustive illustrated article, by Mr. Angus Sinclair, secretary of the Railway Master Mechanics' association, showing the amount of mechanical work involved in running the Chicago limited express on the New York Central railroad from New York to Albany. It is shown that while running 65 miles an hour the locomotive developed nearly 1,000 horse power. One pound of coal was found to produce sufficient energy to move one ton 8¼ miles.

Grover Will Take a Hand.

William McMurtrie Speer, secretary of the world's fair committee, on August 29 received the following letter dated at Saranac Inn: "I acknowledge the receipt of notice of my appointment as a member of the committee on permanent organization for the international exposition in 1892. I shall be glad to co-operate as a member of such committee with other citizens of New York to make the exposition a grand success. Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND."

Disastrous Storms.

Advises from Yokohama state that disastrous storms have recently occurred in Wakayama, Japan. Ten thousand persons perished in the floods following the storms and 20,000 were rendered homeless. The loss of property was enormous.

John Grass's Illness.

John Grass, the famous Sioux chief, who was prostrated by the heat a few days ago, is still alive and resting well, and there is a prospect of his ultimate recovery, though the old chief has given up hope.

Died at 121.

The Durham, S. C., *Globe* learns of the death of Granny Boston, at Murphy, N. C. She was 121 years old, a pensioner, and remembered the battle of Kings Mountain. Her corpse weighed only 50 pounds.

CHICKASAW TROUBLES.

The Recent Election in Favor of the Progressive Party.

Advices received from Tishomingo, Chickasaw Nation, say that the official returns from the recent election for members of the lower house of the Chickasaw legislature show a decisive majority for the Progressive party. The result entirely changes the political status of that body, inasmuch as the progressive party has a majority of two or three in the Senate and will now control the house.

The returns bring to the front Wm. Guy, the leader of the Progressive party, who made the fight against the Byrd or Pullback party, and who will, a year hence, it is stated, be a candidate for the governorship, out of which he was, as his friends claims, swindled by means of a Pullback legislature, aided by the United States government, and the office given to Wm. Byrd.

The canvass preceding the election was by all odds the bitterest ever known in the Chickasaw nation. Gov. Byrd led the Pullback party, and around him the full bloods rallied almost to a man. Ex-Gov. Guy was the recognized leader of the progressive organization, and under his banner were found all the half breeds and every white man in the territory. There were twenty representatives elected, five from each of the four counties in the nation. Of these the progressive party elected twelve, and if contests are made, perhaps fifteen.

The issues were not alone of a local character, but also turned on the question of allotment of the Chickasaw lands in severalty, and if the returns mean anything it is that a majority of the Chickasaw electors favor that principle. The Chickasaws have already shown that they were willing to sell their surplus lands to the government, and it appears from the recent votes that they will be the first tribe to solve the allotment problem.

The legislature meets at Tishomingo in September. The session promises to be the most momentous in Chickasaw history. In addition to the sale of lands and the allotment in severalty, the question of disfranchising the white citizen will also be discussed.

THOSE OLD COINS.

The History of the House Where They Were Found.

Investigation into the history of the old coquina house, in the cellar of which over $500 in Spanish doubloons was found on at St. Augustine, Fla., on August 28, shows that the structure must have been at least 120 years old. The coins were undoubtedly hidden beneath the chimney foundations by Father Miguel Crosby, who had charge of the Catholic mission in St. Augustine from 1795 to 1815, having been sent thither by the King of Spain.

The *Times - Union* correspondent examined the record book in the ancient cathedral and there learned that the old house on the corner of Bridge and Main streets was presented to Father Miguel and occupied by him up to the time of his death, about 70 years ago. In 1824 a brickmason named Bogas found $300 in Spanish coin in a portion of the same chimney. Since that time tradition has credited the house with buried treasure, but none has ever come to light until the earthen oil pot was found full of gold. The property is still surrounded by a cordon of guards, and all earth and debris previously carted to the dumping ground outside the city limits are being carefully sifted. Nothing has been found since. It is firmly believed that much more gold will be eventually dug up, for Miguel received princely advances from the King and Mother church in Spain, and was known to have been miserly in his habits. The excitement has subsided somewhat, although the matter is still the talk of the town. The oldest coin of the lot was one bearing the date of 1755.

BURNING OIL.

A Ship Loaded With Petroleum on Fire.

Fire was discovered in the hold of the ship Bay of Naples, laying off Bedloe's island, and bound for Rangoon, India, with a cargo of kerosene oil at New York, on Sept. 3. The Bay of Naples is a British ship, commanded by Capt. Thompson. The police boat patrol, in answer to blue lights burned on board the vessel, proceeded at once to go alongside.

The sudden extinguishing of the lights prevented the patrol from coming up with the ship. The tug Leader on her way to Philadelphia saw the danger signal and ran alongside, so did the tug Charm. Both towed the burning ship down to Governor's island and beached her. The crews of the ship and tugs did all they could to extinguish the flames raging in the hold but they made but little progress.

Meanwhile the patrol found the Bay of of Naples and sent a number of men on board, who ran the hose into the hold. Four powerful streams were soon pouring on the burning oil. The flames succeeded in bursting out through the decks. Half an hour's work by the patrol's men sufficed to put sixteen feet of water in the ship's hold and effectually extinguish the flames.

The Bay of Naples is still aground. She is a full rigged ship and is probably worth $70,000. The cargo is insured in a number of companies. The vessel will have to be docked before the actual extent of the damage is known. The origin of the fire is said to have been spontaneous combustion.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Democrats Nominate a Ticket and Listen to Springer.

The first Democratic convention of North Dakota met in Fargo, N. D., on August 29, being called to order by Chairman Ryan, of the state central committee. A. E. Purcell was made temporary chairman and J. D. Parkhouse secretary. Committee on credentials, rules, organizations and resolutions were appointed.

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, was introduced and addressed the convention at some length. He regarded the new constitution of the new state as a good one and would vote for it if he were a resident of the state. He spoke of the tariff with arguments against it and also spoke against prohibition. His remarks were applauded to the echo.

A recess was then taken till 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the report of the committee on permanent organization in favor of James O'Brien as chairman and W. T. Friedley as secretary was adopted.

The night session lasted until nearly 12 o'clock. The following nominations were made: Member of Congress, Capt. D. W. Maratta; governor, W. N. Roach; lieutenant governor, S. K. McGinnis; secretary of state, A. S. Froslid; treasurer, C. R. Lenid; auditor, P. O. Degard; attorney-general, T. R. Bangs; superintendent of instruction, C. A. Kent; supreme court judges, W. P. Miller and Gammon; commissioner of agriculture, J. R. Engbert; commissioner of insurance, W. A. Friedly; railroad commissioners, F. P. Wright, J. A. Ealey and Peter Cameron.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Republicans Adopt a Platform — The Ticket.

The Republican state convention reassembled at Huron, S. D., on August 29. At the afternoon session the committee on resolutions reported, a majority and minority report being made on the temperance plank. The majority report favored prohibition and was adopted by a big vote, only a score voting against it.

O. S. Gifford and John A. Pickler were nominated for Congress by acclamation, and Arthur C. Mellette in a similar way went in for governor. The ticket was completed as follows: J. A. Fletcher, lieutenant governor; A. O. Ringsreed, secretary of state; L. C. Taylor, state auditor; Mr. Smith, state treasurer; Major Gillard, attorney general; G. T. Pinkham, superintendent of schools; O. H. Parker, land commissioner; Judges Carson, Kellum and Bennett, Supreme court judges.

The platform adopted among other things favors the adoption of state and national prohibition of the liquor traffic and such other laws as may be necessary for the enforcement of prohibition, opposes the encroachments of corporations and trusts, views with alarm the dangerous encroachments of the numerous trusts forming all over the land, and demands the enactment of stringent laws, state and national, declaring the formation of all trusts and combinations for the purpose of controlling or enhancing the price of any of the necessaries of life unlawful and contrary to public policy, and providing for their suppression and the punishment of all parties interested therein.

The Star Spangled Banner.

Mrs. McPherson, widow of the old defender, Capt. McPherson, claims that the original flag which floated over Fort McHenry and inspired the "Star Spangled Banner" is not in the possession of Eben Appleton. She states that the original flag is wrapped around her husband's body, and is buried with him in Greenmount cemetery.

THE SEALERS.

The Slaughter Still Goes On, Despite the Government.

The sealing schooner Minnie, Captain Jacobson, has arrived from Behring sea. She was boarded July 15 in Behring sea by Lieut. Tuttle. He confiscated 450 skins, together with arms and the spears of the Indian hunters. The schooner was 60 miles southwest of Anack Pass. Charles Swanson, quartermaster of the Rush, was placed aboard as a prize crew, and Jacobson was ordered to sail for Sitka.

He, however, manufactured new spears and started sealing. He secured 509 sea otter, and the prize crew strongly objected. The Indians wanted to throw him overboard, but Jacobson would not let them. The Minnie could easily have secured 2,000 skins if she had not been interfered with.

The schooner Ariel has arrived with 800 skins. She was boarded by the officers of the Rush July 17. A good catch had been made that day. There were about 300 skins aboard, all except 50, being salted down in the hold. The officers asked where they were caught. Capt. Buckman replied; "On the Asiatic coast. The officers then left the schooner and the Ariel went hunting again. She spoke the schooner Mollie Adams, which reported the seizure of the Viva. It is thought all the schooners will be in in a few days.

The schooner Annie C. Moore arrived yesterday. She left Behring Sea the 21st of August with 1,300 seals under hatches. The 8th of August she spoke the Mary Allen with 1,000, the Viva with 1,600 and the Beatrice with 600. No cutters were sighted. Seals are plentiful. The Mary Allen and the Maggie Mac intended sealing until they had secured 1,500 each. Neither had seen the cutter when spoken.

GERMANY IN THE MIX.

The Outcome of the Sealing Troubles Will Be Watched With Interest.

The report that Vice Consul Marvin, of Victoria, is interested in the seized sealing schooners is not the case. E. B. Marvin, ship chandler and part owner of the Sapphire, and Vice Consul Marvin, are different persons.

Frank, who has figured as the owner of the schooner Black Diamond, was a citizen of the United States, but was also partner with J. Guttman, her former owner, who was a British subject, and who was lost with all on board. Another schooner was built in the spring of 1888.

After Guttman's death Morris Moss purchased the schooner and is now her registered owner. He is a British subject. All the sealing schooners which have cleared at the customs house for Behrings sea this year are registered by British schooners.

The sealing schooner owners of Victoria formed an association on Aug. 27.

Excitement has been caused in shipping circles there through the action of Admiral Heneage, on the 28th, in forcibly towing the German bark J. H. Husted from her anchorage in Esquimault harbor to the harbor entrance, although her master protested and ran up the German colors.

The bark was discharging coal and Admiral Heneage sent word to Capt. Reinears to move out as he desired anchorage for his war vessel. The captain refused to do so and the admiral sent an officer and blue jackets to move the vessel. The out come is watched with interest.

The St. Paul Brings a Hundred Thousand Skins Into 'Frisco.

A letter was received from an officer of the United States steamer Richard Rush, by the steamer St. Paul, which arrived at San Francisco from Ounalaska on August 27, stating that on August 6 the Rush captured the British sealing schooner Lily, of Vancouver, while taking seals in Behring Sea. The schooner was searched, and 300 skins were found, which were put on board the Rush. A prize crew of one man was placed on board and the Lily sent to Sitka.

The seized sealers will have their cases tried in the Alaskan District court. The Rush will proceed to San Francisco when relieved by the Bear, at Ounalaska. In all, there have been fourteen sealers boarded by the Rush and warned out of the Behring sea, besides six captured.

The St. Paul brought down 100,000 sealskins.

Off After Seals.

The Black Diamond left Victoria, B. C., on August 29, ostensibly on a trip up the coast to Befil, but it is said she is really off on a sealing cruise into Behring Sea, where the owners believe they have a legal right to hunt seal. This action shows what the popular feeling is here in regard to the United States jurisdiction in Behring Sea and her power or policy to enforce it.

BLOOD ON THE MOON.

Alabama Not Easy Unless She Has a Race War on Tap.

A saloon row between white men and negroes on the night of September 3, at Howerton store, in Bibb county, the killing of John Lawrence by two negro burglars and the lynching of the latter Saturday, have caused much bad feeling between the whites and blacks, and a murderous conflict may be expected at any moment.

The negroes have massed in and about Centervale, a little village not far from Howerton store, and all are well armed.

Three negroes alone bought ten Winchester rifles in Birmingham Saturday, while every white man in the surrounding country is well provided with firearms. A Bibb county man says so great was the alarm felt that Saturday night two trusty citizens were sent in person to Nashville, Tenn., for 100 stands of Winchesters. He said no work had been done there since last Friday, and if a conflict came every negro in the county would be exterminated.

A Southern Son Who Has Gone Back on Jeff Davis.

The ex-Confederate soldiers met in their seventh annual reunion at Higginsville, Mo., on Aug. 28. Senator Vest was present and made a speech. Col. Jo T. Crisp also spoke. During his speech he eulogized Lincoln and Grant, whereupon a voice in the crowd asked: "What's the matter with Jeff Davis?"

Col. Crisp answered that he had no admiration for Mr. Davis. When [illegible] resident, [illegible] as Col. Crisp's [illegible] war, interrupting [illegible] unspeak[illegible] animated [illegible] former comrades [illegible] reporting to blows by their friends.

Whites and Negroes Moving Into Arkansas.

Passenger Agent Williams, of the Memphis & Charleston road, has contracted for 400 white families to be brought from the Carolinas to Woodruff county, Arkansas, where they will be employed as day laborers. Next season they will be renters.

The same agent has made arrangements to bring 8,000 negroes from the Carolinas and Georgia to various points in the Yazoo delta. They will reach their destinations in time to assist in gathering the cotton crop.

Williams has already brought out over 3,000 negroes.

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SARAH ALTHEA.

She Appears in Court and Pleads Not Guilty of Contempt.

Sarah Althea appeared in court at San Francisco on August 29, for the first time since Judge Terry's death. She was arraigned before Judge Hoffman, in the United States District court, to answer the charge of contempt in obstructing Marshal Frank in performing his duty at the time Frank was ordered to remove her from Judge Field's court room. Mrs. Terry was dressed in black, and a long black veil concealed her features.

Attorney General Johnson, of California, in a letter to District Attorney White, of Stockton, says he will argue the demurrer in the Circuit court in the Nagle case. He says the jurisdiction question between Joaquin county and the Circuit court must be settled if it has to be taken to the United States Supreme court.

A Defective Liquor Law.

Judge Boland, of the Kansas City, Mo., Police court, and ex-officio justice of the peace, on Sept. 3 handed down a decision of the test case made by the saloon men of the validity of the penalty clause of the Sunday law. The law is a city measure, and it requires the trial judge to revoke the license of every saloon keeper convicted of selling liquor on Sunday. A city ordinance confers the power to revoke licenses upon such judges. Judge Boland, in his opinion, holds that the ordinance, and therefore the law, is unconstitutional, and dismissed the cases of fifteen saloon men charged with violating the law. The city attorney will take an appeal. The decision is regarded with interest, for if it is sustained it will render the law practically inoperative.

Murder in His Heart.

Enos Girard, a convict in the state prison at Jackson, Mich., who was sent up on a fifteen years' sentence from Pontiac, dropped dead at the supper table on Aug. 30, his death resulting from a knife wound inflicted by convict Isaac Clark on August 20. Girard, Platner, Clark and Graham were arrested for the celebrated Norris murder, in Wayne county. The two former furnished the testimony on which Clark got a life sentence. Platner was made a cripple for life by an attack from Clark a year ago. Clark, who was in his cell last night when he heard of Girard's death, laughed about it, saying, "Now I must finish Platner."

Wyoming Convention.

The convention to frame the constitution for the proposed state of Wyoming met in the capitol September 2. Temporary organization was effected by the election of H. S. Elliot, of Johnson county, president, and John K. Jeffery, of Laramie county, secretary. Permanent organization will be effected to-day.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1889.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 3.	Aug. 27.
4's coupons	128	128
4's registered	127	128
Pacific 6's of '95	118	118

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve—increase	$2,438,975
Loans—decrease	6,247,000
Specie—increase	1,687,500
Legal tenders—decrease	97,200
Deposits—decrease	3,394,700
Circulation—increase	53,300

The banks now hold $4,504,975 in excess of the 25 per cent rule.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—12 m.—Money easy at 2½@3½ per cent; bar silver, 92½.

There was less animation in the stock market after 11 o'clock and a moderately active business was still maintained and in New England a marked increase in the amount of business done was shown. The strong tone continued and higher prices were generally reached all over the list, though the improvement upon the last hours' figures was confined to fractional amounts generally. Wisconsin Central, which opened at 26½, touched 28⅛ and Michigan Central reached 91¼ against 90 at the opening. The Northern Pacifics still maintained their prominent positions in the market but Hocking Valley became dull and uninteresting. The upward movement, however, again became more pronounced toward 12 o'clock and Northern Pacific preferred reached 78⅛ and the common 36⅛. At noon the market was active and strong at the highest prices of the morning.

The following are the stock quotations to-day: U. S. 4s, reg. 127; do. coupons, 128; Pac. 6s, of '95, 118; Adams Ex. 150¼; Alton Terre Haute, 46¼; do. prefd 105; Amer. Ex., 116; Bur. C. R. & N., 27; Can. Southern, 54½; Central Pac., 34¼; Chicago & Alton, 123; Chicago, Bur. & Quincy, 109¼; Chicago St. L. & Pac., 15½; do. prefd, 39; Cin. San. & Cleve., 63; Cleveland & Columbus, —; Del. & Hud. 150; Del., Lack. & West. 146¾; Den. & Rio Grande, 17; Erie, 28¼; do pfd, 67¾; Fort Wayne, 159; Hock. Valley, 19½; Hous & Tex, 3; Ill. Cen. 116¼; Ind., B. & W., 9½; Kan & Tex., 12; L. E. & W., 19¼; Lake Shore, 104½; Lou. & Nash., 71¾; Louisv. & New Alb., 42; Memp. & Char., 62; Mich. Cen., 91¼; M. L. S. & W., 93½; do pref., 114; Min. & S. L. 4; do pref., 74⅝; Mo. Pac., 75½; Mo. & O., 13⅞; Nash. & Chat., 97¾; N. J. Cen. 116⅛; N. Pac. 36⅞; do pref., 78⅛; Northwestern, 113½; do pref., 143¾; N. Y. Cen., 107½; N. Y., Chi. & St. L. 17½; do pref., 67; Ohio & Miss., 23; do pref. 92; Ont. & West., 17¾; Oregon Navigation, 102¾; Oregon Trans. 37⅝; Pacific Mail, 35¼; Peoria, Decatur & Evans., 23; Pitts., 159; Pull. Pal., 179½; Reading, 45⅝; Rock Island, 102⅞; St. L. & S. F., 26¼; do. pref., 60½; do 1st pref., 109; St. Paul, 74⅝; do pref. 115¾; St. Paul, Min. & Man., 108½; St. Paul & Omaha, 36; do pref., 100½; Tex. P., 21¾; U. Pac. 63⅞; U. S. Ex., 90; Wabash, St. L. & Pac., 17½; do pref., 34; Wells Fargo Ex., 138; Western Union, 86½; Quicksilver, 6; do pref., 36½; Atchison, 39¾; South. Pac., 34⅝.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3—3 p. m.—The stock market closed quiet but firm at small fractions above opening.

TRADE.

During the past week the general trade of the United States was fair. The outlook is for a satisfactory business, as compared with last year during the fall months.

THE MARKETS.

To-Day's Markets.

At leading points to-day the markets for wheat were fairly active, closing weak.

At Toledo, cash No. 2 soft red Lake Shore wheat opened at 79c and closed at 78⅝c; No. 2 soft red Lake Shore, 79½c, ⅛c decline; No. 3 soft red, 74½c, Wabash.

September wheat, 79½c, and finally 78⅝c, 1c lower; October, 80@79⅝c; December, 81¾c, and finally 81⅜c, ⅜c decline.

Corn dull; No. 2, 35¼c; September, 35¼c.

Oats—No. 2 white, 20c.

Clover seed firm; October, $4.35; November, $4.40.

Prices of August and September wheat today:

Aug.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	78½	79½	78⅜	78⅝
Chicago	78⅛	78⅛	77⅜	77⅝
New York	84⅜	84⅜	84¼	84⅜
St. Louis	76¾	76¾	76⅜	76⅜
Sept.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	81¾	81⅞	81⅜	81¾
Chicago	79⅝	79¾	79	79⅜
New York	87¾	87¾	87¼	87¼
St. Louis	78½	78½	78¼	78⅜

The Produce Market.

Beans—Quiet and steady at $1 50; $1 75 for hand-picked mediums; do Marrows, $2 10@2 50.

Butter—Fancy fresh, 14 to 15c; choice, 11½c to 12c.

Eggs steady at 13c.

Fresh meats—Beef, 4@5½c; veal, 7½c; mutton, 6c; Dressed Hogs, $5 50.

Hides—Cured steers, 6½@7c; cured light, 4¾ to 5c; heavy steers, green, 4½c; light, 3½c; No. 2 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5c; green, 5c; kip, green, 4c; market very dull.

Fruits—Peaches per bu., $1 25@2 00; pears, 50c@$1 00; apples, 25@50c; huckleberries, per bu., $3; grapes, per lb., 4c.

Vegetables—Onions per bu., 75c@$1; potatoes, 35c; string beans, 30c; cabbages, 50@60c per doz; cucumbers, 25c per 100; tomatoes, 15@25c per bu; celery, 35c.

Poultry—Chickens 12@12½c; spring chickens, 20@25c each.

Meats—Heavy mess pork, bbls., $14 00; short, mess, $15 00; clear pork, $15 50; rump ——; clear butts, $13 00. Hams—Sugar-cured 18 lbs. and over, per lb., 11½c; 15 lbs., average 12c; 12 lbs. and under, 12½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 10c; rib, 9½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle-rendered, 8c; barrels, 8c; half bbls, 8c; 50-lb. tins, 8c. Bacon—Clear sides, per lb., 8c; Bologna at 6c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Sept. 3.—Wheat—No. 1 hard, crop of 1888, 95; No. 1 Northern, 86c; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 83½c. Corn—No. 2, 38½c in store.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 3.—Flour unchanged. Wheat easy; cash, 73⅞c; October, 74⅝c. Corn dull; No. 3, 33@33½c. Oats dull; No. 2 white, 21½@22c. Rye firmer; No. 1, 43c. Barley fairly active; No. 2 September, 58c. Provisions firm.

DETROIT, Sept. 1.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 80c; No. 2 red, cash, and September 79½c; October, 79⅝c; December, 81⅝c. Corn—No. 2, cash and September, 34½c; October, 35c. Oats—No. 2, white, 26c. [illegible] Receipts—Wheat, 49,400; corn, 9,000; oats, 37,400.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—Flour quiet. Wheat easy at 78c. Corn quiet at 35c. Oats firmer at 20¼@21½c. Rye dull at 42c. Pork firm and higher at $10 75. Lard is steady at $6 12½. Bulk meats steady; short rib, $5 12½@5 25. Bacon steady; short clear, $6 25. Whisky active; sales 1363 barrels.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 1.—Wheat, a shade better; cash, 76⅝c; September, 76⅝@77c; December, 78⅝c. Corn quiet; cash, 29⅝c; September, 29⅝@29⅞c; December, 30⅛c. Oats, steady; cash, 18½c; September, 18⅝c; May, 22⅝c. Pork, steady at $11 00. Lard, nominal at $6 00. Whisky steady at $1 02.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat lower; cash, 76⅝c; September, 77⅛c; December, 79⅞c. Corn easier; cash, 33⅝c; October, 33⅞ 7-16c; November, 33⅛c. Oats steady; cash, 19⅝c; October, 20⅜c; December 20⅞c. Rye—Cash, 42c. Barley, September, [illegible]. Prime-timothy, $1 30. Flax, cash, $1 20; September, $1 20. Pork lower; cash, $10 40; October, $10 42½; January, $9 12½. Lard steady; cash, $6 10; October, $6 05@6 07½; December, $5 77½; cash short ribs, $4 97½. Butter and eggs steady.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Noon—Wheat—Receipts, 72,150 bu.; sales, 960,000 bu.; market firm at ⅛c advance, trading fair, mostly switching; September, 84 11-16@84⅞c; October, 85⅛@85⅜c; December, 87⅛@87 13-16c; May, 92⅛@92⅞c. Corn—Receipts, 400,800 bu.; sales, 168,000 bu.; market steady and ⅛c higher, quiet; mixed western, 42⅜@43⅛c. Oats—Receipts, 171,000 bu.; sales, 20,000 bu.; quiet and steady; western, 25@35c. Beef, slow; plate, $7 25@8 00; extra mess, $6 00@6 50. Pork, strong; new mess, $12 07½@[illegible]. Lard, firm and quiet; steam rendered, $6 42½. Butter—Receipts, 13,674 pkgs.; best steady, fair inquiry; western dairy, 9@12½c; western creamery, 11@18½c. Cheese—Receipts, 14,199 pkgs.; unsettled; dull; western, 6½@7⅞c. Eggs—Receipts, 9,338 pkgs.; easy; quiet; western, 17@19c. Sugar Raw, nominal; refined, firm; powdered, 8⅝c; granulated, 8⅛c; crushed, 8⅝c. Coffee—Rio, strong; fair cargoes, 19⅛c; options advanced 25@30 points, active. Spirits turpentine, steady at 44@44⅛. Molasses, nominal.

Live Stock.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—Hogs—In fair demand and steady; common and light, $3 40@4 60; packing and butchers, $4 00@4 30. Receipts, 2,000 head; shipments, 370 head. Eastern Exchange steady at 50c discount buying and par selling.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 31.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,500 head; shipments, 100 head; market steady; good to choice heavy, $3 80@4 00; packing, $3 70@4 00; light, $4 [illegible]@4 40. Sheep—Receipts, 1,500 head; market steady.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 62 loads through, 30 loads left over; market dull lower and very slow. Sheep—Receipts, 7 loads through, 3 loads sale; market is steady and unchanged; good to best sheep $3 85@4 10; fair to good, $3 60@3 85; common, $3 00@3 40; lambs, good to best, $5 [illegible] 6 10; fair to good, $5 00@5 35; common, $5 00@5 00; Canada lambs, good to best, $6 00@6 35. Hogs—Receipts, 17 loads through; 24 loads sale; market dull and 10@15c lower on Yorkers; medium and heavy, steady; mixed, $4 65@4 75; corn Yorkers, $4 70; grass Yorkers, $4 25@4 60.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Hogs—Receipts, 19,500 head; market is moderately active, easy and lower; light, $3 75@4 70; rough packing, $3 90@4 05; mixed, $3 80@4 25; heavy packing and shipping, $3 90@4 10. Cattle—Receipts, 9,500 head; market steady and 10c higher; native steers, $2 80@4 05; poor to good, $3 00@4 70; cows, $1 25@2 70; stockers and feeders, $1 90@3 00; Texas steers, $2 10@3 15; westerns, $2 10@3 80. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market steady, lower; native, $3 45@4 40; lambs, $4 50@5 50; Western sheep, $3 20@4 05.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 2.—The Live Stock Indicator reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,757 head; stronger feeling, good natives scarce and firm; best Texas strong to 10c higher; common steady; offerings of cows fair and market steady; good to choice corn fed steers, $3 75@4 10; common to medium, $2 90@3 60; stockers and feeding steers, $1 60@3 00; cows, $1 35@2 50; grass range steers, $1 90@2 40. Hogs—Receipts, 3,670; shipments, 553; market was steady to a shade lower; prices are good to choice light, $4 35@4 55; heavy and mixed, $3 80@4 25. Sheep—Receipts, 3,002 head; shipments, ——; mutton is 10c lower, stock is steady; good to choice muttons, $3 40@3 80; common to medium, $2 25@3 25.

Pittsburg Oil Market.

Toledo Oil Exchange—3 p. m.—Opened 98c; highest, 98⅛c; lowest, 97⅞c; closed 98⅛c.

Boston Wool Market.

The market the past week was one of the most quiet on record. Ohio fleece, 33@35c; Michigan, 31@31½c; No. 1 do., 37@38c; combing and delaine, unwashed, 23@30c; Territory, 16@25c; Texas, 17@23c; Oregon, 16@2[illegible]c; super, 28@3[illegible]c; scoured 40@50c; Australia, 36@40c; Montevideo, 28@30c.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Sept. 2.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week says: The sunshine has returned and benefitted the northern and western sections somewhat. Elsewhere the benefit has been trivial. The wheat crop of Great Britain is reckoned at 30 bu. per acre. The yield in Ireland is estimated at 2,000,000 bu. making a total of 75,487,670 bu. Samples of good wheat are rare. The values of old are steady. The sales of English wheat during the past week were 26,842 quarters at 31s 2d, against 19,763 quarters at 35s 4d during the corresponding week last year. The trade in the foreign wheat is quiet and prices have declined 6d. The certainty that a failure of the Russian and Indian crops will be supplied from America makes business quiet. The strike causes stagnation in foreign grain markets; [illegible] 2d dearer; [illegible] has declined. Corn is 6d lower. Beans and peas are dearer. The inquiry is slack. At to-day's market there was a thin attendance. New English wheat sold at 32@35s. Splendid samples of new Duluth were quoted at 37@38s. Corn was 6d lower, [illegible] for future delivery. Oats were 6d higher for future and 6d for delivery.

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